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The King says Adieu!

THE ROMANCES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE COMTESSE DE CHARNY

Volume Four

The Marie Antoinette Romances

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM NOON TILL THREE O'CLOCK.

For an instant, like the Queen herself when she saw the flight of the advanced guard, the Swiss perhaps believed they had encountered and scattered the main army of the insurgents. They had killed some four hundred men in the Royal Courtyard, and a hundred and fifty or two hundred more in the Place du Carrousel. They had captured seven pieces of artillery.

As far as the eye could reach, not a man was to be seen who tried to defend himself. One small isolated battery, however, placed on the terrace of a house which faced the Swiss Guardhouse, kept up a firing which they had not been able to silence. Therefore, as they now believed themselves masters over the insurrection, the Swiss were taking measures to put an end to that battery, cost what it might; when suddenly they heard, from the riverside, the roll of drums and the jarring motion of heavy artillery.

This was the coming army, which the King had seen through his spyglass, while in the Louvre Gallery.

At the same time the rumor began to spread that the King had quitted the palace, and had asked an asylum at the Assembly. It is difficult to describe the effect of this news, even upon the most devoted Royalists. The King, who had pledged himself to die at his royal post, now deserted that post, and went over to the enemy, or gave himself up as a prisoner, without striking a blow.

The National Guards felt themselves relieved from their oaths, and nearly all went away. Several gentlemen followed them, judging it useless to stay and be killed for a cause which acknowledged itself to be virtually lost.

Only the Swiss remained, silent and gloomy, the slaves of discipline. From the highest part of the terrace next the Pavillon de Flore, and through the windows of the Louvre Gallery, they could see approaching the men from those heroic faubourgs which no army had ever successfully resisted, and which in a single day had overturned the Bastille, — that fortress whose feet had been rooted in the soil for four centuries.

The assailants had their plan. They believed the King to be still in the palace. They wished to surround the palace on all sides, in order to capture the King.

The column which came along by the left bank of the river, therefore, received orders to force the grating on the waterside. Those who came by the Rue Saint Honoré were to break in the Feuillant Gate. The column on the right riverbank, commanded by Westermann, was under orders from Santerre and Billot to attack the front of the palace.

Suddenly the latter column came through the wickets into the Place du Carrousel, singing the *Ça ira*. The Marsillians were at the head of this column, dragging in their midst two small, four-pound cannon, loaded with grapeshot.

Nearly two hundred Swiss were on this square, in battle array. The insurgents marched straight upon them. The moment the Swiss levelled their muskets to open fire, the insurgents unmasked their two cannon and fired first.

The Swiss discharged their muskets, but immediately

retired into the palace, leaving thirty dead and wounded men on the pavement of the square.

Then the insurgents, having at their head the Marseilles and Breton Federals, rushed upon the Tuileries, spreading themselves through the two courtyards, the Royal Courtyard, in the centre, — where lay so many dead bodies, — and the Cour des Princes, next to the Pavillon de Flore and the quays.

Billot wished to fight where Pitou had been slain. He was also in hopes that the poor boy was only wounded, and that he, Farmer Billot, might repay, in the Royal Courtyard, the service Pitou had rendered him in the Champ de Mars.

Billot was therefore among the first to enter the Central Courtyard. The odor of blood was such that it seemed as if one were in a slaughter-house. From this heap of corpses exhaled a gas which was as visible as smoke.

This odor and this scene exasperated the assailants, and they rushed upon the palace. Besides, retreat would have been impossible, even if they had thought of it. Masses of men were continually pouring through the wickets into the Place du Carrousel, — which were then much narrower than at the present time, — and pushed the vanguard on to the fight. Although the front of the palace blazed as with fireworks, not one assailant had an idea of going back.

Once inside the central courtyard, the insurgents found themselves caught between two fires, — like those in whose blood they were marching up to their ankles, — from the vestibule of the Clock Tower on one side, and from a double row of barrack-sheds on the other.

It was necessary to silence these barracks, first of all. The Marsillians threw themselves upon these huts, like dogs upon a roast; but they could not demolish them

with their hands, and so they called for crowbars, shovels, and pickaxes.

Billot called for mammoth cartridges. Westermann understood his lieutenant's plan. Big cartridges were brought, with tinder, sulphur, and matches.

At the risk of seeing the powder explode in their hands, the Marsillians set fire to the fuses, and threw the burning cartridges into the sheds. The barracks at once caught fire, and their defenders were obliged to evacuate them, and seek a refuge under the vestibule. Then iron smote iron, and fire met fire.

Suddenly Billot felt himself pulled backwards. He turned, supposing he was to encounter an enemy; but when he saw who had pulled him, he uttered an exclamation of joy. It was Pitou, — hardly recognizable, and covered with blood from head to foot, — but Pitou, safe and sound, without a single wound.

At the moment when he saw the Swiss muskets levelled at himself and his comrades, he shouted to his companions to throw themselves upon the ground, and set them the example; but this example they had no time to follow. The fusillade, like a huge scythe, cut away three-fourths of these human grass-blades, which take twenty-five years to grow, but may be mown down in a second of time.

Pitou was literally entombed under a mound of corpses, and bathed in the warm liquid trickling from their sides.

In spite of his exceedingly disagreeable situation, — weighed down by dead bodies, and soaked in their blood, — Pitou resolved not to breathe a word, but to wait and give a sign to somebody at the first favorable moment. For this opportune moment he had to wait a whole hour; and truly each minute of that hour seemed like an hour itself.

At last he judged the propitious moment had come, for he heard the victorious shouts of his companions, and Billot's voice calling his name in the midst of them.

Then, like Enceladus buried under Mount Etna, he shook off the bed of corpses which covered him, and managed to regain his feet. Recognizing Billot in the first rank, he was anxious to press the farmer to his heart, without caring which side he got hold of.

A discharge from the Swiss, which laid low a dozen men, recalled Pitou and Billot to the gravity of their situation. Nine hundred feet of buildings were on fire, at the right and left of the Central Courtyard.

The weather was oppressive, and there was not a flaw of wind stirring. The smoke of the conflagration and the fusillade weighed upon the combatants like a leaden coverlid. The smoke filled the vestibule of the palace. The whole façade, every window whereof emitted flame, was hidden by a veil of smoke. It was impossible to see which were the slayers or the slain.

Pitou, Billot, the Marsillians, the leaders of the column, went on ahead, and made their way into the vestibule, in the midst of the smoke.

There they found a wall of bayonets, — those of the Swiss soldiers. Then the Swiss began their retreat, — that heroic retreat, in which, step by step, stair by stair, leaving a file of their own men at every move, the battalion fell slowly backward. That night forty-eight corpses were to be counted on the staircase alone.

Suddenly, through the corridors and chambers of the palace, resounded the cry: "The King orders the Swiss to stop firing!" It was then two in the afternoon.

Here is what had happened in the Assembly, and led to the order proclaimed in the Tuileries to suspend the

contest, — an order which had the double advantage of lessening the exasperation of the victors and saving the honor of the vanquished.

When the door opening into the Feuillant Terrace closed behind the Queen, and through the aperture she saw the crowbars, bayonets, and pikes which threatened Charny's life, she screamed, and extended her arms towards the door; but drawn away by those who accompanied her, — at the very moment when motherly instinct bade her follow her child before all else, — she involuntarily moved along into the Assembly, following the King.

There a great joy awaited her. She saw her boy, seated on the President's desk. The man who had carried him triumphantly away was waving his red cap over the young Prince's head, and shouting joyfully: "I 've saved the son of my master and mistress! Long life to Monseigneur the Dauphin!"

Her son being in safety, a sudden twinge of the heart reminded her of Charny.

"Gentlemen," said she, "one of my bravest officers, one of my most devoted friends, remains outside your door, in danger of death. I ask succor for him."

At the sound of her voice five or six Deputies hurried away; while the royal family, and the adherents who accompanied them, found accommodations in the seats set apart for the cabinet-ministers.

The Assembly received them standing, not because of the etiquette due to crowned heads, but out of the respect due to misfortune.

Before seating himself, the King made a sign that he wished to speak. There was silence while he said: "I have come here to ward off a great crime. I believe I am nowhere safer than in your midst."

"Sire," replied Vergniaud, who was presiding, "you can count on the firmness of the National Assembly. Its members have sworn to die in defence of the rights of the people and of lawfully constituted authority."

The King seated himself. At that moment a frightful volley was heard almost at the gates of the Riding School.

The National Guards, mingling with the insurgents who were on the Feuillant Terrace, were firing upon the Swiss captain, and others who had served as an escort for the royal family.

An officer of the National Guard, having doubtless lost his head, entered the Assembly in affright, and did not pause till he reached the bar, where he shouted: "The Swiss, the Swiss! We are driven back!"

For an instant the Assembly believed that the Swiss Guards, having repulsed the Revolutionists, were marching upon the Riding School, to reclaim their King; for at that epoch Louis Sixteenth, it must be said, was rather the King of the Swiss than of the French.

The members rose spontaneously in a body, and with one accord. Representatives, spectators in the galleries, National Guards, secretaries, all raised their hands and shouted: "Come what will, we swear to die, or live as freemen." The King and his family took no part in this adjuration, but remained seated; but this cry, uttered by three thousand tongues, passed over their heads like a hurricane.

The error about the Swiss was of brief duration, but the enthusiasm was sublime.

Fifteen minutes later another cry was heard: "The palace is invaded. The insurgents are marching upon the Assembly to slaughter the King!"

Then the same men who had sworn, in their hatred of royalty, to die free, raised their hands with the same

spontaneous vim, and swore to defend the King unto the death.

At that very moment, in the name of the Assembly, the Swiss Captain Durler was being ordered to lay down his arms.

"I serve the King, and not the Assembly," he said. "Where is the King's order?"

The messengers from the Assembly had not brought a written order.

"I hold my command from the King," added Durler. "I will submit only to the King's orders."

They took him by force into the Assembly. He was black with powder and red with blood.

"Sire," he said, "they want me to lay down my arms. Is it the King's order?"

"Yes," responded Louis. "Give up your arms to the National Guards. I do not wish one of you brave fellows should perish."

Durler bent his head, uttered a sigh, and went out; but at the door he declared he would not obey unless the order was written.

Then the King took a sheet of paper and wrote:

The King orders the Swiss Guards to lay down their arms, and withdraw to their quarters.

Then it was that this order was heard throughout the rooms, corridors, and stairways of the Tuileries.

As this order restored some tranquillity to the Assembly, the President jingled his bell. "Let us resume business!" he said.

A Deputy arose and said, that according to the Constitution, the Assembly was forbidden to transact any business in the King's presence.

"True," said Louis Sixteenth, "but where will you put us?"

"Sire," said the President, "we can offer you the empty box reserved for 'The Logographe,' that journal having ceased to appear."

"Very well," said the King, "we are ready to go there."

"Ushers," cried Vergniaud, "conduct the King to the box set apart for 'The Logographe.'"

The ushers hastened to obey. The royal family left the hall by the same door which had given them ingress, and found themselves again in the corridor.

"What is this on the floor?" asked the Queen. "It looks like blood."

The ushers did not answer. If those stains were really blood, very likely the ushers did not know how they came there. As the fugitives came nearer the appointed place, the stains, singularly enough, grew larger and more frequent. To spare the Queen the sight of them, the King quickened his pace, and himself opened the door into the box, as he said:

"Enter, Madame!"

The Queen stepped forward, but as she set foot on the threshold she uttered a cry of horror, covered her eyes, and drew backward.

The presence of these blood-stains was explained. A corpse had been laid out in the box. It was this body the Queen, in her haste, had almost stumbled over, and which made her scream and retreat.

"Hold!" said the King, in the same tone in which he had said, "It's the head of poor Mandat!" — "Hold, this is the body of our poor Comte de Charny."

It was indeed the Count's body, which a few Deputies had rescued from the hands of his butchers, and had

obtained permission to place in this box, not foreseeing that ten minutes later the royal family would be likewise installed there.

The corpse was removed, and the royal family went into the cabinet. There was an attempt to wash it, or clean it, for the floor was covered with blood; but the Queen made a sign of objection, and was the first to sit down in her place. Nobody noticed that she broke the strings of her shoes, and placed her trembling feet in contact with the still tepid blood.

"Oh Charny, Charny!" she murmured, "why is not my blood spilled to the last drop, that it might mingle eternally with thine?"

Three o'clock sounded.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM THREE O'CLOCK TILL SIX IN THE AFTERNOON.

We left the palace at the moment when the vestibule was nearly captured, when the Swiss Guards were being pushed back, step by step, to the very door of the royal apartments, and a voice resounded through the corridors: "An order for the Swiss to lay down their arms!"

This volume is probably the last we shall write on this awful epoch. In proportion as our narrative advances, we leave the historic ground we are now covering, never to return to it again. This makes it the more needful to place this important day, August 10, 1792, before our readers in all its details, and to do so without prejudice, animosity, or partisanship.

Our readers entered Royal Courtyard in the wake of the Marsillians. We followed Billot into the midst of flame and smoke, and saw him mount every step of the stairway, at whose angle we left him, accompanied by Pitou, who arose, like a bloody spectre, from out a heap of the slain.

The palace was taken. What lugubrious genius presided at this victory? "The popular Wrath," somebody replies.

Yes, undoubtedly; but who directed that wrath? A man whom we have scarcely named, that Prussian officer, mounted on his small black horse, beside the giant Santerre, on his colossal Flemish animal, — the Alsatian Westermann.

Who was this man, making himself visible only in the midst of the tempest, like the lightning? One of those men whom Deity retains in the arsenal of his anger, and only draws forth from obscurity when he has need of him, in the hour when a divine and retributive blow is to be struck.

This was Westermann, the Man of the Setting Sun, as he was called; and indeed he only appeared when royalty was sinking, never to rise again.

Who discovered him? Who divined his existence? Who was the messenger between him and Deity?

Who would have supposed that to this brewer Santerre, a giant carved out of a block of material flesh, would be given a soul for this struggle, wherein the Titans of earth were to overthrow the gods of royalty? Who complemented Geryon with Prometheus? Who filled out Santerre with Westermann? Danton!

Where did the potent Revolutionist find this conqueror? In a cell, in a cesspool, in a dungeon, — at Saint Lazare.

Westermann was accused — accused, please understand, not convicted — of having forged banknotes, and was arrested by way of precaution.

For the work of the Tenth of August, Danton needed just such a man, — one who would not draw back, because, in retreating, he would but mount the pillory.

This mysterious prisoner attracted Danton's attention. When the day and hour came wherein he needed this prisoner, Danton's powerful hand broke the chains and handcuffs, and bade him come forth.

The Revolution, as we have before said, involved not only the abasement of those who were above, but the exaltation of those who were beneath. It set at liberty the captives, and put into prison, not only those who

were free, but those who, until then, had been grandees, princes, and kings, — the most powerful of earth.

Doubtless it was because Danton felt so sure of what was coming, that he appeared so indifferent amidst the feverish clouds which preceded the sanguinary morning of August 10. He had already sown the wind. There was no need to disquiet himself further, for he was sure to "reap the whirlwind."

The whirlwind was Westermann. The tempest was Santerre, that gigantic personification of the people. Santerre hardly showed himself all day. Westermann was everywhere and did everything.

It was Westermann who directed the movement for a junction of the Saint Marceau and Saint Antoine men. It was Westermann, mounted on his little black horse, who appeared at the head of the army, at the wickets leading into the Place du Carrousel. It was Westermann who knocked at the door of the Tuileries with the hilt of his sword, as if he were commanding the door to open for a regiment reaching the end of its journey, and about to make the palace its headquarters.

We saw this door open. We saw how heroically the Swiss did their duty, how they were beaten down in their retreat, but without fleeing, — destroyed, rather than conquered. We followed them step by step up the staircase, which they lined with their own dead.

We might follow them step by step into the apartments, which they also will strew with their comrades.

When they learned the King was about quitting the palace, two or three hundred gentlemen, who had come thither to die with the King, held a meeting in the hall called the Queen's Guardroom, in order to consider if it was their duty to die without the King, he being no longer ready to die with them, as he had so solemnly

covenanted. It was decided, as the King had gone to the National Assembly, that these gentlemen should rejoin him there.

They rallied all the Swiss whom they met, and a score of National Guards, and descended, five hundred in all, into the gardens.

Their passage was barred by a grating called the Queen's Grille. They tried to spring the bolt, but the bolt would not yield. The strongest among them tried to pry it open with a bar, and finally succeeded in breaking it.

The opening gave passage to the party, but they had to go through one by one. It was only thirty paces from here to the Pont Royal, at whose grating insurgent battalions were stationed. Two Swiss soldiers were the first to undertake to cross this narrow interval. Both were killed before they had taken four steps. All the others walked over their dead bodies.

These fugitives were riddled with balls; but as the bright uniforms of the Swiss offered an attractive target, it was upon them the bullets preferably fell. For two gentlemen killed and one wounded, sixty or seventy Swiss were overcome. The two gentlemen slain were Monsieur de Carteja and Monsieur Clermont d'Amboise. The wounded gentleman was Monsieur de Viomesnil.

In their further walk towards the Assembly Hall they had to pass in front of a guardhouse erected under the trees, between the terrace and the riverside. The guards there also came out and fired upon the Swiss, slaying eight or ten more.

The remainder of the party, after losing some eighty men in eighty yards, kept on their way towards the steps leading to the Feuillant Terrace.

Monsieur de Choiseul saw them coming. With sword

in hand he ran to them, under the fire of the cannon on the Pont Royal and the Pont Tournant, and tried to rally the fugitives, by shouting to them to come to the Assembly. Believing himself followed by the four hundred men still able to run, he rushed into the corridors, and up the stairway which led to the legislative hall.

On the last step he met Deputy Merlin, who said to him: "What are you doing here with your naked sword, you rascal?"

Monsieur de Choiseul looked about him. He was alone.

"Put up your sword, and go and find the King," said Merlin to him. "I alone have seen you, — that is to say, nobody."

What had become of the men by whom Choiseul believed himself followed? The cannon-shot and musket-volley had made them turn upon themselves, like dry leaves in a whirlwind, and they went along as far as the Orangery Terrace. Thence the fugitives rushed into the Place Louis XV., and towards the old Garde Meuble (where the crown possessions were kept), in order to reach the boulevards or the Champs Élysées.

Monsieur de Viomesnil, eight or ten other gentlemen, and five Swiss took refuge in the Venetian Embassy, situated on Rue Saint Florentin, whose door happened to be standing hospitably open. They were saved.

The others tried to reach the Champs Élysées. Two cannon-loads of grapeshot were discharged from the base of the statue of Louis Fifteenth, and broke the line of fugitives into three fragments.

One section fled up the boulevard, and met the mounted gendarmes, who were coming with a battalion from the Capucines. The fugitives believed themselves

saved; and Monsieur de Villiers, himself an old assistant-major of gendarmes, ran to one of the horsemen, shouting: "Help, my friends, help!" The horseman drew a pistol, and blew out the old gendarme's brains.

At this sight thirty Swiss, and a gentleman who had formerly been one of the King's pages, hurried into the building belonging to the Hôtel de la Marine, where they were asked what business they had to be there. The thirty Swiss were disposed to give up. Seeing eight ragamuffins make their appearance, they laid down their arms and shouted: "Hurrah for the Nation!"

"Ah you traitors!" said the rioters, "you give up because you can't help yourselves! Do you shout for the Nation because you think this will save you? No quarter!"

Two Swiss dropped simultaneously, the one felled by the blow of a pike, the other by a gunshot. In an instant their heads were cut off, and placed on pikeheads.

The other Swiss, furious over the death of their two comrades, picked up their muskets again, and hastily fired. Seven out of the eight tatterdemalions fell dead or wounded.

The Swiss then made for the great gateway for safety, but found themselves face to face with a cannon's mouth. They recoiled. The cannon advanced. The fugitives grouped themselves together in an angle of the court-yard. The cannon was turned on its pivot, and its muzzle blazed upon them. Out of the twenty-eight, twenty-three were killed.

Fortunately, almost at the same moment, while the smoke blinded those who had fired the gun, a door opened behind the five remaining Swiss soldiers and the ex-page.

All six hurried through the door, which closed behind them, and the rioters did not see this sort of trap, which robbed them of the survivors. Believing their victims all dead, they withdrew, dragging their cannon after them with yells of triumph.

The second of the three sections of palace fugitives was composed of some thirty soldiers and gentlemen, commanded by Monsieur Forestier de Saint-Venant.

Surrounded on all sides at the entrance of the Champs Élysées, their chief determined to have them sell their lives dearly. Sword in hand, with his thirty followers armed with bayonets, he thrice charged upon the battalion stationed at the foot of the statue. In these three attacks he lost fifteen men. With the other fifteen he endeavored to fight his way through, and reach the Champs Élysées. A volley of musketry killed eight men. The other seven dispersed, and were pursued with sabres by the gendarmes.

Saint-Venant was seeking refuge in the Café des Ambassadeurs, when a gendarme galloped up, leaped the ditch which separated the sidewalk from the road, and with a pistol-shot wounded the loins of the unfortunate leader.

The third section, composed of sixty men, reached the Champs Élysées, and tried to wend its way towards Courbevoie, with that instinct which leads pigeons to fly straight to the dovecot, or sheep to the sheepfold. At Courbevoie were their regular barracks, from which the Swiss had been summoned to duty at the palace. Surrounded by the mounted gendarmes and by the populace, the sixty were taken to the Hôtel de Ville, where they hoped to find security; but two or three thousand furious rioters, who were massed in the Place de Grève, tore them from their escort and slaughtered them in cold blood.

One young gentleman, however, Chevalier Charles

d'Autichamp, fled from the palace along Rue Échelle, a pistol in each hand. Two men tried to stop him, but he killed them both. The populace threw themselves upon him, and dragged him as far as the Place de Grève in order to put him to death more deliberately and cruelly.

Happily they forgot to search him. Besides his two pistols, which he flung away as worthless, he had a knife. This he opened in his pocket, holding it ready against a time of need. Just as they reached the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the sixty Swiss, who had been brought thither already, were in the process of butchery. This spectacle distracted his guards. With two blows of his knife he slew those nearest him, and then glided through the crowd like a serpent, and disappeared.

The hundred men who conducted the King as far as the Assembly, and then took refuge at the Feuillant Club, were afterwards disarmed. The five hundred whose fate we have related, and a few isolated fugitives like Charles d'Autichamp, — who evaded death so cleverly, — were the only men who escaped from the palace.

The rest were killed under the vestibule, on the stairway, on the landings, or were slaughtered in the various apartments, and even in the chapel.

Nine hundred dead bodies of Swiss Guards and gentlemen strewed the floors of the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM SIX TO NINE O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

The populace entered the palace as one enters into a wild beast's lair, betraying their feelings by such cries as "Death to the wolf! Death to the she-wolf! Death to the cub!"

Had they encountered the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin, they would certainly and unhesitatingly, believing they were administering justice, have struck off these three heads at one blow. Let us acknowledge that this would have proved most fortunate for the victims.

In the absence of those whom they tracked with their shouts, whom they searched for even in the cupboards, behind tapestries, and under bedsteads, the victors seemed to revenge themselves upon everything, — upon things inanimate as well as upon men. They killed and destroyed with the same unfeeling ferocity. These walls, within which the massacres of Saint Bartholomew and of the Champ de Mars had been decreed, called for a terrible revenge.

It will be seen that we do not exonerate the people. On the contrary, we show them besmirched and bloody as they were. We must, however, hasten to say that the victors left the palace with hands red, but empty!

We read, in the book called "The Revolution of August 10, 1792," that some men were shot by the populace for stealing.

Peltier, who cannot be accused of partiality for the Patriots, tells us that a wine-dealer, named Mallet, brought to the Assembly one hundred and seventy-three golden louis, found on a priest killed at the palace; that twenty-five rioters brought thither a trunk full of the King's plate; that one combatant threw a cross of the Order of Saint Louis on the President's desk; that another deposited thereon the watch belonging to a Swiss. Another brought a roll of assignats; another a bag of crowns; others brought jewels and diamonds. The last restoration was a small coffer belonging to the Queen, and containing fifteen hundred louis.

The historian adds ironically, not at all aware that he is paying to these men a magnificent compliment:

The Assembly expressed its regret at not knowing the names of the modest citizens who thus came and faithfully placed in its bosom all these treasures stolen from the King.

We are not flatterers of the populace. We know them to be the most ungrateful, the most capricious, the most inconstant of all masters. We shall therefore relate their crimes as well as their virtues.

On that day they were cruel. They reddened their hands with delight. On that day gentlemen were flung alive out of the windows. Swiss soldiers, dead or dying, lay disembowelled on the staircases. Hearts were plucked from breasts and squeezed between both hands, like sponges. Heads were cut off and borne on pikes. On that day many people, who would have considered themselves dishonored by stealing a watch or a cross of Saint Louis, yielded themselves to the fearful joys of vengeance and cruelty.

Nevertheless, in the midst of this massacre of the living, of this profanation of the dead, they sometimes

granted mercy, like the satiated lion. Madame de Tarente, Madame de la Roche Aymon, Madame de Ginestous, and Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel remained at the Tuileries, forsaken by the Queen. They were in Marie Antoinette's own room. When the palace was captured, they heard the cries of the dying and the threats of the victors. They heard footsteps advancing towards them, precipitous and pitiless. Madame de Tarente went and opened the door. "Come in," said she, "we are only women!"

The victors entered, with smoking guns and bloody sabres in their hands. The women fell on their knees.

The slaughterers had already lifted their knives against them, calling them the counsellors of Madame Veto, the confidants of the Austrian Woman. A man with a long beard, sent by Pétion, cried from the threshold: "Have mercy on the women! Don't dishonor the Nation!" and mercy was granted.

To Madame Campan the Queen had said: "Wait for me! I shall return! or I shall send for you to meet me again, — God knows where." Madame Campan waited in their chamber for the Queen to come back or send for her.

She herself relates that she completely lost her head in the midst of the awful confusion; and that, missing her sister, who was hidden behind a curtain, or had crept behind some furniture, she hoped to find her in a chamber on the entre-sol, and so went downstairs rapidly. There she found only two of her own chamber-maids, and a sort of giant who was the Queen's Hungarian footman.

At the sight of this man, Madame Campan, all excited as she was, understood that the danger menaced him, rather than herself.

"Flee! Flee!" cried she. "Flee, unhappy man! The lackeys are already far away! Flee, while there is yet time."

He tried to rise; but falling back again, he exclaimed in a plaintive voice: "Alas! I cannot! I am dead from fright!"

As he was thus speaking, a company of men, drunk, furious, and bloodstained, appeared on the threshold, fell upon the Hungarian, and tore him to pieces.

Madame Campan and the two women fled by a private staircase. Some of the murderers, seeing these three women flee, ran after them, and soon overtook them.

The two chambermaids, who had fallen on their knees to supplicate the slaughterers for forbearance, grasped the murderous blades.

Madame Campan, caught at the top of the stairs, felt a rough hand slide down her back, in order to seize her by her dress. She saw, like a fatal flash, the blade of a sabre shine above her head. She even calculated the short interval which was to separate life from eternity, — an interval, however short, which contains a whole world of remembrances, — when, from the bottom of the stairs, a voice with the accent of command made itself heard.

"What are you doing up there?" asked that voice.

"Hey!" answered the murderer, "what is it?"

"The women are not to be killed, do you understand that?" continued the voice from below.

Madame Campan was on her knees. The sabre was lifted above her head. She already anticipated the pain she was to undergo.

"Get up, you jade!" said her executioner. "The Nation forgives you!"

What was the King doing meanwhile, in the box of "The Logographe"?

The King was hungry, and was calling for his dinner.

They brought him bread, wine, a chicken, cold veal, and fruit.

Like all the Bourbon princes, like Henry Fourth and Louis Fourteenth, this King was a great eater. Behind the emotions of his soul, — rarely betrayed in his face, with its soft and slackened fibres, — sleep and hunger, these two great beggars in the body, were constantly on the watch. We have seen him asleep in the palace. Now we see him eating at the Assembly.

The King broke his bread and carved his chicken, without paying the least attention to the eyes directed towards him.

Two of these eyes, the Queen's, were burning, because they could not weep. She refused all nourishment. Despair was her nurse. It seemed to her, with her feet dabbling in Charny's precious blood, that she could remain there forever, and live like a flower among the tombs, without other food than that furnished by grim Death itself.

She had suffered much on the return from Varennes; she had suffered much during her captivity in the Tuileries; she had suffered during the night and the day just past; but probably, on all these occasions, she did not suffer so much as when she saw the King eating.

The situation, however, was serious enough to deprive any man of his appetite, except Louis Sixteenth. The Deputies, to whom the King had come for protection, needed themselves to be protected. They did not conceal their weakness.

That morning, the Assembly endeavored to prevent the

massacre of Suleau, and did not succeed. At two o'clock the members tried to prevent the massacre of the Swiss, and failed.

Now they were themselves threatened by an exasperated crowd, shouting: "Abdication! Abdication! Deposal! Deposal!"

A committee was appointed during the sitting. Vergniaud was a member thereof. He assigned the presidency to Guadet, in order not to have the power escape from the hands of the Girondists, even for an hour. The deliberation of the commissioners was of short duration. They deliberated, as it were, under the resounding echo of rattling musketry and roaring cannon.

It was Vergniaud who took the quill and wrote an act for the provisional suspension of royalty.

He re-entered the Assembly, mournful and downcast; for this was the last pledge he could give the King of his respect for the Crown, and to his guest of his respect for the rites of hospitality. Here is his address:

GENTLEMEN: I come, in the name of our Extraordinary Commission, to propose to you a very rigorous measure; but I rely upon the deep sorrow which pervades your body, to teach you how important it is, to the welfare of the country, that you should at once adopt it.

The National Assembly considers that the perils of the country are at their height; that the evils from which the land suffers arise chiefly from distrust inspired by the Chief of the Executive Power, on account of a war undertaken in his name against the Constitution and against French independence; that this distrust has aroused, in all parts of the empire, a desire for the revocation of the authority now vested in Louis Sixteenth.

Considering, however, that the Legislature is unwilling to enlarge its power by its own authority, and that it can reconcile its allegiance to the Constitution with its firm desire to

save liberty, only by appealing to the sovereignty of the people, the following decrees are recommended:

The French people are hereby invited to form a National Convention.

The Chief of the Executive Power is temporarily suspended from his functions. A decree shall be proposed during the day, for the nomination of a Governor for the Prince Royal.

The payment of the King's civil list shall be suspended.

The King and the royal family shall remain within the precincts of the Assembly until Paris is restored to a state of tranquillity.

The department shall cause the Luxembourg Palace to be prepared for the royal residence, under a guard of citizens.

The King listened to this decree with his accustomed immobility. Then, leaning over the box of "The Logographe," and addressing Vergniaud, when the latter returned to take his place as President, the King said: "Do you know that what you have been doing is not very Constitutional?"

"Indeed, Sire!" answered Vergniaud, "but this was the only means left for saving your life. If we do not accord the deposal, the people will take your head!"

The King made a movement with his lips and shoulders, signifying: "It 's possible!" and went back to his seat.

At this very moment the clock above his head struck the hour. He counted every vibration. When the last one was reached he said: "Nine o'clock!"

The edict of the Assembly declared that the King and royal family must remain within the precincts of the Assembly until Paris was restored to a state of tranquillity.

At nine o'clock the inspectors of the hall came after

the King and Queen, and led them to the temporary lodgings prepared for them near by.

The King signified, with his hand, that he wished to tarry a moment. In fact, the business in hand was not without interest to him, — the nomination of a new ministry.

The Minister of War, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Finance were all nominated. They were the men recently driven out by the King, — Roland, Clavières, and Servan.

Three offices still remained unfilled, — Justice, the Navy, and Foreign Affairs.

Danton received the portfolio of Justice, Monge that of the Navy, and Lebrun that of Foreign Affairs.

The last minister having been nominated, the King said: "Now let us go!"

He rose and went out first.

The Queen followed him. She had not taken any food since she left the Tuileries, not even a glass of water.

Madame Elizabeth, the Dauphin, Madame Royale, Madame de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel escorted them.

The apartments prepared for the King were situated in the upper story of the old, adjacent monastery of the Feuillants. It had been occupied by the Recorder Camus, and consisted of four rooms.

In the first, which was in reality simply an anteroom, were domiciled the King's attendants who remained faithful to him in his misfortunes. These were the Prince de Poix, the Baron d'Aubier, Monsieur de Saint-Pardon, Monsieur de Goguelat, Monsieur de Chamillé, and Monsieur Hue.

The King took the second room for himself.

The third was offered to the Queen. It was the only one with paper on the walls. On entering it, Marie Antoinette threw herself upon the bed, gnawing the bolster, — the prey to a grief such as would make the agonies of the rack seem small in the comparison.

Her two children remained with their mother.

The fourth room, though very narrow, was reserved for Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel, who established themselves in it as best they could.

The Queen lacked everything, — even money, for her purse. Her watch had been taken from her during the tumult at the door of the Assembly. She had no linen, for it can be easily understood that she brought nothing extra with her from the Tuileries. She however borrowed twenty-five louis of Madame Campan's sister, and sent to the English embassy for some linen.

In the evening the Assembly caused the decrees of the day to be proclaimed by torchlight through the streets of Paris.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM NINE O'CLOCK TILL MIDNIGHT.

When these torches passed in front of the Place du Carrousel, through the Rue Saint Honoré and on the quays, they illuminated a sorrowful spectacle.

The material struggle was finished; but the combat lasted longer in human hearts, for hatred and despair outlived the contest.

Contemporaneous accounts and Royalist legends dwell at length and tenderly, as we also are ready to do, on the sufferings of the royal heads from whose brows the crown was that day torn. They note the courage, the discipline, the devotion of the Swiss Guards and the loyal gentry. They have counted the drops of blood shed by those brave defenders of the throne. They have not counted the corpses of the populace, the tears of the mothers, the sisters, and the wives.

Let us say what we mean in a single word: Before God, before that high wisdom which not only permits but directs the events of this lower world, blood is blood and tears are tears. There were many more deaths among the common people than among the gentlefolks and the Swiss Guards.

Note what is said by Peltier, the author of "The Revolution of August 10, 1792," — Royalist as he was:

That day, August 10, cost humanity nearly seven hundred regular soldiers and twenty-two officers, twenty Royalist National

Guards, five hundred Federals, three commanders of National troops, forty gendarmes, more than a hundred persons employed in the royal household, two hundred men killed for stealing, nine citizens massacred on the Feuillant Terrace, Monsieur de Clermont d'Amboise, and nearly three thousand common people killed in the Place du Carrousel, in the Tuileries Garden, and in the Place Louis XV., — a total of about four thousand six hundred men.

This popular justice bestowed upon thieves found its repetition at a later day, in the revolutions of 1830 and 1848.

This loss is wholly conceivable. We have seen the precautions taken to fortify the Tuileries. The Swiss generally fired from behind good walls. Their assailants, on the contrary, could only parry the blows with their breasts.

Three thousand five hundred insurgents perished, without counting the two hundred thieves who were shot. Suppose there was an equal number of wounded men! The historian above quoted speaks of the dead only.

Many out of these three thousand five hundred men — suppose we say one half — were married, the poor fathers of families, and were driven into the fight by intolerable misery. They went into the contest with the first weapons they could grasp, and fell with them still in their hands. They even entered the contest unarmed, and so went to their deaths, leaving their wives in despair and their children famishing.

This death they found not only in the Place du Carrousel, where the fight began, but in the palace rooms, where it was continued, and in the Tuileries Gardens, where it ended.

Between three in the afternoon and nine in the even-

ing, every corpse wearing a uniform was picked up and hastily thrown into the Madeleine Cemetery.

As to the plebeian bodies, that was another matter. They were gathered into wagons, and carted away to their respective sections. Nearly all were from the Faubourg Saint Marceau or the Faubourg Saint Antoine.

There they were laid side by side, especially near the Place de la Bastille, the Place de l'Arsenal, the Place Maubert, and the Place du Panthéon.

Wherever one of these gloomy vehicles rolled heavily along, it left a trace of blood behind. As it entered one or the other faubourg it was surrounded by a crowd of mothers, wives, sisters, children, filled with mortal grief. Read what Michelet says, for he is the true historian of the people. As fast as the living recognized the dead, cries, sobs, and menaces broke forth.

Mysterious and unheard-of maledictions rose like a flock of nightbirds, with their awful suggestiveness, beating their wings in the obscurity, and croaking pitifully over the gloomy Tuileries. Like so many flocks of crows over a field of battle, these curses hovered over the King, the Queen, the Court, over the Austrian circle which surrounded Marie Antoinette, over the nobles who counselled her. Some promised themselves a future retaliation; and they had it on September 2, 1792, and on January 21, 1793. Others were intoxicated with the blood their eyes had drunk. Grasping again their sabres, their pikes, their muskets, they again rushed into Paris to slay. To slay whom? Any Swiss who happened to remain alive, — any nobleman, any courtier, — to kill the King, to kill the Queen, if they could find them.

Somebody might remonstrate: "But in killing the King and Queen, you make their children orphans! In

killing the nobles you make widows of their wives, and plunge their sisters into mourning!"

But wives, sisters, and children might reply: "We also are orphans! We also are sisters in mourning! We also are widows!"

With hearts full of sobs they went to the Assembly, they went to the Abbaye Prison, and beat their heads against the doors, crying for vengeance.

The Tuileries presented a terrible spectacle, blood-stained, smoking, deserted by all save the dead, and three or four squads of soldiers, keeping watch lest, under pretence of searching for dead friends, nocturnal visitors should pillage the royal dwelling, entering through its broken windows and battered doors. In each vestibule there were sentinels, and also at the bottom of each staircase.

The detachment at the Clock Pavilion — that is, by the grand stairway — was commanded by a young captain in the National Guards, a youth whom the sight of this unparalleled disaster doubtless inspired with pity, if one could judge by the expression of his face, as wagon-load after wagon-load of corpses was driven away, — under his supervision, as it were. However, the awful events which had taken place seemed to have no more influence over his physical needs than over the King's, for at eleven o'clock in the evening he was busy satisfying his monstrous appetite with a four-pound loaf of bread, which he held under his left arm, while with his right hand, armed with a knife, he cut off one huge slice after another, and thrust it into his large mouth, opening wider and wider, in proportion to the magnitude of the supply it was destined to receive.

Leaning against one of the pillars in the vestibule, he watched that long spectral procession of mothers, wives,

daughters, — lighted by torches placed here and there, — who searched, in this extinguished crater, for the bodies of their fathers, their husbands, or their sons, destroyed in the great eruption.

Suddenly, at the sight of a shadowy, half-veiled form, the young captain shuddered, as he murmured: "Madame de Charny!"

The shadow passed on, without hearing or pausing.

The young captain made a sign to his lieutenant, who came to him at once.

"Désiré," he said, "here is a poor woman, one of Monsieur Gilbert's friends, who is probably looking for her husband among these dead folks. Somebody must follow her, in case she needs help or information. I leave thee in charge of the post. Watch for both of us!"

"The Devil!" responded the lieutenant, — for he whom the captain called only by his first name rejoiced also in the appellation of Maniquet, — "thy dame looks like an aristocrat."

"That 's because she is one, — an aristocrat and a countess," said the captain.

"Go ahead! I 'll watch for both of us!"

The Countess had already turned the first angle of the staircase, when the captain, detaching himself from his pillar, began to follow her, at a respectful distance of fifty paces.

He was not mistaken. It was indeed her husband for whom poor Andrée was searching, only she was agitated, not by tremors of doubt, but by the certainty of despair.

When he heard, in the midst of his joy and happiness, the echoes of the events taking place in Paris, Charny said to his wife, his face pale and resolute: "Dear Andrée,

the King of France is in peril of his life, and has need of all his defenders. What ought I to do?"

Andrée answered: "Go where duty calls thee, my own Olivier, and die for the King, if need be!"

"But thou —?"

"Oh, as for me, be not troubled. As I have never truly lived except in thee, doubtless God will let me die with thee."

Thenceforth all was understood between these two great hearts, and they exchanged no more words on the subject.

They ordered posthorses, and began their journey. Five hours afterwards they dismounted at the little mansion in the Rue Coq Héron.

That very evening, — as Gilbert, depending upon the Count's influence, was writing to him, begging him to come to Paris, — Charny, in his naval uniform, waited upon the Queen. From that moment, as we know, he did not leave her Majesty.

Andrée remained alone with her attendants, praying in her own room. For an instant she thought of imitating her husband's devotion, and asking for her old place near the Queen, as the Count had taken his near the King; but she lacked the courage.

August 9 was full of anguish to her, but it brought her no positive ill-news.

On August 10, about nine in the morning, she heard the first sounds of the cannon. Needless to say that each thunderous reverberation sent a thrill to the remotest fibre of her being.

About two o'clock the fusillade ceased. Were the people the conquered or conquering? She inquired. The people were the victors!

What had become of Charny in that fearful struggle?

She knew him, — that he was sure to take a chief part in it.

She sought for further news, and was told that nearly all the Swiss Guards were killed, but that most of the gentry were saved.

She waited. Charny might return under some disguise. It might be necessary for him to fly instantly. The horses were therefore at once harnessed, and attached to the travelling-carriage.

Horses and carriage waited for the master; but Andrée knew full well, whatever danger he might incur, that the master would not go without her. She even had the gates opened, so that if Charny had to flee, nothing might hinder his flight; and then she continued to wait, as the hours crept along.

"If he is hiding anywhere, he can venture out in the night. Let us wait till night!"

So she reasoned; but night came, and Charny did not come.

In August the darkness comes on slowly. Not till ten o'clock did Andrée lose all hope. Then she threw a veil over her head and went into the street.

All along the way she met groups of women wringing their hands, and bands of men crying for vengeance. Through their midst she passed unchallenged. The wrath of the men and the grief of the women were her safeguards. Besides, they were looking after men that night, not women, and there were women on every side, — weeping.

Andrée at last reached the Place du Carrousel. She heard the proclamation of certain new decrees of the National Assembly. The King and Queen were under the protection of that Assembly. That was all she understood.

She saw two or three wagons drive away, and asked

what they were carrying. She was told that these wagons contained bodies gathered up in the Place du Carrousel and the Royal Courtyard. As yet it was only from those places that any of the dead had been removed.

Andrée said to herself that Charny would be likely to fight neither in the Place du Carrousel nor the Royal Courtyard, but at the door of either the King's or the Queen's rooms. She therefore crossed the Royal Courtyard and the Grand Vestibule, and went upstairs.

It was at this moment that Pitou, in his capacity of commander of the post there stationed, saw Andrée and followed her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE WIDOW.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the state of devastation at the Tuileries. Blood flowed in the chambers, and rolled like a cascade down the staircases. There were dead bodies in every apartment.

Andrée followed the example of the other seekers. She took a torch, and began her inspection of one corpse after another. As she searched, she drew nearer and nearer to the rooms formerly occupied by the King and Queen.

Pitou still followed her. There, as in the other chambers, she pursued her fruitless search. Then she stood for a moment undecided, not knowing which way to go.

Pitou saw her embarrassment. Approaching her, he said: "Alas! I can guess whom you are looking for, Madame."

Andrée turned, and he added: "Perhaps Madame needs my help?"

"Monsieur Pitou!" said Andrée.

"At your service, Madame!"

"Yes, yes!" said Andrée, "I need you sorely." Going to him, she grasped both his hands, and asked: "Do you know what has become of Count Olivier?"

"No, Madame, but I can help you look for him."

"There is one person who can tell us whether he is dead or living, — and also, dead or alive, where he is."

"Who is that, Madame?"

"The Queen!" murmured Andrée.

"You know where the Queen is?"

"At the Assembly, I believe; and I have a faint hope that Count de Charny is with her."

"Yes, yes!" said Pitou, grasping at this hope, — not on his own account, but on that of the widow. "Will you come with me to the Assembly?"

"But if they refuse us admission?"

"I promise to have the door opened."

"Come, then!"

Andrée threw away her torch, at the risk of setting the floor afire, and consequently the Tuileries; but what mattered the Tuileries to her profound despair, — so deep that she could not shed a tear?

Andrée knew the interior of the palace, from having lived there awhile. She therefore descended to the entre-sol, by the little staircase reserved for household service, and so regained the Grand Vestibule, without again passing through the blood-stained apartments. Once more Pitou found himself at his post in the Clock Pavilion.

Maniquet had kept careful guard. "Well," he asked, — "thy Countess —?"

"She hopes to find her husband at the Assembly, and so we're going there." Then Pitou added, in a lower tone: "As we may only find the Count's dead body, send me four good fellows to the Feuillant Gateway, — four upon whom I may rely to defend the corpse of a Royalist, as faithfully as if it were the corpse of a Patriot."

"That's all right! Off with thy Countess. The men shall be there."

Andrée was waiting at the gate, where a sentinel had

been placed. As it was Pitou who had stationed him there, the sentinel naturally allowed Pitou to pass.

The gardens of the Tuileries were lighted by lamps placed here and there, particularly on the pedestals of the statues. As the weather was almost as warm as it had been during the day, and scarcely a breath agitated the leaves of the trees, the lamp-flames burned without a flicker, like so many lances of fire, and threw their light far and wide, not only on those exposed parts of the garden laid out in flower-beds, but even upon the dead bodies lying here and there under the trees.

Andrée was so sure that only at the Assembly could she obtain news of her husband, that she walked thitherward, turning neither to the right nor the left.

They reached the legislative building. The royal family had been gone from the hall an hour, having retired, as we know, into the temporary apartments provided for them.

In order to reach these apartments there were two obstacles to be overcome. First, there were the sentinels, watching outside; next there were the gentlemen, watching inside.

As a captain of National Guards, in command of a post at the Tuileries, Pitou had the password, and therefore could easily conduct Andrée as far as the antechamber, where the noblemen were assembled. It was for Andrée thereafter to gain admission to the Queen for herself.

We know the arrangement of the apartments occupied by the royal family. We have depicted the Queen's despair. We know how, on entering that little green-papered chamber, she threw herself on the bed, biting the bolster amidst sobs and tears. Certainly one who had lost throne, liberty, and life mayhap, had lost so

much that none had any reason to call her despair to account, or try to find, beneath her great abandonment, any more lively sorrow to draw tears from her eyes and sobs from her breast.

Out of the respect inspired by her supreme grief, the Queen's friends for a while left her alone. Presently, however, she heard the door leading into the King's room open and shut, but she did not turn her head in that direction. She heard footsteps approaching her bed, but still buried her face in the pillow.

Suddenly she sprang up, as if a serpent had bitten her to the heart. A well-known voice pronounced the one word *Madame.*

"Andrée!" cried Marie Antoinette, raising herself on her elbow. "What do you want with me?"

"I wish of you, Madame, what God wished of Cain, when he asked: 'Cain, where is thy brother?'"

"With this difference," said the Queen, "that Cain had killed his brother, whereas I — oh! — I would have given not only my life, but ten lives, if I had them, to save his!"

Andrée staggered. The cold sweat burst from her forehead, and her teeth chattered.

"Then he *is* killed?" she asked, making a great effort.

The Queen looked at Andrée and replied: "Do you fancy it is for my crown that I am weeping?" Then, showing her bloody feet, she added: "If this blood had been mine, do you not suppose I would have washed it away?"

Andrée became so pale as to be nearly livid. Presently she spoke: "You know where his body is?"

"If they will let me go out, I will show you!"

"I will wait for you in the entry, Madame," said Andrée, as she left the room.

Pitou was at the door. "Monsieur Pitou," said she to him, "one of my friends is willing to show me where I can find the body of Monsieur de Charny. She is one of the Queen's attendants. May she go with me?"

"If she comes out, Madame, it must be on condition that I bring her back again to the same place!"

"You can bring her back!" said Andrée.

"Very well, then!" said Pitou, — adding, as he turned towards the sentinel: "Comrade, one of the Queen's women wishes to go out, in order to aid us in searching for the body of a brave officer, of whom Madame is the widow. I will be responsible for that woman, — body for body, head for head."

"That's all right, captain," said the sentinel.

The door of the antechamber opened, and the Queen appeared, her face covered with a veil. They descended the staircase, the Queen walking foremost, and Andrée and Pitou following.

After a session of twenty-seven hours the Assembly had just vacated the great hall. That hall, where so many startling events had been compressed into twenty-seven hours, was mute, — empty and gloomy as a sepulchre.

"A light!" said the Queen.

Pitou took up an extinguished torch, relighted it by a lantern, and gave it to the Queen, who resumed her walk.

As they passed by the entrance, she pointed towards it with her torch, and said: "There is the doorway where he was killed!"

Andrée did not respond. She seemed like a spectre, obeying the spell of an enchantress.

In the corridor the Queen lowered her torch nearer the floor, and said: "There is his blood!"

Still Andrée was mute.

The Queen went directly to a sort of closet, situated opposite the lodge of "The Logographe," opened the door, and said, as she let the torchlight fall upon the interior: "There is his body!"

Still silent, Andrée entered the closet, sat down on the floor, and, with an effort, lifted Olivier's head upon her lap.

"I thank you, Madame," she said, "that is all I ask of you."

"But I have something to ask of you," said the Queen.

"Speak!"

"Will you forgive me?"

There was a moment of silence, as if Andrée hesitated. At last she said: "Yes, for to-morrow I shall be with him!"

From her bosom the Queen drew a pair of golden scissors, which she kept concealed as one hides a poniard, in order to have some weapon she could use against herself, in a moment of extreme danger.

"Then —" she said, almost prayerfully, presenting the scissors to Andrée, — "then —"

Andrée took the scissors, cut a lock of hair from the dead man's head, and gave it to the Queen, with the scissors. The Queen grasped Andrée's hand and kissed it. Andrée uttered a little scream and withdrew her hand, as if Marie Antoinette's lips were red-hot iron.

"Ah!" murmured the Queen, throwing a last look upon the body, "who can say which of us two loved him best!"

"Oh Olivier, my well-beloved," whispered Andrée in her turn, "I hope *thou* at least knowest that I loved thee best!"

The Queen was already on her way back to her apartments, leaving Andrée in that little room, alone with the body of her husband, whereon, like the glance of some friendly face, fell a ray of moonlight, shining through a grated window.

Without knowing who she was, Pitou reconducted Marie Antoinette to her own rooms, which he saw her re-enter. Thus, having discharged this responsibility in presence of the sentinel, he went out upon the terrace, to see if Désiré Maniquet had sent the four men asked for. The four men were there.

"Come in!" said Pitou to them; and they entered.

Lighting the way with the torch which he had retaken from the Queen's hands, he led the way to the little room where Andrée was still crouching, and gazing at the pale but always beautiful face of her husband, illumined by the loving moon. The torchlight made her raise her eyes.

"What do you wish?" she asked of Pitou and his followers, as if she feared these unknown men had come to take away from her the body of her dearly beloved Oliver.

"Madame," answered Pitou, "we come for the body of Monsieur de Charny, in order to carry it safely to the Rue Coq Héron."

"You swear to me it is for that purpose?"

Pitou extended his hand over the body, with a dignity whereof one might have supposed him incapable, and said: "I swear it, Madame!"

"Then I return you my thanks, and I shall pray God, with my latest breath, that he will spare you and yours the sorrow wherewith I am overwhelmed."

The four men took up the body and laid it on their guns. Pitou, with his sword drawn, put himself at the

head of the funeral cortege. Andrée walked beside the body, holding in hers the Count's cold hand, already stiffening.

On their arrival at the Rue Coq Héron, they laid the body on Andrée's bed, who then said to the four men: "Receive the blessings of a woman who, by to-morrow, will be on high, to renew her prayers to God in your behalf."

Then she said to Pitou: "Monsieur, I owe you more than I can ever repay. May I rely upon you for one last service?"

"Command me, Madame!"

"To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, see to it that Doctor Gilbert is here."

Pitou bowed, and took his leave. In doing so, he turned his head, and saw that Andrée was kneeling before the bed as before an altar.

As he crossed the gateway into the street, three in the morning sounded from the clock on the church of Saint Eustache.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHY ANDRÉE WANTED GILBERT.

THE next day, at eight precisely, Gilbert rapped at the door of the little pavilion in Rue Coq Héron.

On receiving the request which Pitou brought him in Andrée's name, Gilbert was astonished, and made our captain recount the events of the night before, in all their details. Then he meditated for a long time. Finally, when he started out in the morning, he summoned Pitou, and asked him to go for Sebastien, at Abbé Berardier's, and bring him to the Rue Coq Héron. When there, they were to wait till the Doctor came out.

Doubtless the old porter had been notified of the Doctor's expected arrival; for as soon as his name was known, he was at once introduced into the parlor adjoining the little bedroom.

All clad in black, Andrée was awaiting him. It was easy to see that she had neither wept nor slept since the day before. Her face was pale, her eyes dry.

Never before were the lines of her face so firmly set, — lines which indicated a strength of will carried nearly to the point of insanity. It was difficult to see what resolution had taken possession of this diamond heart, but it was easy to perceive that some special idea enthralled her.

As a philosophic physician and a clever observer, Gilbert understood this at a glance. He bowed and waited.

"Monsieur Gilbert, I have asked you to come hither."

"And I have responded punctually to your invitation, as you see, Madame."

"I sent for you, rather than anybody else, because I wished that he of whom I asked a certain favor should be one who would have no right to refuse me."

"You are right, Madame, — not perhaps in what you are going to ask, but in what you say. You have a right to exact anything from me, even my life."

Andrée smiled bitterly. "Your life, Monsieur, is one so precious to humanity, that I should pray God to make it long and happy, instead of seeking to abridge it; but you cannot but agree with me that if your existence is blessed by a propitious influence, other careers seem born under a fatal star."

Gilbert made no reply, but Andrée resumed, after a moment's silence: "*Mine*, for example! What do you think of my existence, Monsieur?"

As Gilbert lowered his eyes, without replying, she went on: "Let me recall my history to you in a few words. — Be calm! There will be no reproaches for any one."

By a gesture, Gilbert bade her speak on.

"I was born poor. My father was ruined before my birth. My youth was melancholy, isolated, solitary. You knew my father, and no one better knows his depth of sordid interest in me! Two men — one of whom it would have been better if I had never known, the other a stranger — exerted a mysterious and fatal influence over my life, with which my own voluntary will had nothing to do. One of these men disposed of my soul, the other of my body. Without suspecting that I had ceased to be a maiden, I became a mother. In that sad event I feared losing the affection of the only being who had ever truly loved me, — my brother. I took refuge

in the idea of becoming a mother, and being loved by my child; but my child was stolen from me an hour after its birth. I found myself a wife without a husband, a mother without a child."

Here Andrée was somewhat moved, but presently she resumed her story.

"The Queen's friendship consoled me. One day chance placed a handsome and brave young man in the same carriage with us. Fate decreed that I, who had never known the passion of love, should love him. He loved the Queen. I became the confidant of their passion. I believe you also have loved without return, Monsieur Gilbert, and so you can understand how I suffered. Even this was not enough. A day came when the Queen besought me to save her life, — more than her life, her honor! It became my duty to be his wife, — the wife of the man I had loved for three years, — and yet to remain separated from him. I was wedded to him. Five years I lived near that man. Within, I was on fire. Outwardly I was ice, — a statue with a burning heart. Physician, tell me! Can you understand what such a heart must suffer?"

Still Gilbert spoke not.

"Finally, on one ineffably happy day, my devotion and silence, my self-abnegation, touched that man. Through seven years I had loved him, without making him suspect it, even by a look. Now he came to throw himself trembling at my feet, to say he knew all, and yet loved me! As if to reward my patience, at the very time when I was winning my husband, God ordained that I should regain my child also. A year sped by like a day, like an hour, like a minute. In that one year was concentrated my whole life! Four days ago the thunderbolt fell at my feet. My husband's honor bade him come

to Paris and die. I said nothing against it, I shed not a tear; but I came with him. Hardly did we reach the city before he left me. Last night I found him again, dead! He is in yonder room. Do you think it too ambitious in me, after such a life, — the desire to sleep in the same tomb with him? Is this a request which you have power to refuse, — this service which I demand at your hands? Monsieur Gilbert, you are a skilful physician, a learned chemist. You have been guilty of a great wrong towards me! You have much to atone for! Well, give me a sure and rapid poison, and I will not only forgive you, but I shall die with a heart overflowing with gratitude."

"Madame," replied Gilbert, "your life has been, as you say, one long and dismal trial, and gloriously have you endured it. You have borne your sorrows like a martyr, — nobly, sacredly."

Andrée gave a slight nod, to indicate that she was waiting for the answer.

"Now you say to your executioner: 'Thou hast given me a cruel life! Give me now a pleasant death.' — You have a right to say so. You have the right to add: 'Thou wilt do what I say, because thou hast no right to refuse me what I ask.'"

"Then Monsieur — ?"

"Do you still ask for poison, Madame?"

"I beseech you to give it to me, my friend!"

"Life is then so unbearable that you find it impossible to endure it?"

"Death is the sweetest favor men can bring me, the greatest benefit God can grant me."

"In ten minutes, Madame, you shall have what you desire."

He bowed and stepped backward, but Andrée offered

him her hand, and said: "Ah, in one instant you have done me more good than you have done me wrong in all your life. Bless you, Gilbert!"

Gilbert went out. At the gate he found Sebastien and Pitou, who were waiting in a cab.

"Sebastien," he said, drawing from his breast a little flask, suspended from a gold chain around his neck, and containing an opal-colored liquid, — "Sebastien, thou wilt give this vial to the Countess, from me."

"How long may I remain with her, father?"

"As long as it pleases thee."

"And where shall I find thee again?"

"I will await thee here."

The lad took the vial and went into the house. In a quarter-hour he came out again. Gilbert glanced instantly at the bottle, and saw that Andrée had returned it unopened.

"What did she say?" he asked.

"She said: 'Not by thy hand, my child!'"

"What did she do?"

"She wept."

"Then she is saved," said Gilbert. "Come, my child!" and he kissed Sebastien more tenderly, perhaps, than he had ever done before.

Gilbert reckoned without Marat. Eight days afterward he learned that the Countess had been arrested, and taken to the Abbaye Prison.

CHAPTER XL.

THE TEMPLE.

Before following Andrée to the jail into which they were to send her as one suspected, let us follow the Queen to the prison in which they immured her as absolutely guilty.

We have shown the antagonism existing between the Assembly and the Commune. The Assembly, like all constituted bodies, had not kept pace with individuals. The Assembly launched the people into the track of the Tenth of August, and then lagged behind.

The sections improvised the famous Council of the Commune; and this Council really brought about the Tenth of August, which had been instigated by the Assembly.

The proof of this can be found in the fact that the King sought the Assembly as a refuge against the Commune. The Assembly gave a shelter to the King, whom the Commune would not have been sorry to find in the Tuileries, in order to stifle him between two featherbeds, or hang him between two doors, along with the Queen and the Dauphin, — with the *she-wolf* and the *cub*, as they were called.

The Assembly caused the project to miscarry; though the success of this scheme, infamous as it was, would really have been a great blessing.

As the Assembly protected the King, the Queen, the Dauphin, and even the Court itself, the Assembly was

called Royalist. As the Assembly issued a decree that the King should dwell at the Luxembourg, — that is to say, in a palace, — the Assembly must surely be growing aristocratic.

In Royalism, as in all things, there is a difference of degree. What was Royalistic in the eyes of the Commune, or even in the eyes of the Assembly, seemed Revolutionary in other eyes.

Lafayette, though proscribed from France as a Royalist, was liable to imprisonment as a Revolutionist by the Emperor of Austria.

The Commune began to accuse the Assembly of being Royalistic. From time to time Robespierre would thrust his small head, pointed and venomous, out of the hole in which he was hidden, and hiss forth a calumny.

Robespierre was just then saying that a very powerful party was offering the French throne to the Duke of Brunswick. He meant the Girondists, you understand, — that is to say, the party which would have been the first to shout for war, the first to give itself for the defence of France!

The Commune, therefore, in order to obtain dictatorial power, must oppose all the doings of the so-called Royalist Assembly.

The Assembly offered the Luxembourg to the King as a lodging-place. The Communists declared they would not answer for the King, if he went to live in the Luxembourg. The cellars of the Luxembourg, they affirmed, were connected with the unwholesome catacombs running beneath the city, and might offer a means of escape.

The Assembly, unwilling to quarrel with the Commune over such a trifle, left to the latter the choice of a royal residence. The Commune thereupon chose the Temple.

Consider whether or not the location was well chosen!

The Temple was not like the Luxembourg Palace, connected through its cellars with the catacombs, and by its walls with the plain, forming an acute angle with the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville. No, it was a prison, located under the eyes of the Commune. The Commune had only to reach out its hands, in order to open or close the Temple's doors. It was an old and isolated donjon, whose ditch had been covered over. It was an old tower, low, strong, gloomy, and dismal. Philip the Fair, that is to say, Royalty, crushed within it the Middle Ages, in revolt against him. Royalty was now to enter it, and be crushed by the New Age.

How came this old tower to remain there, in that populous quarter, — a tower dark and sorrowful, like a screech-owl staring in the broad daylight?

It was in this place the Commune decided that the King and his family should dwell.

Was this deliberately done, in order that the King should live in a place which had been a refuge for ancient bankrupts, who used to come there, put on green caps, and "smite the bottom of the stone," as the law of the Middle Ages expressed it, after which the debts of these bankrupts were regarded as cancelled?

Was the incarceration of the royal family in this place intentional, because of its historic memories? No, it came about through chance, through fatality, — through Providence, we might say, were not such a word too suggestive of deific cruelty.

In the evening of August 13 the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, Monsieur Chemilly, and Monsieur Hue, the King's valets, were transferred to the Temple.

The Commune, in its haste to have the King occupy

his new residence, sent him there before the Tower was properly prepared. Consequently the royal family were at first taken into that portion of the building formerly inhabited by Monseigneur d'Artois, when he wished to stay in Paris, and which was therefore called the Palace.

All Paris seemed to rejoice. Thirty-five hundred citizens had died, to be sure; but the King, the friend of foreigners, the great enemy of the Revolution, the ally of nobles and priests, — the King was a prisoner!

All the houses overlooking the Temple were illuminated that night. Lanterns were even hung on the battlements of the tower.

When Louis Sixteenth stepped from the carriage, he found Santerre on horseback, ten paces from the coach door. Two municipal guards, with covered heads, awaited the King.

"Come in, Monsieur!" they said.

The King entered. Naturally mistaken as to his future abode, he asked to be shown the apartments of the Palace.

The guards exchanged a smile. Without telling him that the walk he was to take was useless, since it was the Donjon he was to occupy, not the Palace, they let him go through the more spacious portions of the Temple, room after room.

The King began to plan for the use of different apartments; and the guards enjoyed this error, which was to turn speedily into bitterness.

At ten o'clock supper was served. During the meal Manuel stood behind the King. He was no longer a servant, prompt to obey. He was a jailer, an overseer, a master. If two contradictory orders were given, one by the King, the other by Manuel, Manuel's was the

one obeyed. This was really the commencement of captivity.

Beginning with August 13, in the evening, the King, vanquished on the summit of monarchism, abandoned this supreme height, and descended with rapid strides the opposite declivity of the mountain, at whose foot lay the scaffold.

It took him eighteen years to reach the highest summit. It took him five months and eight days to reach the bottom.

Behold with what rapidity he was driven!

At ten o'clock they were in the dining-room of the Palace. At eleven they were in the drawing-room of the Palace. He was still the King; or rather he still believed himself to be the King, for he was ignorant of what was going on.

At eleven o'clock, one of the commissioners appeared, and ordered the valets to take whatever linen they had, and follow them.

"Follow you where?" asked the valets.

"To the night residence of your employers," answered the commissioner. "This Palace is simply their day residence."

The King, the Queen, and the Dauphin were no longer the masters of their own lackeys.

At the door of the Palace they found a city officer bearing a lantern, who led the way. They followed the officer. By the faint glimmer of this lantern, and partly owing to the fact that the public illumination was beginning to decrease, Monsieur Hue had to look hard to see the King's future residence. He could see nothing before him except the sombre Donjon, rising in the air like a granite giant, on whose brow still sparkled the embers of a fiery crown.

"My God!" said the valet, pausing, "can it be that you are leading us to that Tower?"

"Precisely!" answered the officer. "The time of palaces is gone by! You shall see how we lodge the assassins of the people."

As he spoke, the man with the lantern stumbled against the first steps of a winding staircase.

The grooms were about to stop at the first landing; but the man with the lantern continued on his way. At the third landing he stopped, turned into a corridor on the right of the stairs, and opened a door on the right side of the corridor.

This room was lit by a single window. Three or four seats, a table, and a poor bed composed its entire furniture.

"Which of you two is the King's servant?" inquired the city officer.

"I am his *valet*," replied Monsieur Chemilly.

"*Valet* or *servant*, it 's all the same!"

Pointing to the bed, he added: "There 's where your master will sleep."

The man with the lantern threw a blanket and two sheets upon a chair, lighted two candles on the shelf, and left the two valets alone.

The Queen's room, up two flights, was still to be made ready.

Messieurs Hue and Chemilly looked at each other in utter amazement. They could still behold, with tearful eyes, the splendors of regal dwellings. Now the King was not only thrown into prison, but he was lodged in a kennel. The majesty of a theatric stage was unhappily missing.

The valets examined the room. The bed was in an uncurtained alcove. An old wicker screen, resting against

the wall, indicated some precaution taken against vermin, — an insufficient precaution, as could readily be seen.

The valets were not, however, wholly disheartened, but went resolutely to work and cleaned up the room and bed as best they could. While one was sweeping and the other dusting, the King entered.

"Oh Sire!" they said with one voice, "what infamy!"

The King — was it from strength of soul, or was it from indifference? — remained tranquil. He cast a look around him, but did not utter a single word.

The wall was papered with cheap engravings; and as a few of these were obscene, he tore them off, saying: "I do not want my pure daughter to behold such objects!"

When his bed was made, the King retired; and he slept as peaceably as if he were still at the Tuileries, — more calmly, perhaps!

If at this period the King had been presented with a yearly income of thirty thousand francs, and a country house, with a forge, a library of Travels, a chapel where he could hear Mass, a chaplain to officiate, a park of ten acres, — a home where he could live apart from all intrigues, and be surrounded by the Queen, the Dauphin, and Madame Royale, — that is, to use much sweeter words, by his wife and children, — the King would have been the happiest man in the realm.

It was very different with the Queen.

If the arrogant lioness did not roar at the sight of her cage, it is because so cruel a pain had possession of her breast, that she became blind and insensible to all her surroundings.

Her domicil consisted of four rooms: an antechamber, which the Princess Lamballe occupied; a bedroom in which the Queen installed herself; a closet which was assigned to

Madame de Tourzel; and another bedroom, which became the habitation of Madame Elizabeth and the two children. These rooms were all somewhat cleaner than the King's.

Manuel, however, as if ashamed of the deception practised upon the King, said that the municipal architect, Citizen Palloy,— who formerly had charge of the levelling of the Bastille, — would come and confer with the King, and see what could be done towards rendering the abiding-place of the royal family as comfortable as possible.

While Andrée is burying the remains of her beloved husband, while Manuel is installing the royal family in the Temple, while the carpenter is erecting the guillotine in the Place du Carrousel, — in that field of victory, soon to be transformed into a Place de Grève, — let us cast a glance into the interior of the Hôtel de Ville, where we have already been admitted many times; and let us weigh the government which has succeeded Bailly's and Lafayette's, — a government which is even substituting itself for the Assembly, and aspires to the dictatorship. Let us behold the men, and this will furnish us an explanation of their acts.

On the evening of August 10, when all was over, — when the noise of the cannon was hushed, when the rattle of musketry was deadened, when there were no longer any assassinations, — on that night, a troop of people, drunk and ragged, carried in their arms, into the midst of the Council of the Commune, that man of darkness, that owl with blinking eyelids, that prophet of the populace, the *divine* Marat, — as he was blasphemously called.

He yielded himself to their wishes. There was now nothing to be afraid of. The victory was secure; and the field was open to the wolves, the vultures, and the ravens.

They called him the Victor of the Tenth of August, he whom they had found when he was just venturing to put his head out through the venthole of his cellar!

They crowned him with laurels; and he, like Cæsar, simply suffered the crown to rest upon his brow.

They came, these Citizen Ragamuffins, and threw their god, Marat, into the midst of the Commune, — as we have said. Thus was the crippled Vulcan imposed upon the Council of the Gods.

At the sight of Vulcan, the other gods laughed. At the sight of Marat, many laughed and others were disgusted, but a few trembled. The tremblers were in the right.

Nevertheless, Marat did not belong to the Commune. He was never chosen a member of it. He was simply carried there; but there he stayed! They made for him — purposely for *him* — a journalist's lodge in the Council Chamber; but there was this difference. Instead of having the journalist under the control of the Commune, as "The Logographe" had been under the control of the Assembly, it was the Commune which was in the claw and under the paw of Marat.

As in the beautiful drama of our dear and great friend Victor Hugo, the Podesta Angelo rules Padua, but feels Venice above himself, so the Commune was above the Assembly, but felt Marat weighing down upon the Commune.

That haughty Commune, which the Assembly obeyed, see how in turn it obeyed Marat!

Here is one of the first measures they voted:

Henceforth, the printing-presses of the venomous Royalists shall be confiscated, and awarded to the Patriot printers.

On the morning of the day in which this decree was issued, Marat executed it. He went to the royal printing establishment, had a press removed to his house, and bagged all the type that best suited him. Was he not foremost among Patriot printers?

The Assembly was frightened by the crimes of August 10, but was powerless to stop them. The slaughter went on in the Assembly yard, in its corridors, and at the very door of its hall.

Danton said: "When the work of justice begins, popular vengeance must cease. I engage myself, before this Assembly, to protect the men who are within its precincts. I will march at their head, and I will answer for them."

Danton said this before Marat appeared in the Communal Council. From the moment Marat was admitted there, Danton could no longer hold himself responsible for anything.

The lion shuffled before the serpent, and tried to play the fox.

Lacroix, that old official, that athletic Deputy, — one of Danton's hundred arms, — ascended the rostrum, and asked that the Commander of the National Guard, Santerre, — the man who, according to the Royalists themselves, concealed behind his rough behavior a sympathetic heart, — that Santerre be empowered to nominate a court-martial, which should try the Swiss Guards, both officers and privates, though without finally disposing of them.

The following was Lacroix's idea, or rather Danton's: That a court-martial should be appointed from among those who had fought with the prisoners. They were men of courage, these fighters, and consequently men who would appreciate and respect courage in others.

Moreover, the fact that these native soldiers were the victors would make them reluctant to condemn the conquered.

Did not these victors, thirsting for blood and smoking with slaughter, spare lone women, and even protect and escort them? A court-martial, chosen from the Bretons and Marsillians,— in a word, among the victors, — meant the salvation of the prisoners. To prove that this was a measure of clemency, we need only mention that the Communal Council rejected it.

Marat preferred massacre. That would be the shortest way! He wanted heads, — first, last, and always!

His estimate of the necessary number of deaths, instead of diminishing, continually increased. First he asked for fifty thousand heads, next for a hundred thousand, then for two hundred thousand; and finally, he wanted two hundred and seventy-three thousand heads.

Why such an odd number, such a strange fraction? He would have been greatly puzzled over this question. He demanded massacre, that is all; and massacre began to organize itself.

Danton kept away from the Commune. His work in the ministry absorbed him, as he said.

What were the Communists doing? They sent deputations to the Assembly. On August 16 three deputations succeeded one another at the bar.

On August 17 a new deputation presented itself and said:

The people are weary at not being avenged. Tremble, lest they take justice into their own hands! To-night, at twelve, the alarm-bells will be heard. We must have a Criminal Tribunal established at the Tuileries. We must have a judge for each section of the city. Louis Sixteenth and

Antoinette wanted blood. Let them see flowing the blood of their own satellites!

This audacity, this urgency, caused two men to spring to their feet, — the Jacobin Choudieu, and the Dantonist Thuriot.

"They who come here and demand massacre," said Choudieu, "are not friends, but flatterers of the people. An inquisition is demanded. I shall resist it to the death!"

"You wish to dishonor the Revolution!" exclaimed Thuriot. "The Revolution belongs not to France alone; it belongs to humanity!"

After petitions came menaces. Representatives from the sections took their turn, and said: "If, within two or three hours, the jury is not nominated, and the jurymen ready to act, great misfortunes will stalk throughout Paris."

This last threat compelled the Assembly to obey. The Deputies noted the creation of an extraordinary tribunal. On August 17 the demand was made. On August 19 the Tribunal was created. On August 20 the Tribunal was organized, and condemned a Royalist to death. On the evening of August 21 this man, upon whom sentence had been passed the previous day, was executed, in Carrousel Square, by torch-light.

The effect of this first execution was terrible, — so terrible, that the executioner himself could not stand it. At the very moment when he was exhibiting to the people the head of the victim of this first execution, which was to lead the way in so long a procession of funereal wagons, the headsman uttered a scream, allowed the head to roll upon the pavement, and then fell backwards. His aids lifted him. He was dead.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SANGUINARY REVOLUTION.

The Revolution of 1789, that is to say, the Revolution of Necker, Sieyès, and Bailly, ended in 1790. The Revolution of Barnave, Mirabeau, and Lafayette ended in 1792. The great Revolution, the bloody Revolution, the Revolution of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, had now begun.

In placing side by side the names of the last three men, we do not wish to confound them in one and the same estimate. On the contrary, to our eyes, they represent, in their very distinct individuality, the three faces of the three years which were to follow.

Danton's embodiment was the year 1792 ; Marat's was the year 1793 ; and Robespierre's was the year 1794.

Moreover, as events succeeded one another so rapidly, let us glance at these events. Let us examine the means by which the National Assembly and the Commune sought respectively to prevent or to accelerate these events.

Besides, we have nearly encroached upon the domain of history. All but a few of our personages have already foundered in the Revolutionary storm.

What has become of the three brothers Charny, George, Isidore, and Oliver? They are dead! What has happened to the Queen and Andreé? They are prisoners. Lafayette, — where is he? He is in exile.

On August 17 Lafayette succeeded, through a skilful manœuvre, in directing the army towards Paris, in order

to re-establish there the Constitution, defeat the work of August 10, and restore the King.

Lafayette, that loyal man, lost his wits, like the rest of them. His intention was to lead the Prussians and the Austrians directly into Paris. The army rejected him instinctively; just as they repulsed Dumouriez eight months later.

History would have coupled together the names of these two men, — we might say, chained them together, — if Lafayette, detested as he was by the Queen, had not had the good fortune to be arrested by the Austrians and sent to Olmutz. His captivity caused his desertion to be forgotten.

On August 18 Lafayette crossed the frontier. On August 21 the enemies of France, those allies of royalty, against whom the massacre of August 10 was aimed, and against whom the outbreak of September 2 was also to be directed, — those Austrians whom Marie Antoinette summoned to her assistance, on a certain clear night, when the moon, in shining through the panes of the Queen's chamber, poured a bright light upon her bed, — those Austrians invested the town of Longwy. After twenty-four hours' bombardment, Longwy surrendered.

The day preceding this capture, there was a revolt in the Vendée, at the other extremity of France. The required ecclesiastical oath furnished the pretext for this upheaval.

The Assembly met these events by nominating Dumouriez Commander of the Army in the East, and ordering the arrest of Lafayette.

The Assembly voted, that as soon as the city of Longwy should again be in the power of the French Nation, all the houses, except national buildings, should be destroyed, levelled with the ground. A law was also

enacted, banishing from the land every priest who had not taken the Constitutional oath. Domiciliary visits were authorized; and it was ordered that the property of refugees should be confiscated and sold.

What was the Communal Council doing meanwhile? We have said that Marat was its oracle. The Commune was attending to the guillotine on the Place du Carrousel. They had one head a day. This seems little enough now; but, in a book published towards the end of August, the members of the Tribunal explained the enormous task they imposed upon themselves in order to obtain this result, — unsatisfactory as it might be. This publication was signed by Fouquier Tinville.

See what the Commune was dreaming about. By-and-by we may assist at the realization of that dream.

It was on the evening of August 23 that the Commune put forth its prospectus. Followed by a mob picked up from the gutters of the faubourgs and the markets, a deputation from the Commune presented itself, towards midnight, before the Assembly.

What did it demand? That the Orleans prisoners should be brought to Paris to be executed.

Well, the Orleans prisoners had not yet been tried. What mattered it? This was a simple formality with which the Commune could well afford to dispense. Moreover, there was the memorial of August 10, which would come to the aid of this project.

Sergent, the artist, was to organize this lugubrious memorial, as he had already put upon the stage the procession which proclaimed the country's peril; and we know whether or not he succeeded in his efforts on that memorable occasion.

On this occasion, Sergent surpassed himself. The thing to be done was to fill with mourning, with vengeance, with

deathly sorrow, the hearts of all those who, on August 10, had lost any one dear to them.

In front of the guillotine, which was in operation on the Place du Carrousel, Sergent erected, in the midst of the great basin of the Tuileries, a gigantic pyramid, covered all over with black serge. Upon each side were inscribed the names of massacres with which the Royalists could be reproached, — the massacres of Nancy, Nismes, Montauban, and the Champ de Mars.

The guillotine was saying *I kill!* The pyramid seemed to respond : *Keep on killing!*

It was on Sunday evening, August 27, five days after the priestly insurrection in Vendée, — and four days after the surrender of Longwy, whereof General Clerfayt had just taken possession in the name of King Louis Sixteenth, — that this expiatory procession put itself into motion, in order to take advantage of the mysterious majesty wherewith darkness endows all things.

Through the clouds of incense, burning all along the route, could be seen, first the widows and orphans, left by the massacre of August 10. They were dressed in white robes, their waists girded with black sashes. They carried, in a structure built after the model of an antique arch, the petition dictated by Madame Roland, and copied upon the Patriot Altar, by Mademoiselle de Kéralio. These bloody sheets were collected again, scattered, as they had been, over the Champ de Mars ; and ever since July 17, 1791, they had been calling for a Republic.

Then came some huge, black coffins, recalling those overcrowded wagons which, on the evening of August 10, were piled with corpses in the Tuileries courtyards, and took their way towards the faubourgs.

Next came the ensigns of mourning and vengeance, demanding death for death.

Then came Law, — a colossal statue, bearing a sword at her side, — followed by the Judges of the Courts. At their head marched the special Revolutionary Tribunal, — the Tribunal which asked to be excused for causing only one head to fall each day.

Then came the Communal Council, the bloody mother of that blood-stained Tribunal.

In the Councillor ranks was a statue of Liberty, of the same size as the statue of Law.

Finally came the members of the Assembly, wearing those civic crowns which may console the dead, but are so insufficient for the living!

The procession advanced majestically, in the midst of sombre chants by Chénier, and of gloomy music by Gossec, — marching with similar steady steps.

Part of the night of August 27 was spent in the performance of this expiatory ceremony, the funereal feast of the multitude, during which the crowd, shaking their fists at the empty Tuileries, were threatening the prisons, those strongholds of security which had been given to the King and the Royalists, in exchange for their châteaux.

When the last lamps were extinguished, and the last torches reduced to smoke, the people retired.

The two statues of Law and Liberty remained alone, to guard the immense sarcophagus; but, as nobody paid any attention to them, it happened, either through imprudence or sacrilege, that during the night the two statues were despoiled of their lower garments; and on the day following, the two poor goddesses were less than women.

On beholding this sight the populace uttered a wild scream. They accused the Royalists, ran to the Assembly, called for vengeance, took possession of the statues, dressed them anew, and finally dragged them, by way of reparation, to the Place Louis XV. At a later day

the scaffold followed these images to this square, and gave them, on January 21, a terrible satisfaction for the outrage of August 28.

On that very day, August 28, the Assembly voted the law in regard to household inspection.

The report began to spread among the people, of a junction of the Prussian and Austrian armies, and of the capture of Longwy by General Clerfayt. Thus the enemies, summoned by the King, the nobles, and the priests, were marching upon Paris. If nothing arrested their progress, they could reach the capital in about six forced marches.

What would then happen to Paris, which was boiling like a crater, and whose eruptions, during the last three years, had made themselves felt throughout the world? There would happen what Bouillé's famous letter predicted. That insolent joke, which created so much laughter, might now become a reality, — "not one stone should remain upon another."

There was talk, as of something sure to come, of a Great and General Judgment, terrible and inexorable, — a judgment which, after destroying Paris, would destroy the Parisians also. In what manner and by whom was this judgment to be administered? The writings of those days will show us. The blood-stained hand of the Commune was in that legend, which, instead of relating to the past, referred to the future.

What reasons have we for not believing that legend? The following statement appeared in a letter found in the Tuileries on August 10, which we ourselves have read in the Public Archives, where it can still be seen:

Tribunals come in the wake of armies. The Council of Refugees, along the road, and in the camp of the King of Prussia, are arraigning the Jacobins, and preparing their gibbets.

When the Prussian and Austrian armies arrived at Paris, the trials would take place, judgments would be rendered, and all that remained to do would be to execute the sentences.

In order to confirm what was said in this letter, the following was printed in the official bulletin of the War Department.

The Austrian cavalry, in the neighborhood of Sarrelouis, have captured the Patriot mayors and all known Republicans.

The Uhlans, having taken some municipal officers, cut off their ears, and nailed them to their foreheads.

If such acts were perpetrated in the inoffensive provinces, how would the conquerors behave towards Revolutionary Paris? What they would do was no longer a secret.

Listen to the report which was spreading itself, which was reported in public places, and which radiated from each centre, till it reached the most distant parts of the city! A large throne was to be built for the allied kings, in sight of the heap of ruins where once stood Paris. The entire captive population was to be driven, badgered, hunted, and brought to the foot of this throne. There, as in the day of the Last Judgment, there was to be a separation of the good from the evil, the sheep from the goats. The good — that is, the Royalists, the nobles, the priests — would be sent to the right, and France restored to them, that they might do with it whatever they pleased. The bad — that is, the followers of the Revolutionists — would go to the left, and there the guillotine would await them, — that instrument invented by the Revolution, through which the Revolution was finally to perish.

The Revolution, — that is to say, France. No, the Revolution was not France alone, for that would mean little. Nations were to serve as holocausts sacrificed to ideas. The Revolution was not so much France, as the ideal of France.

Why was France first in pronouncing the word *liberty* in Europe? She believed that she was proclaiming something holy, — light for the eyes and life for the soul. She proclaimed: "Liberty for France! Liberty for Europe! Liberty for all!" She thought she was acting nobly, in trying to emancipate the world; but in this she was apparently mistaken.

Behold, God put her in the wrong. Providence was against her! Believing herself innocent and sublime, she was culpable and infamous! Intent on a good action, she had committed a crime! Therefore was she to be judged, condemned, decapitated, and dragged to the Gehenna of the universe; and the universe, for whose salvation she died, would applaud her execution. Thus Jesus, crucified for the world's salvation, died amidst the jeers and insults of that world!

In order to oppose the foreign invader, must this poor Nation rely alone upon herself? Those whom she had adored, whom she had enriched, whom she had paid, would they not perhaps defend her? No!

Her King conspired with the enemy. From the Temple, where he was imprisoned, he continued to correspond with the Prussians and Austrians. Her nobles were marching against her, organized by her princes. Her priests had instigated revolt among the peasants.

In their prison depths the Royalists clapped their hands over the reverses of France. The Prussian success at Longwy raised a cry of joy in the Temple and the Abbaye.

No wonder that Danton, a man of extreme resolutions, entered the Assembly like a roaring lion. The Minister of Justice believed justice to be powerless, and came to ask for strength. Justice then must be backed by force.

Danton ascended the rostrum, and shook his lion's mane. Extending that powerful hand, which, on August 10, broke open the doors of the Tuileries, he said: "We must have a National Convention. That will cause the despots to retreat. So far we have only had a sham war. We must no longer be entertained by such miserable play. The people must fling themselves upon their enemies, attack them in a body, and exterminate them at one blow. At the same time conspirators must be bound, to keep them out of mischief."

Danton demanded a general levy, domiciliary visits, nocturnal investigations, and the proclamation of the death-penalty against whomsoever should lay obstacles in the way of the Provisional Government.

Danton received all he asked for. Had he demanded more, he would have received it in like manner.

Let us listen to Michelet:

> Never had a people come so near death. When Holland, seeing Louis Fourteenth at its doors, had no other resource except inundation, in order to drown herself, she was in less danger; for Holland had Europe on her side. When Athens saw the throne of Xerxes on the rock of Salamis, — when, spurning the ground, she dived into the sea, and had only water for her country, — she was in less danger; for she was wholly in her fleet, which was powerfully organized in the hands of the great Themistocles. More fortunate than France, Athens had no treachery in her bosom.

France was disorganized, disintegrated, betrayed, sold, delivered! France was, like Iphigenia, under the knife

of Calchas. The encircling kings awaited only her death, in order that the wind of despotism might fill their sails. She, poor France, extended her arms to the gods, but the gods were mute!

At last, when she felt the cold hand of death upon her, she roused herself by a violent and terrible contraction. Then, like a living volcano, she sent forth, from her very heart, that flame which has since enlightened the world for half a century.

It is true there is a spot of blood on the sun of France, — the blood-spot of September 2. We shall soon come to that, and see who then caused blood to flow anew, and whether or not the blame can be laid at the door of France.

Before entering upon this investigation, let us once more borrow from Michelet, and close this chapter with two of his pages. We are powerless in the presence of this giant subject, and, like Danton, call strength to our rescue. Who can speak like this Past Master in History? Listen!

Paris had the appearance of a stronghold, and seemed more like Lille or Strasbourg. Regulations, sentinels, military precautions, — premature to be sure, — were to be encountered everywhere. The enemy was still at a distance of fifty or sixty leagues. More serious, most affecting of all things, was the sentiment of profound and admirable solidarity, which revealed itself everywhere.

Each addressed himself to all, and spoke and prayed for the country. Each became a recruiting-officer, and went from house to house, offering a uniform, arms, — whatever else he possessed, — to any one who could enlist. Every man became an orator, — preached, talked, sang patriotic songs.

Who did not become an author in that peculiar moment? Who did not print? Who did not publish?

The most ingenuous scenes, in which every one took part, were enacted everywhere, — on public squares, in the enrolment-places, on the platforms where the names were registered.

All around there were songs, cries, tears of enthusiasm or farewell. Above all these voices, one great voice was resounding in all hearts, — a voice so much the more profound for being silent. It was the voice of France herself, eloquent in all its symbols, pathetic even in the most tragical of these symbols, — the flag, sacred and terrible, announcing the country's danger, a flag waving from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, an immense flag, streaming to the winds, and seeming to invite the popular legions to march in haste from the Pyrenees to the Scheldt, from the Seine to the Rhine!

In order to appreciate the full significance of that moment of sacrifice, we must look into each cottage, into each home, and see the pain of the women, the travail of the mothers in this second childbirth, a hundred times more terrible than that in which those children first came from beneath the bleeding heart. We must see the old women, with dry eyes and broken hearts, gathering hastily the few garments which their boys will carry with them, and the poor earnings, the pennies saved by fasting, which the mothers have stolen from themselves for their sons, against that day of the last agony.

To give up their children to that war which was opening so hopelessly, to sacrifice them in that extreme and hopeless situation, was more than most of the mothers could do. They sank under the sorrow which oppressed them; or, by a natural reaction, they fell into fits of madness They ate nothing, feared nothing. No terror can lay hold upon such a state of mind. What terror can there be for one who invokes death?

We are told that one day, doubtless in August or September, a band of these furious women met Danton in the street, and insulted him as they would have insulted Death himself. They said he was responsible for the whole Revolution, for all the blood which had been shed, for the death of their children.

They cursed him and scratched him. They prayed that God would cause all the blame to fall upon Danton. He was not surprised; and although he felt traces of their finger-nails all over his body, he turned around briskly, looked upon those women, and pitied them. Danton had a great heart. He climbed upon a post, and began to insult them in their own language, in order to comfort them. His first words were violent, ludicrous, obscene. His hearers were astounded. His fury, real or simulated, disconcerted them.

For the groundwork of his popularity, this prodigious orator, keen and calculating, had a sensual and strong temperament, specially adapted to amativeness, a temperament in which flesh and blood were uppermost. Danton was, before and above all things, manly. There was in him a mixture of the lion and the bulldog, and also a good deal of the bull. His physiognomy was frightful. The sublime ugliness of his turbulent face lent to his speech, quick, darting, and fitful, a sort of savage sting. The masses, who love strength, felt, in his presence, that fear and sympathy which every powerful and generative being is capable of awaking. Underneath that violent and rough exterior, a heart could be felt.

At last a doubt arose in the minds of all whether this terrible fellow, who spoke only by threats, was not, after all, a brave man at heart. These women, arrayed against him, felt all this confusedly, and allowed themselves to be harangued and mastered. He led them where and how he chose. He rudely explained to them what women were good for, the purpose of passion, the object of procreation. He argued that one does not bear children for one's self, but for one's country.

When he reached this point, he suddenly raised himself, and spoke as if no one were listening but himself. His whole heart, it is said, seemed to bound out of his breast, in words of violent tenderness for France. Upon that strange face, — pitted by smallpox, and resembling the ashes of Vesuvius and of Ætna, — there appeared two big drops; and they were tears!

The women could resist no longer. They wept for France, instead of weeping for their children. Hiding their faces with their aprons, they ran away crying.

Oh thou great historian whom we call Michelet, where art thou? At Nervi!

Oh thou great poet, called Victor Hugo, where art thou? At the Isle of Jersey.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE EVE OF SEPTEMBER SECOND.

"WHEN the country is in danger," said Danton in the National Assembly, on August 28, 1792, "everything belongs to the country."

On August 29, at four in the afternoon, a general alarm was beaten on the drums. Everybody knew what this meant, — that the household-inspection visits were to begin.

As by the touch of a magic wand, Paris changed its aspect at the very first roll of the drum. Populous as it was, Paris all at once became a desert. Open shops were closed. Each street was surrounded and occupied by a platoon of sixty men. The barriers were guarded. The river was guarded.

At one in the morning the visits began in every house. The sectional commissioners rapped at the street door in the name of the law, and the street door was forthwith opened.

Then they rapped at the door of each suite of rooms, always in the name of the law, and these doors were also opened. Unoccupied lodgings were opened by force.

Two thousand muskets were seized, and three thousand people arrested.

Terror was wanted, and terror there was.

Out of this was born a result of which no one had dreamed, or of which some had perhaps dreamed too much.

These domiciliary visits opened to the poor the abodes of the rich. The armed men from the sections, who followed the magistrates, gazed with amazement upon the silk and gold magnificence of the mansions still inhabited by their owners, as well as those from which the proprietors were absent. Out of this circumstance was developed, not a desire for booty, but an increase of hatred.

So little pillaging was done, that Beaumarchais, who was in prison at the time, relates that a woman plucked a rose in his splendid gardens on the Saint Antoine Boulevard, and that the rabble wished to throw her into the water for the offence.

Note that this took place while the Communal Council was voting to punish silver-brokers with death.

This Commune was already usurping the functions of the Assembly, and ordaining capital punishment. The Commune gave to Chaumette the right to open the prisons and free the prisoners. It arrogated to itself the privilege of pardon. It ordered that to the door of each prison should be affixed a list of the prisoners confined there. This was an appeal to hatred and revenge; for every one took special note of the cell in which some personal antagonist was confined.

The Assembly saw into what a ditch all this must lead. In spite of itself, the Assembly would be compelled to imbrue its hands in blood. Who was doing this? Its enemy, the Commune.

Only an occasion was wanting for the contest to break forth angrily between the two ruling powers. This opportunity was amply furnished by a fresh exploit on the part of the Commune.

On August 29, the day appointed for household visits, the Commune, on account of an article in his journal,

summoned to its bar Girey Dupré, — one of the boldest Girondists, because one of the youngest.

Having no time to flee to the Assembly, Girey Dupré took refuge at the War Secretary's Office. Huguenin, President of the Commune, had the office surrounded, in order to take the Girondist editor by force.

The Girondists were still in the majority in the Assembly. At this insult to one of their number they roused the Deputies, and summoned President Huguenin to the bar of their Assembly.

Huguenin paid no attention to this summons from the Assembly. On August 30 the Assembly passed a decree dissolving the Communal Council.

One fact proves that this decree of the Assembly derived strong support from the popular horror of theft.

A member of the Communal Council, or a man so styling himself, broke into the Garde Meuble, and stole a little silver cannon, a gift of the City of Paris to Louis Fourteenth, when a child.

Cambon, who had been appointed Guardian of the Public Treasures, heard of this theft, and summoned the accused man to the bar of the Assembly. The man denied nothing, and did not offer an excuse, but contented himself with saying that, as this precious object was in danger of being stolen, he thought it would be better off in his hands than anywhere else.

The tyranny of the Commune weighed heavily upon many people, and seemed a hindrance. Louvet, a man famous for courageous proposals, was President of the Rue Lombard Section. He declared publicly, in his district, that the General Council of the Commune was guilty of usurpation.

Finding themselves thus sustained, the Deputies voted, that as Municipal President Huguenin would not come

voluntarily to their bar, he should be brought forcibly; and that within twenty-four hours a new Council must be chosen by the sections.

This decree was passed on August 30, at five in the afternoon.

Let us count the hours, for now we are nearing the massacre of September 2. Every minute we may see a step taken by that bloody goddess called Terror, — her hair bristling, her eyes gory, and her arms writhing.

Though not quite logical in so doing, the Assembly voted that the Commune had done the country some meritorious service, even while its dissolution was decreed; for the Assembly still cherished some fear of this redoubtable foe.

Ornandum, tollendum! was Cicero's word concerning Octavius Cæsar. The Commune did as Octavius did. It would let itself be crowned, but would not let itself be driven away.

Two hours after the passage of this vote, Tallien, the little scribbler who prided himself on being Danton's man, and was Secretary of the Commune, proposed to the Thernes Section to march against the Lombard Section.

This meant civil war indeed, — not of the populace against the King, of the lower class against the upper, of plebeians aganst aristocrats, of cottages against castles, of houses against palaces, but of sections against sections, pikes against pikes, citizens against citizens.

Meanwhile Marat and Robespierre lifted up their voices, — the latter as a member of the Commune, the former as an outside amateur.

Marat demanded the massacre of the National Assembly. That was nothing. It was not unusual to hear him make such proposals.

Robespierre, the cautious, catlike Robespierre, — the vague and subtile denouncer, demanded that they should take up arms, not only for defence, but for attack. He must have felt that the Commune was very strong, or he would not have dared to speak in this way.

It was strong indeed; for that very night Secretary Tallien betook himself to the Assembly with three thousand pikemen.

This is what he wrote:

The Commune, and the Commune alone, has raised the members of the Assembly to their present rank as the representatives of a free people. The Commune passed the edict against obstreperous priests, and arrested those men upon whom nobody else dared lay a finger. Before many days the Commune will purge a free soil of their presence.

On the night between August 30 and 31, in the very presence of the Assembly which had voted to dissolve it, the Commune spoke the first word of slaughter.

Whose special mouth uttered the first syllable? Who threw out this blood-red programme, which was as yet unprinted?

As we have seen, it was Tallien, the man who later brought about the Ninth Thermidor.

We must do the Assembly the justice to say that it was aroused. Manuel, the Municipal Solicitor, saw that the Commune was going too far. He had Tallien arrested, and demanded that Huguenin should make reparation to the Assembly.

Meanwhile, although Manuel arrested Tallien, and demanded that Huguenin should apologize, yet he foresaw what was sure to happen. Listen to what was done by this poor pedant, with his small brain and honest heart.

In the Abbaye was Beaumarchais, a personal enemy of Manuel. Beaumarchais was a great jester, and his shafts had hit Manuel. It came into Manuel's head that if Beaumarchais was butchered with the others, this murder might be attributed to some low spite on Manuel's part. He ran to the Abbaye and called for Beaumarchais. The prisoner, on seeing him, began to offer some explanations to the victim of his literary raillery.

"This is no question of literature, of journalism, or of criticism. There is the open door! Save yourself to-day, if you don't wish to have your throat cut to-morrow!"

So spake Manuel. The author of "The Barber of Seville" and "Figaro's Marriage" did not wait for a second bidding. He slipped through the open door, and disappeared.

Suppose he had hissed Collot d'Herbois the actor, instead of criticising Manuel the author, then Beaumarchais would have been a dead man!

The Thirty-first of August arrived, the great day which was to decide between the Assembly and the Commune, — that is, between Moderation and Terror.

The Commune decided to hold its position at any price. The Assembly was willing to dissolve in favor of a new Assembly.

The Commune naturally wished to take the lead, especially as the times were most favorable to municipal ascendency.

The populace, without knowing whither they wished to go, were ready to go anywhere. Having been let loose on June 20, and having gone still farther on August 10, they now felt an undefined hunger for blood and destruction.

Marat on one side, and Hébert on the other, were stirring up the public mind.

They did not go so far as Robespierre, who was desirous of regaining his shaken popularity. All France had desired war. Robespierre counselled peace. Though not a novelist, he surpassed the most absurd novel by the extravagance of his gossipy mare's nests. He declared that a powerful party had offered the French throne to the Duke of Brunswick.

Who were the three strong parties engaged in this contest? The Assembly, the Commune, the Jacobins; and the Jacobins and the Communists might fairly be regarded as one party.

Certainly the Jacobins did not want Brunswick, and neither did the Communists. Indeed, Robespierre was a member of the club, and also of the Communal Council; and he surely did not mean to criminate himself.

Were the Girondists the powerful party who wanted Brunswick to rule over them?

We have said that Robespierre surpassed the most absurd romancers by his stories. What more ridiculous than to suppose the Girondists would declare war against Prussia and Austria, and then offer a throne to the opposing general?

Who were the men whom Robespierre accused of this absurdity? Such men as Roland, Vergniaud, Clavières, Servan, Gensonné, Guadet, Barbaroux, — the warmest Patriots, and at the same time the most honest men in France.

There are times when a man like Robespierre can say anything. Worse still, there are times when the people will believe anything. Such a time was August 31. If a physician that day had kept his finger on the pulse of France, he would have felt its pulsations rising every minute.

On the thirtieth at five in the evening, the Assembly,

as we have said, voted the dissolution of the Communal Council. The decree provided that within twenty-four hours the sections should appoint a new Council.

By five o'clock on the afternoon of the thirty-first this decree was to be put in force; but Marat's outcries, Hébert's menaces, and Robespierre's slanders made the old Council press so heavily upon Paris, that the sections dared not vote for a new Council. As an excuse for this neglect, they said that the decree had never been officially announced.

Towards noon, on August 31, the Assembly was notified that its decree of the day previous would not probably be obeyed. This necessitated an appeal to force, and who could say what force might do for the Assembly?

Through Panis, who was his brother-in-law, Santerre adhered to the Commune. Panis, it may be remembered, was a fanatical admirer of Robespierre, who once proposed to Barbaroux and Rebecqui to appoint a dictator, and gave them to understand that they needed such a dictator as the Incorruptible.

Santerre represented the faubourgs, and theirs was the irresistible power of the ocean. It was the men of the faubourgs who had broken down the gates of the Tuileries. They could also break down the doors of the Assembly.

The Deputies feared, if they took up arms against the Commune, not only that they might be abandoned by extreme Patriots, by those who wished for the Revolution at any price, but also, — and this was worse, — that they might be poorly sustained by moderate Royalists. In that case the Assembly would be wholly lost.

About six o'clock it was rumored among the benches that there was a great tumult at the Abbaye Prison.

A certain Monsieur de Montmorin had just been acquitted. It was popularly believed that he was the same man who, as cabinet-minister, signed the passport with which Louis Sixteenth tried to escape from France. The populace went in a mass to the prison, and noisily demanded the death of the traitor.

Every effort was made to undeceive the people, but all night long there was a frightful fermentation throughout the city.

It was easily seen, next day, that the slightest event might increase this excitement to gigantic proportions.

This event happened in the Châtelet Prison; and we will try to describe it in all its details, because it refers to one of the personages of our history of whom we have lost sight for a long time.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH WE ONCE MORE ENCOUNTER OUR FRIEND, MONSIEUR DE BEAUSIRE.

IMMEDIATELY after August 10 a special commission was instituted to take cognizance of the thefts committed at the Tuileries. The populace had done well, according to Peltier, in shooting two or three hundred robbers, taken in the very act; but there were as many others, as may be easily understood, who for a time were able to conceal their plunder.

Among these honorable and industrious men was to be found our old acquaintance, Monsieur de Beausire, formerly a subordinate officer in the royal service.

Knowing the antecedents of Mademoiselle Olivia's lover, the father of young Toussaint, our readers need not be astonished at thus finding him among those who had an account to settle, not with the Nation, but with the courts, for the part they had taken in the sack of the Tuileries.

Like all the rest of the world, Beausire went to the palace. He was a man of too much sense to commit the blunder of being the first, or even one of the first, to enter a place which it was perilous to enter among the earliest comers.

It was not Monsieur de Beausire's political opinions which brought him to the royal palace. He came neither to lament the downfall of royalty, nor to rejoice in the triumph of the people. No! Monsieur de Beausire came as an outsider, looking down, from a loftier altitude, upon

those weaknesses which men call their opinions. He had but one purpose, — to see if those who had lost a throne had not also dropped some more portable jewel, easily carried away to a place of safety.

To save appearances, Beausire wore the red cap, and was armed with an enormous sabre. He also slightly stained his shirt, and wet his hands in the blood of the first dead man he ran across. Like a wolf in the wake of a conquering host, or a vulture swooping over a battle-field after the fight, a superficial observer might have mistaken him for one of the victors.

Indeed he was generally mistaken for a conqueror, by those who heard him shouting, "Death to Royalists!" and saw him zealously searching under the beds, opening closets and even bureau drawers, in order to be sure that no contracted aristocrat was concealed therein.

Unluckily for Beausire, another man was there at the same time,— a man who did not shout, who did not grope beneath the beds, who did not open the cupboards, but who came in amidst the fire, although unarmed, along with the conquerors; though he had vanquished nobody, and was now promenading with his hands behind his back, as cool and collected, in his neat black suit, as if he were taking the air in a public garden on a holiday. Now and then this man would exclaim: "Don't forget, Citizens, that you are not to kill the women nor touch the trinkets."

To those whom he saw slaughtering men and throwing furniture out of the windows, this onlooker evidently thought he had no right to speak. At the first glance he noted Beausire as not belonging to the belligerent class.

About half-past nine Pitou — who, as we already know, had obtained, as a post of honor, the guardianship of the

Clock Vestibule — saw coming towards him, from the interior of the palace, a dismal sort of giant, who said to him politely, but at the same time firmly, as if he were commissioned to bring order out of disorder, and substitute justice for vengeance: "Captain, you will see a man coming downstairs, with a red cap on his head and a sabre in his hand, making all sorts of frantic gestures. You will have him arrested and searched by your men. He has stolen a casket of diamonds."

"Yes, Monsieur Maillard," answered Pitou, touching his hat.

"Ah ha!" said the old usher, "you know me, do you, my friend?"

"I think I *do* know you! Don't you remember, Monsieur Maillard, how we took the Bastille together?"

"Possibly!" said Maillard.

"Then once we were at Versailles together, in the turmoil."

"I was certainly there!"

"You were conducting some ladies, and you had a sort of a duel at the gate of the Tuileries, with a sentinel who would n't let you pass."

"Then you will do what I now bid you, will you not?"

"That, and anything else you may command, Monsieur Maillard! Ah, you 're a Patriot, you are!"

"I 'm proud of it," said Maillard, "and that is why we ought not to allow the name to be disgraced. Attention! Here 's our man!"

At that moment Beausire was coming down the stairway into the vestibule, flourishing his great sabre, and yelling, "Long life to the Nation!"

Pitou made a sign to Tellier and Maniquet, who quietly placed themselves before the door, while Pitou waited for Beausire on the lower stair.

Beausire saw this arrangement of things, and doubtless was troubled thereby; for he paused, as if he had forgotten something, and started to go upstairs again.

"Excuse me, Citizen," said Pitou, "this is the way out."

"Ah, this is the way out?"

"And as orders have been given to evacuate the Tuileries, you will come this way, if you please."

Beausire straightened himself, and resumed his way down. At the last step he stopped, touched his red cap, and said, in an affected military tone: "How is it, comrade, am I to go out or not?"

"You 're to go out; but everybody must submit to a little formality."

"Ah! And what is that, my fine officer?"

"To be searched, Citizen!"

"Searched?"

"Yes!"

"Search a Patriot, a victor, a man who comes here to exterminate the aristocrats?"

"Such is the order! So, my comrade, if you *are* a comrade, sheathe your big sword, — it is useless, now that the aristocrats are killed! — and let yourself be searched willingly; or else I shall be compelled to employ force."

"Force? Ah ha! Thou speakest like that, because thou hast twenty men at thy back; but if we were man to man — !"

"If we were man to man, Citizen, this is what I would do. I should grasp thee, — so! — thy wrist with my right fist. I should wrench thy sabre from thee with my left hand, and snap it under my foot, as not being worthy the touch of an honest man, after being handled by a thief!"

Putting his theories into practice, Pitou held the sham

Patriot with his right hand, snatched his sword away with his left, broke the blade under his foot, and threw the handle away.

"A thief!" cried the man in the red cap, "a thief! I, Monsieur de Beausire!"

"My friends," said Pitou, pushing the ex-gendarme into the midst of his men, "search this Monsieur de Beausire!"

"Well, search!" said the fellow, bracing his arms like a martyr.

They needed no permission from Beausire to proceed in their examination; but to Pitou's great surprise, and above all to Maillard's, though they searched the ex-gendarme thoroughly, turning his pockets inside out, inspecting every crevice, they found nothing on him but eleven sous, except a playing-card, whose figures were so blurred with age as to be scarcely visible.

Pitou looked at Maillard. The latter shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: "What can you expect?"

"Begin again!" said Pitou, one of whose leading qualities, as we may remember, was patience.

The men obeyed, but the second search was as fruitless as the first. They found only the same old card and the same eleven sous.

Beausire was triumphant, and said: "Well, do you still think a sabre dishonored by my touch?"

"No, Monsieur," said Pitou; "and in proof of my sincerity, if you are not satisfied with the apologies which I make you, one of my men will lend you his sword, and I will give you any other satisfaction you please."

"Thanks, young man!" said Beausire. "You have acted according to orders, and an old soldier like myself knows that an order is sacred. Meanwhile Madame de

Beausire will be anxious on account of my long absence, and if I may be allowed to retire —"

"Go, Monsieur," said Pitou. "You are free!"

Beausire bowed with an indifferent air, and took himself off. Pitou looked for Maillard. Maillard was not there.

"Did you see Monsieur Maillard go away?" he asked.

"It seems to me," said one of the Haramont Guardsmen, "that I saw him go upstairs again."

"It seems to me," said Pitou, "that I see him coming down again."

Sure enough, Maillard was coming down the stairs. Thanks to his long legs, he touched only every other stair, and was soon in the vestibule.

"Well," said he, "did you find anything else?"

"No," replied Pitou.

"Then I am more fortunate, for I have found the casket!"

"Then we were wrong!"

"No, we were right!"

Opening the casket, Maillard drew out some gold settings, from which all the precious stones had been extracted.

"What does that mean?" said Pitou.

"That means that this fellow anticipated a search, took out the diamonds, thought the settings might bother him, and so threw them and the casket back into the drawer, where I have just found them."

"Good!" said Pitou. "And the diamonds?"

"Well, he found some means to dispose of them."

"Ah, the robber!"

"Has he been gone long?" asked Maillard.

"As you came down he went through the gate of the Central Courtyard."

"Which side did he take?"

"He was heading towards the river."

"Adieu, Captain!"

"Are you going, Monsieur Maillard?"

"I want to relieve my mind," said the old usher; and stretching his long legs like a pair of compasses, he set out in pursuit of Beausire.

Pitou remained absorbed in thought over what had passed; and he was still burdened by his cogitation when he recognized Madame de Charny, and those events followed which we set down in their proper place, not judging it well to complicate them with this incident of the theft, which it seemed to us would come in better at a different point.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PURGATIVE.

Though Maillard's walk was so rapid, he did not overtake Beausire, who had three circumstances in his favor: first, several minutes of leeway; second, the obscurity; third, the number of people who were walking about in Carrousel Square, in whose midst Beausire had easily disappeared.

Nevertheless, having reached the Quai des Tuileries, the ex-usher of the Châtelet Court did not return, but kept on his road. He lived in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and it was but little out of his way to follow the river-side as far as the Place de Grève.

Over the Pont Neuf and the Pont au Change a great body of people were hurrying. There was an exposure of dead bodies on the Place du Palais de Justice, and many were on their way thither in the hope, or rather the fear, of finding a brother, a relative, or some other friend. Maillard followed the crowd.

At the corner of the Rue de la Barillerie and the Place du Palais was a friend of his, — a pharmacist, as apothecaries were then denominated. Maillard entered his friend's shop, and chatted with him about current events, while surgeons were going and coming, obtaining from the druggist bandages, ointment, lint, — in fact all sorts of things necessary for dressing wounds; for among the dead was heard now and then a cry, a groan, a gasp,

which indicated the presence of life; and then the victim was at once drawn out from the companionship of the dead, and sent to the great hospital called Hôtel Dieu.

There was a good deal of bustle in the drug-store, but Maillard was not in the way. Moreover a Patriot of Maillard's stamp was always welcome, even at such a time; for his reputation was like a balm, both in the old Cité and in the faubourgs.

He had been there some fifteen minutes, his long legs drawn up under him so as to make himself as small as possible, when a woman came in, — a woman perhaps thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old, who, beneath an appearance of abject poverty, preserved a certain air of former opulence, with traces of aristocracy, either natural or assumed.

What specially struck Maillard was the strange likeness of this woman to the Queen. He would have uttered a cry of astonishment, had he not exercised over himself the self-control we have before noted.

By the hand she held a little boy, eight or nine years old. She approached the counter with some timidity, concealing her poverty-stricken attire as well as she could, which was all the more noticeable, because of the care she bestowed, even in her distress, upon her face and hands.

So numerous were the customers, that it was a long time before she could get any attention. At last she addressed the master of the establishment: "Monsieur, I wish to get a purgative for my husband, who is ill."

"What sort of a purgative do you wish, Citizeness?" asked the apothecary.

"Whatever you please, Monsieur, provided it costs no more than eleven sous."

This odd sum of eleven sous struck Maillard. Eleven sous was precisely the sum found, it will be recollected, in Beausire's pocket.

"Why must it not cost over eleven sous?" asked the apothecary.

"Because that's all the money my husband was able to give me."

"Make up a mixture of tamarinds and senna," said the apothecary to his oldest apprentice, "and give it to the lady."

The apprentice busied himself about this preparation, while the apothecary attended to other customers; but Maillard, who had nothing to distract his attention, took special notice of the woman who wanted a purgative which cost only eleven sous.

"Here is your medicine, Madame," said the apprentice.

"Here, Toussaint," said the woman, with a drawl which seemed habitual, "give me the eleven sous, my child!"

"Here they are," said the youngster, laying his fistful on the edge of the counter. "Now come, Mamma Olivia, come along! Papa's waiting!" and as he spoke, he tried to draw his mother away, still repeating: "Come, come, Mamma Olivia! Come along!"

"Excuse me, Citizeness," said the apprentice, "but here are only nine sous."

"What? Only nine sous?" said the woman.

"Count them yourself!" said the apprentice.

The woman did count them. There were indeed but nine sous.

"What hast thou done with the other two sous, thou naughty boy?" she asked.

"I don't know," said the child. "Come along, Mamma Olivia!"

"Thou shouldst know, — especially as thou didst wish so much to carry the money, that I gave it to thee."

"I must have lost them! Come along!"

"You have a bright boy there, Citizeness!" said Maillard. "He appears full of intelligence, but you must take care not to let him grow up a thief."

"A thief!" said the woman, whom the little chap had called Mamma Olivia. "Why do you say that, pray?"

"Because he has not lost the two sous. They are hidden in his shoe."

"Me?" said the child. "That is n't true!"

"In the left shoe, Citizeness," said Maillard, "in the left shoe."

In spite of young Toussaint's cries, Mamma Olivia took up his left foot, and found the two sous in the shoe. She gave the two sous to the druggist's apprentice, and then dragged the child away, threatening him with a punishment which would have seemed terrible to the listeners, if she had not accompanied her threats with endearments which left no doubt that motherly tenderness would get the upperhand.

This occurrence, unimportant in itself, would certainly have passed unnoticed in the midst of so many graver events, if the woman's resemblance to the Queen had not singularly impressed Maillard.

The result of his meditation was that he went up to his friend the apothecary, in an unoccupied moment, and said: "Did you notice it?"

"What?"

"That woman's resemblance, that woman who just went out —"

"To the Queen?" said the druggist, laughing.

"Yes. You have noticed it, then?"

"A long time ago!"

"How, — long ago?"

"Certainly! The resemblance is historic."

"I don't understand."

"Don't you recall the old story of the famous necklace?"

"It is not for an old Châtelet usher to forget that affair!"

"Then you surely remember a certain Nicole Legay, sometimes called the Demoiselle Olivia."

"Ah, that's true! She was the woman who played the part of the Queen, in relation to Cardinal Rohan, was she not?"

"And lived with a scamp who was concerned in various doubtful affairs, an ex-gendarme, — a rascal, a gambler, a spy, a backbiter, — named Beausire."

"Called what?" said Maillard, starting as if a centipede had bitten him.

"Called Beausire," repeated the apothecary.

"And this Beausire is the man she calls her husband?" asked Maillard.

"Yes!"

"And it's for him she wanted that medicine?"

"Probably the scamp has indigestion."

"A purgative dose?" continued Maillard, like a man on the track of an important secret, who will not le himself be turned from his pursuit.

"A purgative, yes!"

"Ah, I've found my man!" said Maillard, tapping his forehead.

"What man?"

"The eleven-sou man!"

"Who's the eleven-sou man?"

"Good gracious, — Monsieur de Beausire!"

"You've got him?"

"Yes, if I can find out, right away, where he lives."

"I know, if you don't!"

"Good! Where is it?"

"Number six, Rue Juiverie!"

"Near here?"

"Two steps."

"Well, that does n't surprise me!"

"What?"

"That young Toussaint stole two sous from his mother."

"What, it does n't surprise you?"

"No! He 's Beausire's boy, is n't he?"

"His living portrait!"

"A good dog is born to the chase! Come now, my dear friend," continued Maillard, "tell me, with your hand on your conscience, how long will it take your medicine to operate?"

"Seriously?"

"Very seriously!"

"Not less than two hours."

"That 's all I need. I've time enough!"

"You take an interest in Beausire?"

"So great an interest that, fearing he may not be well cared for, I shall go at once for —"

"What?"

"Two nurses! Good-bye, my friend!"

Leaving the drug-store with a quiet smile, the only sort of smile which ever lightened his lugubrious visage, Maillard retraced his steps to the Tuileries.

Pitou was absent. It will be remembered that he had gone with Andrée to find some traces of Charny. In his absence, Maillard found Tellier and Maniquet in charge of the post.

Both recognized him; and Maniquet said: "Ah, is it

you, Monsieur Maillard? Well, did you overtake your man?"

"No, but I'm on his scent!"

"Faith, that's lucky!" said Tellier; "for notwithstanding we found nothing on him, I'll swear he had those diamonds."

"Lay a wager, Citizen, and you'll win."

"Good!" said Maniquet; "but can you get them back again?"

"I hope so, if you'll help."

"In what way, Citizen Maillard? We're at your orders."

Maillard beckoned the lieutenants to come nearer, and said: "Pick me out two reliable men from your company!"

"For courage?"

"For honesty!"

"Oh, take any of them." Then, turning to his men, Désiré said: "Two willing volunteers!"

A dozen men sprang up.

"That will do! Come, Boulanger!" said Maniquet. One of the men obeyed.

"Molicar, too!" A second took his place beside the first.

"Do you want another, Monsieur Maillard?" asked Tellier.

"No, two will do. Come on, my friends!"

The two Haramontese followed Maillard, who conducted them as far as the Rue Juiverie, and stopped before the house numbered six.

"Here we are!" he said. "Let us go up."

The two men went with him through the dooryard, and then up four flights of stairs. There they were guided by Monsieur Toussaint's cries, he not being

quite consoled for the correction, not wholly maternal; for Monsieur de Beausire, understanding the gravity of the boy's misdeed, had believed it his duty to add several whacks, with his hard hand, to the soft pats which Mademoiselle Olivia had bestowed upon her son, and which it went against her heart to inflict.

Maillard tried to open the door. It was bolted inside. He knocked.

"Who 's there?" asked Olivia's drawling voice.

"Open, in the name of the law!" responded Maillard.

A brief dialogue in an undertone could be heard, one result whereof was that young Toussaint held his tongue, believing that the law was seeking him out, on account of the two sous he had tried to steal from his mother. Beausire attributed this interruption to the edict for domiciliary visits; and though not feeling very confident about the matter himself, he made an effort to reassure Olivia.

At last she decided to open the door, just as Maillard was about rapping for the second time. The three men entered, to the great alarm of Olivia, and also of Monsieur Toussaint, who tried to extinguish himself behind an old rattan chair.

Beausire was abed. On a lightstand, illuminated by a poor candle, smoking in an iron candlestick, Maillard beheld, with satisfaction, the empty bottle. The medicine had been swallowed. It only remained to see what the effect would be.

During their trip Maillard had related to Boulanger and Molicar what had taken place at the pharmacy, so that when they reached Beausire's apartments, they thoroughly understood the situation.

When Maillard installed his assistants on each side of the bed, he contented himself with saying to them:

"Citizens, Monsieur de Beausire is exactly in the situation of the Princess in the Arabian Nights story, who would only speak when she was forced, but dropped a diamond every time she opened her mouth. Do not let a word fall from Monsieur de Beausire, without knowing what it contains. I will go to the Hôtel de Ville and wait for you. When Monsieur no longer needs your services, you can conduct him to the Châtelet, where you will say that he is sent by Citizen Maillard; and then you may bring whatever he has given you to me, at the Hôtel de Ville."

The two National Guardsmen bowed, as a sign of passive obedience, and placed themselves under arms, one on each side of Beausire's couch.

The apothecary was not mistaken. At the expiration of two hours the medicine operated. Its effects continued an hour or so, and could not have been more satisfactory.

About three in the morning Maillard saw his two men come in. They brought with them a hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds of the purest water, wrapped in a memorandum of the incarceration of Monsieur de Beausire. These diamonds were deposited at the office of the City Solicitor, in the name of Maillard and the two Haramontese, and that officer filled out a certificate, declaring that Citizens Maillard, Molicar, and Boulanger merited the thanks of their country.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Let us see now what grew out of the tragico-comic occurrence we have just described.

The case of Monsieur de Beausire, shut up in the Châtelet Prison, was duly referred to the special jury, appointed to take cognizance of thefts committed on August 10 and the days following.

He could not deny his guilt, which was but too clearly evident; so the prisoner was constrained to humbly confess his offence, and implore the clemency of the court.

The tribunal ordered an inquiry into Beausire's antecedents; and not being greatly edified by the information thus elicited, the court condemned the ex-gendarme to five years in the galleys, added to public exposure and branding.

In vain did Beausire urge that he had been led into this theft by the most honorable sentiments, — that is, by the hope of providing a peaceful future for his wife and child. Nothing could modify the sentence, and as the tribunal was specially constituted, there was no appeal from its decisions. So on the second day after the case was decided, the sentence was to be put into execution. Alas, that the punishment was not executed at once, and Beausire sent far away.

Fatality decreed that on the eve of the day when Beausire was to be put into the pillory, one of his old

comrades was brought into the prison. The two recognized each other, and mutual confidences followed.

The new prisoner was, so he said, acquainted with a perfectly organized conspiracy, which had for its end an outbreak, either on the Place de Grève or the Place du Palais.

The conspirators were to assemble in large numbers, under the pretext of seeing the first public branding which was to take place, — this being done sometimes in front of the Palace of Justice and sometimes in front of the City Hall, in Place de Grève. At the watch-cries of "Long live the King! Hurrah for the Prussians! Death to the Nation!" the conspirators were to take possession of the City Hall, call to their aid the National Guards, — two-thirds of whom were Royalists or, at least, Constitutionalists, — insist upon the abolition of the Communal Council, which had been voted down by an Assembly decree of August 30, and finally effect a Counter-Revolution in favor of royalty.

Unfortunately it was Beausire's newly arrested friend who was to give the signal. As the other conspirators were ignorant of his arrest, they would of course go to the square on the day of the expected exposure of Beausire; but as there would be nobody to shout the signal, "Long live the King! Hurrah for the Prussians! Death to the Nation!" the outbreak would not take place.

This was the more to be regretted, added Beausire's friend, because no plot had ever been better arranged, or promised so sure a result.

The arrest of this friend was the more deplorable, because the condemned man could not fail to obtain his freedom in the midst of the tumult, and so escape the double penalty of the galleys and branding.

Although possessing no very decided opinions, Beausire had, at bottom, a leaning towards royalty. He therefore regretted bitterly — first for the King's sake, and secondarily for his own — that this movement could not go on.

Suddenly he smote his forehead. He was illuminated with a sudden idea; so he said to his comrade: "But this first exposure is to be of myself!"

"Undoubtedly! and I repeat, it would have been great luck for thee!"

"And thou sayest thy detention is unknown?"

"Entirely!"

"Then the conspirators will assemble just the same as if there had been no arrest?"

"Even so!"

"So if anybody gives the signal, the outbreak will follow?"

"Yes! but who will give it, when I am locked up, and can't communicate with anybody outside?"

"I will!" said Beausire, in the tone of Medea, in Corneille's tragedy.

"Thou?"

"Yes, I! I shall be there, sha'n't I, seeing that it 's my show? Very well, then, I 'll shout 'Long life to the King! Hurrah for the Prussians! and Death to the Nation!' That is n't very difficult, as it appears to me."

Beausire's comrade was transfixed with amazement and rejoined: "I always said thou wert in very truth a man of genius!"

Beausire bowed.

"If thou doest that," continued the Royalist prisoner, "not only wilt thou be freed, not only wilt thou be pardoned, but more! As I shall proclaim it abroad that the

success of the plot is owing to thee, thou mayest brag in advance of a goodly recompense."

"It is not for reward that I move in this matter," said Beausire, with the most disinterested air in the world.

"That 's all right!" said his friend; "but if the reward comes, I advise thee not to refuse it!"

"If this is thy counsel — " said Beausire.

"More! I not only advise it, but I urge it! If necessary, I will command it!" insisted the friend, majestically.

"So be it," said Beausire.

"Well," resumed the friend, "to-morrow we shall breakfast together, — the superintendent of the prison will not refuse a last favor to two old comrades, — and we will drink a bottle of wine to the success of the conspiracy."

Beausire entertained some doubt as to the complaisance of the superintendent in regard to next day's breakfast; but whether he breakfasted with his friend or not, he made up his mind to keep his promise.

To their great satisfaction, the superintendent gave his consent. The two friends breakfasted together, and drank not one bottle, but two, three, four bottles.

Over the fourth bottle Monsieur de Beausire was a furious Royalist. Luckily the officers came after him, to conduct him to the Place de Grève, before the fifth bottle was uncorked.

He ascended the wagon as if it were a triumphal chariot, and looked disdainfully around upon the crowd, for whom he was preparing such a tremendous surprise.

On the parapet at Notre Dame Bridge a woman and boy were waiting for his appearance. Beausire recognized poor Olivia, bathed in tears, and also young

Toussaint, who, seeing his father in the hands of the police, called out: "That 's good! Why did he pound me?"

Beausire wafted them a benignant smile; and he tried to add a gesture, which would doubtless have been full of majesty, if his hands had not been tied behind his back.

The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville was crowded with people. It was known that the condemned man was expiating a crime committed at the Tuileries. Through the published accounts, everybody knew the circumstances which had accompanied and followed this theft, and there was no sympathy for the prisoner. When the wagon stopped in front of the pillory, the guard had much difficulty in keeping back the populace.

Beausire regarded this tumult and crowd with an air which plainly said: "You 'll see! This will be quite another sort of a show in a minute."

When he appeared on the platform there was one general hurrah! but when the moment of execution drew near, when the executioner unbuttoned Beausire's sleeve and exposed his naked shoulder, when he stooped to take the red-hot iron from the furnace, there came what always comes at such a time. In the presence of the supreme majesty of Justice, the world held its peace.

Beausire profited by this moment. Rallying all his strength, he called out, in a voice sonorous, loud, and penetrating: "Long live the King! Hurrah for the Prussians! Death to the Nation!"

Whatever tumult Beausire had expected, the result surpassed his hopes. They were not shouts which he elicited, but yells. The crowd uttered an immense roar and rushed upon the pillory.

This time the guard found it impossible to protect Beausire. The ranks were broken. The scaffold was invaded. The headsman was hurled down from the platform. The prisoner was wrenched from the post, nobody knew how, and thrown into the midst of that devouring ant-hill which we call the *multitude*.

He would have been killed, ground into mincemeat, when a man, wearing his official scarf, came running down from the porch of the Hôtel de Ville, whence he had been watching the execution. This was the City Solicitor, Manuel. He had strongly humane sentiments, which he was usually constrained to lock up in his inmost breast, but which came to light under such unparalleled circumstances.

With great difficulty he made his way to Beausire, extended to him his hand, and said, in a loud voice: "In the name of the law I demand this man."

The populace hesitated about obeying him. Manuel detached his scarf, waved it above his head, and shouted: "Help, all good citizens!"

A score of men pressed about Manuel. They rescued Beausire, half-dead already, from the hands of the mob. Meanwhile the Hôtel de Ville was seriously imperilled, the exasperation was so great.

Manuel appeared on the balcony and said: "This man is guilty, but he is guilty of a crime for which he has not been tried. Name a jury among yourselves. That jury shall meet in one of the rooms in this very building, and sit in judgment on this criminal. The sentence of this jury shall be carried out, whatever it may be."

Is it not singular that, on the eve of the massacres which took place in the prisons, one of the very men who has been blamed for these massacres should utter

such language as this, even at the peril of his own life? This is one of the anomalies of politics, explain it who can.

This pledge appeased the throng. Fifteen minutes later the popular jury was introduced to Manuel. It was composed of twenty-one members. These twenty-one jurymen appeared on the balcony.

"Are these men your proxies?" demanded Manuel of the crowd.

By way of response the people clapped their hands.

"Very well," said Manuel, "now that we have a jury, we can have justice."

According to promise, the jury was installed in a room in the Hôtel de Ville.

More dead than alive, Beausire was brought before this improvised tribunal. He tried to defend himself; but his second offence was as open as the first, and in the popular opinion it was more serious.

To shout "Long live the King!" when the King was a prisoner in the Temple; to cry "Hurrah for the Prussians!" when the Prussians had just captured Longwy, and were not over sixty leagues from Paris; to yell "Death to the Nation!" when the Nation was stretched on the rack, — these were frightful crimes, which deserved the highest penalty.

The jury decided that he was guilty, and should not only receive capital punishment, but that his death should be rendered more shameful by hanging him on the very spot where the offence had been committed, in order that he should not gain what little benefit might accrue to him through receiving only the punishment of the guillotine, which the law had just substituted for the gallows.

The hangman was therefore ordered to immediately

put up a gibbet on the same scaffold where the pillory was placed.

The sight of this work going forward, and the certainty that the prisoner, who was kept in sight, could not escape, calmed the popular excitement.

We have no intention of glorifying Manuel, one of the most abused Revolutionists, but we do wish to tell the exact truth. Here is what Michelet says about this occurrence :

On September 1 a frightful scene took place in the Place de Grève. A thief, who was being branded in the pillory, and who was undoubtedly drunk, took it upon himself to shout "Long life to the King! Hurrah for the Prussians! and Death to the Nation!"

He was instantly torn from the pillory, and would have been torn into pieces; but City Solicitor Manuel rushed forward, recaptured him from the hands of the populace, and took him into the Hôtel de Ville.

Manuel himself was in extreme peril. He was compelled to promise that the prisoner should be judged by a jury of the people.

This jury sentenced him to death. The authorities held this sentence to be right and valid, and it was at once carried into effect, the culprit perishing next day.

This was the special event which, as we said at the close of a preceding chapter, occupied the attention of the Assembly.

The next day was Sunday, — an aggravating circumstance. The Assembly could not but see that everything tended towards another massacre. The Commune meant to maintain itself at any price. Massacre — that is, terrorism — was one of the surest means of accomplishing this result.

Retracting its decision of two days before, the Assembly repealed the decree dissolving the Commune.

Then one of the members rose and said: "It is not enough to repeal your decree. In voting that decree, only two days ago, you declared the Commune to be deserving of national gratitude. This praise is too vague; for some day you may say, that while the Commune merited the gratitude of the country, yet that such and such members of that Council were not included in the eulogy, and consequently that this or that member may be arraigned. It is necessary to say, not simply the *Commune*, but the *representatives* of the Commune."

The Assembly accordingly voted that the representatives of the Commune merited the national gratitude.

At the same time the Assembly was passing this vote, Robespierre was delivering a long speech at the Communal Council, in which he said that as the Assembly, by its infamous manœuvres, had undermined public confidence in the Commune, the Communal Council ought to retire, and do the only thing which remained for it to do, in order to save the people, — that is, to remand the power to the people.

Like all Robespierre's proposals, this was vague and indefinite, but terrible. What was the meaning of that phrase about restoring the power to the people? Did it mean that the Council should subscribe to the Assembly's decree, and ask for a new election? Probably not!

Did it mean that the Council of the Commune was to resign its legal authority, and declare, of its own accord, that the Commune, after what it had done on August 10, regarded itself as powerless to continue the great work of the Revolution, and wished the people to finish that work?

If the populace, without a curb, and with hearts full of vengeance, should undertake to continue the work

begun on August 10, this would involve the slaughter of the men who had fought with them on that same August day, and had since then been imprisoned in the various prisons of Paris.

This is how matters stood on the eve of the first day of September, when the atmosphere was heavy with storm-clouds, and all felt that lightning and thunder were suspended just above their heads.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE NIGHT BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND DAYS OF SEPTEMBER.

This then was the situation of things when, on September 1, at nine o'clock in the evening, Doctor Gilbert's *official* (the word *servant* had been abolished, as Anti-Republican) came into his employer's room to say: "Citizen Gilbert, the cab is at the door."

Gilbert pulled his hat over his eyes, buttoned his riding-coat up to his neck, and was ready to go out; but on the threshold there stood a man wrapped in a large cloak, his face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat.

Gilbert recoiled a step. In the darkness, and at such an epoch, anybody might be an enemy.

"It is I, Gilbert!" said a kindly voice.

"Cagliostro!" cried the Doctor.

"Even so! Only you forget that I no longer call myself Cagliostro, but Baron Zannone. However, for you, dear Gilbert, I change neither my name nor my heart, but am always — at least, so I hope — Joseph Balsamo."

"Oh yes," said Gilbert, "and the proof of it is, that I was just going to your house."

"So I suspected, and that is precisely why I am here. As you doubtless felt assured, — in such times as these I cannot do as Robespierre does, take a trip into the country."

"Yet I feared I might not meet you, and am the more glad to see you here. Come in, I beg of you."

"Certainly, here I am! Now I say, what do you want?" said Cagliostro, following Gilbert into the more retired room in his suite.

"Master, be seated," he said; and Cagliostro sat down.

"You know what is going on," resumed Gilbert.

"You mean what is to come," said Cagliostro, "for at this moment nothing in particular is taking place."

"You are right! Something terrible is on foot, is it not so?"

"Terrible indeed! Sometimes the *terrible* becomes the *essential*."

"Master, when you utter such words, with your inexorable sangfroid, you make me tremble."

"Why so? I'm but an echo, — the echo of Fate."

Gilbert lowered his head.

"Gilbert, do you recall what I told you, the day when I saw you at Bellevue, — October 6, three years ago,— when I predicted the death of the Marquis de Favras?"

Gilbert shuddered. Even he, usually so strong in the presence of events as well as of men, felt like a child when he was brought into contact with this mysterious personage.

"I then told you, that if the King had in his paltry brain a grain of the spirit of self-interest, — which I hoped he had not, — he would run away."

"Well, he did run away!" said Gilbert.

"Yes! — but I meant that he ought to flee while there was a chance. Zounds! When he did try to get away, as you know, it was too late. I added, what you have not forgotten, that if the King, the Queen, and the nobility resisted the progress of the Revolution, we should have a worse Revolution thereafter."

"Yes, you were right once more! The worst Revolution has come!"

"Not wholly! but it is going on, as you see, my dear Gilbert. Do you also recall what I told you about a certain machine, invented by one of my friends, Doctor Guillotin? Have you walked through the Place du Carrousel, on the Tuileries side? Well, that instrument is at work there, — the same which I caused the Queen to see in a decanter at the Château de Taverney! — You remember the time. You were there, a lad no higher than my arm, and already the lover of Mademoiselle Nicole, whose husband, by the way, — that dear Monsieur de Beausire, — has just been sentenced to be hanged, and there was no escape for him."

"Yes," said Gilbert; "but apparently the guillotine is too slow, for sabres, pikes, and daggers help it along."

"Listen!" said Cagliostro. "We must understand one thing, — that we have to do with wilful wrongheads. The Nobility, the Court, the Queen, and the King received all sorts of warnings, but they were of no avail. The Bastille was taken. That did them no good. Then came the October riots. They taught royalty nothing. The Twentieth of June taught the Court nothing. Then came the Tenth of August. Even that profited royalty nothing. They have put the King into the Temple, and the Nobility into the different prisons, — Abbaye, Force, Bicètre. All this has taught royalty nothing. The King, in the Temple, rejoices at the conquest of Longwy by the Prussians. At the Abbaye the nobles cheered for the King and the Prussians. They drink champagne under the very noses of the poor, who can only have water. To the very beards of paupers, famishing for bread, these aristocrats munch their patties and truffles. This indifference extends even to King William of Prussia, to whom some one might write: 'Take care! If you pass Longwy, if you take one step nearer to the heart of

France, that step will be the King's death-warrant.' He might respond : 'However frightful may be the situation of the royal family, the invading armies cannot retreat. With all my heart I hope to arrive in time to save the French King's life ; but my chief duty is to save Europe.' He is marching on Verdun. — We must make an end of things."

"An end of what?" asked Gilbert.

"Of the King, the Queen, the Nobility."

"You would murder the King? You would murder the Queen."

"Murder? Oh, no! That would be decidedly a blunder. They must be tried, condemned, and publicly executed, — as happened to Charles the First. We must rid ourselves of them in some way, and the sooner the better!"

"Who so decides?" cried Gilbert. "Is it the intelligence, the integrity, the conscience of the people of whom you speak? When you had Mirabeau for genius, Lafayette for loyalty, Vergniaud for fairness, if you had come to me in the name of those three men, and declared slaughter to be necessary, I should have shuddered, as I shudder now, but I should have been half convinced. But in whose name do you come to me to-day? In the name of Hébert, a huckster ; of Collot d'Herbois, a hissed playwright ; of Marat, a sick-brained fellow, whose physician is obliged to bleed him as often as he demands fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand heads! Master, allow me to despise such commonplace men, men who must have emotional and hasty crises and changes of scene, — these wretched dramatists, these weak rhetoricians, who take delight in swift destruction, who fancy themselves skilful magicians, when they are ordinary mortals, and so deface God's handiwork.

They think it a grand and sublime thing to dam up the stream of life which feeds the world; to exterminate by a word, a sign, a wink; to cause the disappearance, by a breath, of any living obstacle, into which Nature has put twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years of creative work. These men are miserable scamps; but you do not belong to them."

"My dear Gilbert, you are still in error. You call these fellows *men*. You do them too much honor! They are only tools!"

"Tools of destruction!"

"Yes, — but for the benefit of a principle. That principle is the enfranchisement of nations, — it is Liberty! It represents the Republic, not merely of France, — God forbid such egotism! — but of the world, — a universal fraternity. No, these men lack genius, lack loyalty, lack conscience; but they have what is stronger, more stable, more irresistible than all those qualities, — *instinct*."

"The instinct of Attila."

"Exactly! You have said it, — the instinct of Attila, who called himself the Scourge of God, who came with the barbarous blood of the Huns, the Swabians, the Alains, to stamp out the civilization of Rome, corrupted for four hundred years, by the reigns of such men as Nero, Vespasian, Heliogabalus."

"But to come back to facts, instead of generalizing," said Gilbert, "to what will this awful and wholesale massacre lead?"

"Oh, that's easily seen. It will compromise the Assembly, the Commune, the people, — all Paris. Paris must be smirched with blood, you understand, in order that Paris, — which is the brain of France, the intellect of Europe, the soul of the world, — feeling already guilty of the unpardonable sin, may rise as one man,

urge France onward, and drive every enemy outside the sacred soil of the country."

"But what matters this to you? You are not a Frenchman!"

Cagliostro smiled and replied: "Can it be that thou, Gilbert, with thy superior intelligence and strong mind, wouldst tell a man not to meddle in the affairs of France, because he is not a Frenchmen? Are not French affairs the world's affairs? Does France — poor egotist! — labor for herself alone? Did Jesus die only for Jews? Would you challenge an apostle, because he was not a Nazarene? Listen to me, Gilbert! I have discussed all these matters with a genius greater than mine or thine, — with a man, or a demon, named Althotas. One day he made a calculation as to the amount of blood which must be shed before the sun of liberty would rise o'er all the world. Well, even that man's arguments did not shake my conviction. I have marched on. I am still marching on. I shall continue to march on, overturning everything that I find in my way. To such an obstacle I say, with a calm look and serene voice: 'Woe to the obstacle! I am the future!' — Meantime, thou desirest to ask a favor for some one! Is it not so? That favor is already granted. Tell me the name of the man or woman thou wouldst save."

"Master, I wish to save a woman whom neither you nor I can allow to die."

"Thou wouldst save the Countess de Charny?"

"I would save the mother of Sebastien."

"Thou knowest that Danton, as Minister of Justice, holds the keys of her prison?"

"Yes! but I also know that you can bid Danton open or close that door!"

Cagliostro rose, went to the desk, traced a cabalistic

sign on a scrap of paper, and then gave it to Gilbert. "There, my son. Go to Danton, and demand of him what thou wilt."

Gilbert rose, but Cagliostro added: "But afterwards, what is to be done?"

"After what?"

"When the King's trial comes."

"I hope to get myself nominated to the Convention, so as to oppose the King's death as best I can."

"Yes, I understand that," replied Cagliostro. "Act according to conscience! But promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"There was a time when thy promise was without conditions, Gilbert!"

"In those times you did not talk of nourishing a people with blood, or a nation with murder."

"So?—Well, promise me that if the King is tried and put to death, thou wilt follow the advice I then give thee."

Gilbert offered his hand and said: "Master, all advice coming from you is precious to me."

"And will be followed?"

"I swear it, if it wounds not my conscience."

"Thou art unjust, Gilbert! I have offered thee much. Have I exacted anything?"

"No! and what is more, you have just accorded me a life more valuable than my own."

"Go on, then!" said Cagliostro, "and may the Genius of France lead thee,—one of whose noblest sons thou art."

Cagliostro left the house, and Gilbert soon followed. The cab was still in waiting. The Doctor entered, and told the driver to stop at the Bureau of Justice, where he could see Danton.

As Minister of Justice, Danton had a fair pretext for not being seen at the Communal Council. Besides, why should he go there? Were not Marat and Robespierre ever on hand? Robespierre would not allow himself to be distanced by Marat. Harnessed to butchery, they both rode at the same pace. Moreover, Tallien was watching them both.

Two things were possible for Danton. If he decided to ally himself absolutely with the Commune, he might form a triumvirate with Marat and Robespierre. If the Assembly should triumph, as Minister of Justice Danton might expect a dictatorship. On his side, he did not wish for the association of Robespierre and Marat; but on the other side, the Assembly did not care for Danton.

When Gilbert was announced, Danton was with his wife, or rather his wife was at his feet. The anticipated massacre was so well known beforehand, that she was supplicating him not to commit such a crime. She was dying with grief, poor woman, over the massacre which had already taken place.

Danton could not make her understand very clearly one thing, — that he could do nothing contrary to the decisions of the Commune, unless he had dictatorial authority conferred upon him by the Assembly. With the Assembly on his side, there was a chance of victory. Without the Assembly, defeat was certain.

"Die, die, die! if it must be," said the poor woman; "but don't let that massacre take place!"

"Men of my stamp do not care to die uselessly," replied Danton. "I would die willingly, however, if my death would serve my country."

Doctor Gilbert was announced.

"I shall not go away," said Madame Danton, "till I

have thy word to do everything in the world to prevent this abominable crime."

"Remain, then!" said Danton.

Madame Danton retired a few steps, to let her husband come forward and greet the Doctor, whom he already knew by sight and reputation.

"Doctor, you arrive opportunely. If I had known your address I would certainly have sent for you."

Gilbert saluted Danton; and, seeing a lady behind the minister, he bowed to her also.

"This is my wife, Monsieur, the wife of Citizen Danton, who believes her husband strong enough to prevent Marat and Robespierre, backed by the whole Commune, from doing what they choose, — that is, to keep them from killing, exterminating, devouring."

Gilbert looked at Madame Danton, who was weeping through her clasped hands. "Madame, will you allow me to kiss those pitiful hands?"

"Good!" said Danton. "Here we already have re-enforcements."

"Tell him, Monsieur," cried the poor woman, "that if he permits this massacre, there will be a bloodstain on his whole life!"

"Nor is that all," said Gilbert. "If this stain could rest upon only one man's forehead, — who believes it essential to the good of his country that this pollution should soil his name, — such a man might throw his honor into the gulf and sacrifice himself, as Decius threw his body into the abyss for the sake of his country. In the times in which we live, what matters the life, reputation, honor of one citizen? But this will be a blot upon the forehead of France!"

"Citizen," said Danton, "when Vesuvius has an eruption, show me a man who is strong enough to check

the molten river. When the storm rises, show me an arm vigorous enough to push back old ocean!"

"When one speaks the name of Danton, such a man need no longer be sought. He is here! No need to ask where that strong arm may be; for it acts, and thus speaks for itself."

"See here!" said Danton, "you're all out of your heads! Must I tell you what I scarcely dare say to myself? Certainly, I have the will. As certainly I have the genius. Certainly also I shall have the force, if the Assembly so wills it. But do you know what's going to happen? Just what happened to Mirabeau. Even his genius could not triumph over his reputation. I am not a crazypate, like Marat, to inspire the Assembly with terror. I am not an incorruptible Robespierre, to inspire it with confidence. The Assembly will refuse me the means of saving the state, because I am in bad repute. It will adjourn, and keep me dangling off and on. It will be whispered that I am a man of lax honor, — a man not to be trusted, even for three days, with absolutely arbitrary power. A committee of worthy men will be appointed. Meanwhile it will be too late. The slaughter will take place. As you say, the blood of a thousand unfortunates, slain by the crimes of three or four hundred drunkards, will draw before the scenes of this Revolution a crimson curtain, which will hide from historic view our sublime heights. It will not be France who is accused," he added, with a magnificent gesture; "it will be myself. I shall avert from France the world's curse, by causing it to fall upon my own head."

"And thy wife and thy children?" cried the unhappy woman.

"Thou? It will kill thee, as thou hast said! And thou wilt not be accused of being my accomplice, inasmuch as

my crime is thy death. As to our children, they are sons. Some day they will be men. Be assured they will either have their father's heart, and will bear aloft the name of Danton, or else they will be weak and belie me. So much the better! The feeble are not of my race, and I repudiate such sons in advance."

"But at least you will ask the Assembly for some authority?" said Gilbert.

"Do you fancy I have waited for you to give me this counsel? I have already sent for Thuriot, I have sent for Tallien. Wife, see if they are in the other room. If so, let Thuriot come in."

Madame Danton went out, and Danton said: "I shall tempt fortune in your presence, Monsieur Gilbert. You shall be the witness to posterity of my efforts."

The door opened. "Here is Citizen Thuriot, my dear," said Madame Danton.

"Come in!" said Danton, extending his large hand to the man who served him, as an aide serves his general. "That was a sublime word of thine on the rostrum the other day, about the French Revolution being not merely for ourselves, but for all the world, and about our being responsible for it to all humanity. Well, we must make a last effort to keep our Revolution pure."

"Speak on!" said Thuriot.

"To-morrow, at the opening of the session, before any business is begun, this is what thou must demand, — that the number of members in the General Council of the Commune be increased to three hundred, so that without interfering with those chosen before August 10, the old members may be hereafter outnumbered by the new. We must establish a fixed basis for the legislative representation of Paris. We must enlarge the Council, but neutralize it. We must augment its members, but

modify its spirit. If this proposition is not adopted, if thou canst not make the Deputies understand my idea, then confer with Lacroix. Tell him to attack the question openly. Let him propose the death-penalty for those who refuse, directly or indirectly, to obey the Executive Power, or in any way try to impede any of its orders or measures. If this measure passes, that will give us the dictatorship. The Executive Power, — that is myself! I will enter the Assembly and claim the authority; and if there is any hesitation about giving it to me, I will seize it."

"Then what will you do?"

"Then," said Danton, "I will grasp a flag. In place of the bloody and hideous demon of massacre, whom I shall banish to his native shades, I will invoke the noble and serene genius of battles, who strikes without fear or anger, and looks placidly upon death. I will ask if all those knots of men are banded together for the butchery of unarmed citizens. I will denounce as infamous whoever dares threaten the prisons. Perhaps many may *approve* massacre, but the murderers are not many. I will profit by the military spirit which reigns in Paris. I will surround each cluster of murderers with an eddy of genuine volunteers, who are waiting for an order to march, and then I will send them to the frontier, — that is, against the enemy, that the foul element may be dominated by the nobler."

"Do it! Do it!" cried Gilbert, "and you will accomplish something grand, magnificent, sublime."

"Oh Lord!" said Danton, shrugging his shoulders with a singular mixture of strength and carelessness, "this is the simplest thing to do! If I can only get the proper help, you shall see."

Madame Danton kissed her husband's hands. "Thou

wilt have help enough, Danton," she said. "Who would not be of thy mind, my brave and noble husband, hearing thee speak thus?"

"Yes! but unfortunately I cannot talk thus. If I were to expose these ideas by speaking out, they would begin the massacre with me."

"Well," said Madame, "would it not be better to finish in that way?"

"A woman, who talks like a woman! With me dead, what would become of the Revolution, between that bloodthirsty maniac they call Marat, and that sham philanthropist they call Robespierre? No! I ought not to die yet! I do not wish to die yet! What I ought to do is to prevent massacre, if I can. If it breaks out in spite of me, then I want to exculpate France, and let the crime be charged to my account. I shall go on to the end just the same, only the progress will be frightful. — Call Tallien!"

"Tallien," said Danton, when his friend entered, "it may be that to-morrow the Commune will send me a written order to report at the municipal headquarters. You are the Secretary of the Council. Arrange it so that I shall not receive that letter, and shall be able to prove that I have not received it."

"The Devil!" said Tallien, "how shall I do it?"

"That 's your lookout. I tell you what I want, what I demand, what ought to be. It is for you to find the means. — Come now, Monsieur Gilbert, you have something to ask of me."

Opening the door into a small office, he bade Gilbert enter, and then followed him.

"Now then, how can I be useful to you?"

Gilbert drew from his pocket the paper Cagliostro had given him, and presented it to Danton.

"Ah! You come from him. — Well, what do you want?"

"The liberation of a lady imprisoned at the Abbaye."

"Her name?"

"Madame de Charny."

Danton took a sheet of paper and wrote the order of release. "If you wish to save anybody else, speak! I would be glad, by instalments, to save all those unfortunate people."

Gilbert bowed and said: "I have all I wish."

"Go then, Monsieur Gilbert; and if you need me, come to me at once, man to man, without any go-between. I shall be too happy to do something for you."

As he reconducted Gilbert to the door, he murmured: "Oh Monsieur Gilbert, if I could only have your reputation as an honorable man for one day!"

As he closed the door behind the Doctor he sighed, and wiped away the sweat which ran down his forehead.

Gilbert wended his way to the Abbaye, bearing the precious paper which was to restore freedom to Andrée.

Although it was near midnight, suspicious groups were already gathered in the streets near the prison. Gilbert passed through their midst and rapped at the door. The gloomy door opened beneath a low vaulted archway. Gilbert shuddered. That low arch was not that of a prison, but of a tomb.

He presented his order to the superintendent. It directed that the person named by Doctor Gilbert should be at once set at liberty. Gilbert designated the Countess, and the superintendent ordered a turnkey to conduct Citizen Gilbert to the prisoner's cell.

Gilbert followed the turnkey, ascended three flights of stairs by a small staircase, and entered a cell lighted by one lamp.

A lady clad in black, looking pale as marble in her mourning, was seated near a table on which the lamp was placed. She was reading in a little book bound in shagreen, and ornamented with a gilt cross. The remnants of a fire burned on the hearth by her side.

Despite the noise made by the door, she did not lift her eyes. She seemed absorbed in her reading, or rather in her meditation, for Gilbert waited two or three minutes before he saw her turn the leaf. The turnkey locked the door behind Gilbert, and waited outside.

At last Gilbert said: "Madame!"

Andrée raised her eyes, and looked at him for an instant without seeing anything. The veil of her meditation still hung between her gaze and the man before her. At last she saw him clearly.

"Ah, it is you, Monsieur Gilbert?" she asked. "What do you wish?"

"Madame, there are sinister rumors current as to what may happen to-morrow in the prisons."

"Yes," said Andrée, "it appears that we are to be butchered; but you know, Monsieur Gilbert, that I am ready to die."

Gilbert bowed and said: "I have come after you, Madame."

"After me?" said Andrée, with surprise. "To take me where?"

"Wherever you will, Madame. You are free!" and as he spoke he showed her Danton's order of release.

She read the order; but instead of returning it to the Doctor, she kept it in her hand.

"I ought to have expected this, Doctor," she said, trying to put on a smile, — something to which her face had grown unaccustomed.

"Expected what, Madame?"

"That you would come and hinder me from dying."

"Madame, there is one life in the world more precious to me than my father's or mother's would have been, if God had given me the blessing of a father and a mother. I mean yours."

"Yes, and that is why you have broken your pledge once already."

"I did not fail in my promise. I sent you the poison."

"By my son!"

"I did not say by whom I would send it!"

"So you have thought of me, Monsieur Gilbert? For my sake you have ventured into the lion's den? For my sake you have brought that talisman to open the prison doors?"

"I have already said, that as long as I live you need not die."

"This time, however, I think I hold death securely, Monsieur Gilbert," said Andrée, with a brighter smile than the former.

"Madame, if I have to take you away by force, I declare to you that you must not die."

Without a reply Andrée tore the order into three or four pieces, and threw them into the fire.

"Try it!" she said.

Gilbert uttered an exclamation.

"Monsieur Gilbert, I have renounced all idea of suicide, but not the idea of death."

"Oh Madame! Madame!"

"Monsieur Gilbert, I wish to die!"

Gilbert let a groan escape him.

"All I ask of you," she said, "is that you will try to recover my body, — to save it, after death, from the outrages which in life it will not escape. Monsieur de Charny

rests in the tomb of his château at Boursonnes. It is there I passed the only happy days of my life. I wish to be placed near him."

"Oh Madame, in Heaven's name, — I swear to you —"

"And I, Monsieur, pray to you in the name of my misfortunes."

"Very well, Madame! You have rightly said that it is my duty to obey you in all points. I withdraw, but I am not yet conquered."

"Do not forget my last wishes, Monsieur!"

"If I do not save you in spite of yourself, then your last wishes shall be obeyed."

Once more bowing, Gilbert retired. The door closed behind him with that lugubrious clang peculiar to prison portals.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

THAT happened which Danton had foreseen. At the opening of the session, Thuriot laid before the Assembly the proposition formulated on the previous day by the Minister of Justice. The Assembly did not understand. Instead of voting at nine o'clock in the morning, they argued the matter at needless length, and finally adopted the proposition at one in the afternoon.

It was too late. These four hours retarded the liberty of Europe for a whole century.

Tallien was more skilful. Requested by the Commune to send an order to the Minister of Justice, to betake himself at once to the Communal Council, Tallien wrote as follows:

MONSIEUR SECRETARY: On receipt of this communication, you will come to the Hôtel de Ville.

Only he addressed it wrongly! Instead of writing, "To the Minister of Justice," he wrote, "To the Minister of War."

Danton was expected. Servan appeared instead, and asked, somewhat embarrassed as he was, what they desired. Of Secretary Servan the Commune wanted absolutely nothing at all.

The blunder was satisfactorily explained, but the mistake was past recall.

We have said that the Assembly, in voting at one o'clock, voted too late; and this is proved by the fact that the Commune, which was in the habit of despatching things, profited by the delay.

What the Communists wanted was massacre and a dictatorship.

As Danton had said, the miscreants were not as numerous as people believed.

During the night between September 1 and 2, while Gilbert was unsuccessfully attempting to deliver Andrée from the Abbaye Prison, Marat was sending his growlers into the clubs and sections. Enraged though they were, these emissaries could make no impression whatever upon the clubs; and only two out of the forty-eight sections, Poissonnière and Luxembourg, voted for slaughter.

The Communists well knew that they could not obtain a dictatorship, unless they had on their side Marat, Robespierre, and Danton. This is why they ordered Danton's presence at the City Hall.

We have said that Danton foresaw all this; so he did not receive the letter, and consequently did not appear.

If he had received this letter, if Tallien's convenient blunder had not caused the order to be sent to the War Department instead of the Department of Justice, perhaps Danton would not have dared to disobey.

Notwithstanding his absence, the Communal Councillors were obliged to reach some conclusion. They decided to nominate a Committee of Vigilance; only that committee could not be chosen from outside the members of the Council. The question therefore arose, as to how Marat could be placed on this committee of massacre, — for such it really was! — inasmuch as Marat did not belong to the Council.

The whole matter was left in charge of Panis. It can be easily understood that this ex-attorney — this low-minded, mean-spirited, harsh man, this poor little author of a few ridiculous verses — could have no influence of his own; but through his deity, Robespierre, and through Santerre, his brother-in-law, his weight in the municipality was tremendous, — so much so, that he was authorized to choose three members, who should constitute the Vigilance Committee.

Panis did not dare to exercise alone this extraordinary power. He requested three of his colleagues to assist him, — Sergent, Duplain, and Jourdeuil.

These in turn chose five persons to aid them, — Deforgues, Lenfant, Guermeur, Leclerc, and Durfort.

The original decree bears the four names of Panis, Sergent, Duplain, and Jourdeuil; but on the margin is found another name, in the chirography of only one of the four signers. This handwriting is confused, though it is believed to be that of Panis.

The name thus inscribed is *Marat;* but he had no right to figure on that committee, since he was not a member of the Commune.

Michelet, the only historian who has thrown light upon the stormy darkness of that September, should be consulted. The document above-mentioned should also be seen. My friend Monsieur Labat, the librarian at the Prefecture of Police, is pleased to show it to those interested, as he has shown it to me.

With the name of Marat, murder was enthroned! Let us follow it through the fearful development of its omnipotence.

We have already said that the Commune did not spin out its business, like the Assembly, but despatched it promptly.

At ten o'clock the Vigilance Committee was appointed, and issued its first order, whose object was the transportation of twenty-four prisoners from the Mayor's office (where the committee was in session) to the Abbaye. The Mayor's office was then located where stand to-day (1855) the Police Headquarters. Eight or nine out of the twenty-four prisoners were priests. That is, they wore the cloth of an execrated profession, of men who had organized civil war in the Vendée and Southern France.

These captives were to be taken from prison by Marseilles and Avignon federationists. Four carriages were in readiness. Six prisoners entered each carriage, and the carriages started.

The signal was given by a third cannon-shot.

The intention of the Commune is easily understood. This slow and funereal procession would provoke the ire of the people. Likely enough the carriages would be stopped and the prisoners murdered along the route, or else at the door of the Abbaye. After that it would only be necessary to let the massacre follow its own course. Once begun, whether along the route or at the prison door, it would soon cross the threshold.

It was the very moment when the carriages left the Mayor's office that Danton took for appearing at the Assembly.

Thuriot's proposition had become useless. It was too late, as we have said before, to apply to the Commune the decree just passed. Only the dictatorship now remained.

Danton ascended the rostrum. Unfortunately he was alone. Roland was too honest a man to accompany his colleague. They looked for Roland, but looked for him in vain. Force was there, but not Principle or Honor.

Manuel had just announced to the Commune the peril at Verdun. He proposed that all enrolled citizens should encamp that very night on the Champ de Mars, in order to be ready for marching against the enemy next morning, at daybreak. This proposition was adopted.

Another member, in view of the urgency of the danger, proposed firing signal-guns, tolling the bells, and beating a general alarm.

This second proposition was put to vote and was adopted, like the one preceding. Under the circumstances, this measure was ill-omened and murderous. The drum, the bell, and the cannon rouse gloomy suggestions and dismal vibrations in the calmest breasts, much more so in hearts already so violently agitated. All this, however, was premeditated.

At the firing of the first cannon, Monsieur de Beausire was to be hanged.

Let us announce at once, with the sadness which must belong to the loss of so interesting a personage, that at the discharge of the first cannon Monsieur de Beausire was actually executed.

At the third discharge the carriages, already mentioned, were to leave the Prefecture. As the cannon was fired at intervals of ten minutes, those who witnessed the execution of Monsieur de Beausire could also assist in the transportation of the prisoners, and take part in their slaughter.

Danton was kept informed by Tallien of what was happening. He therefore knew about the national peril at Verdun, and about the proposed encampment on the Champ de Mars. He must therefore have known also that the cannon were to be fired, the bells tolled, and the drums beaten.

In his reply to **Lacroix,** he took as a text the danger

of the country, and proposed an edict, "that whoever refused to serve in person, or to furnish arms, should be punished with death."

Then, in order not to have his intentions misunderstood, and his projects confounded with those of the Commune, he added: "The tolling of the bells about to take place is not a signal of alarm. It is the signal for an attack upon the enemies of the country! In order to conquer them, gentlemen, we must have audacity, — audacity first, last, and every time. Then France will be saved!"

Thunders of applause followed these words.

Lacroix then arose, and made the following proposition: "That all who directly or indirectly refuse to obey legal decrees, or who hinder, in any shape or manner, the execution of the orders given and the measures taken by the Executive Power, shall merit the death penalty."

The Assembly understood full well, this time, that what they were asked to vote was a dictatorship. The Deputies seemingly approved, but they named a committee of Girondists to draft the decree. The Girondists, like Roland, were unfortunately too honest to place their trust in Danton, and the discussion lingered until ten in the evening.

Danton became impatient. He wished to do good, but he was compelled to allow evil to be done.

He whispered a word to Thuriot, and went out.

What did he say? He told Thuriot where to find him, in case the Assembly should confide to him the dictatorial power.

Where was he to be found? At the Champ de Mars, amongst the enrolled volunteers.

What were Danton's intentions, had the power been delegated to him? He would have caused himself to

be acknowledged by this mass of men, armed, not for massacre, but for foreign war. He would have entered Paris with them, and thus have drawn an immense number of miscreants to the frontier, — capturing them as in a net.

He waited until five o'clock, but no one came.

What happened meanwhile to the prisoners, who were on their way to the Abbaye? Let us follow them! They were going slowly, and might be easily overtaken.

At first they were protected by the coaches in which they were confined. The instinct of the danger they incurred caused each man to hide, as best he could, in the bottom of the carriage, and show himself as little as possible; but those who had the prisoners in charge themselves denounced those prisoners. The anger of the people did not rise fast enough; so the guards tried to lash it by their words to the passers-by: "Behold! Here they are, the traitors! Here they are, the accomplices of the Prussians! the men who will give up our cities and murder your wives, while you march to the frontier!"

Even this, however, was powerless to raise a massacre. Danton was right in saying that murderers were scarce. Anger, yells, threats could be heard, but that was the end of it.

The procession followed the line of the river, over New Bridge, and through the Rue Dauphine. The patience of the prisoners was not exhausted. The people could not be induced to commit a single murder. They were nearing the Abbaye. They had reached the Bussy Crossway, and it was time to decide upon some course of action.

Should the prisoners be killed after entering the prison? If so, it could then be easily seen that this

was done under the deliberate order of the Commune, and not by the spontaneous indignation of the people.

Fortune came to the assistance of these murderous projects.

On the Bussy Crossway stood one of those platforms where voluntary enrolments were in progress. There was some obstruction, and the carriages were obliged to halt.

The opportunity was propitious. If lost, it might not present itself again.

A man pushed through the escort, which did not object. He mounted the step of the first carriage. In his hand he held a sabre, which he plunged into the coach repeatedly and at random, and then drew out stained with blood.

One of the prisoners had a cane, with which he endeavored to parry the strokes. While doing so, he struck the face of one of the guards, who exclaimed: "Ah, ruffians! We protect you, and you strike us! To the rescue, comrades!"

A score of men, anxiously awaiting such an appeal, sprang from the crowd. They were armed with pikes, and with knives fastened to long sticks, which they thrust into the coach. One could hear the agonized cries of the victims, and see the blood ooze through the bottom of the carriage, leaving its trace in the street.

Blood calls for blood. The massacre, which was to last four days, was now begun.

The prisoners, crowded in the Abbaye, had conjectured ever since morning, by the countenances of their jailers, — and by a few words which escaped them, — that something tragical was on foot. During that day, by order of the Commune, meals were served before the usual hour in all the prisons.

What meant this change in prison rules? It meant something fatal; and the victims anxiously awaited their impending doom.

Towards four o'clock the distant murmur of the crowd began to beat against the base of the prison walls, like the first waves of the rising tide. From the barred windows of the turret overlooking the Rue Saint Marguerite, a few saw the approaching carriages. Yells of rage and pain soon found their way into the prison through all its openings, and were followed by a cry: "The murderers are upon us!" Such yells and cries soon spread themselves throughout the corridors, and penetrated into the cells, — even into the deepest dungeons.

Next came this other cry: "The Swiss! the Swiss!"

There were one hundred and fifty Swiss in the Abbaye. It had been difficult, on August 10, to protect them from the wrath of the people. The Commune knew what hatred the populace entertained towards red uniforms. To begin the massacre by killing the Swiss was therefore an excellent way of initiating the people.

It took about two hours to exterminate these one hundred and fifty unlucky fellows.

When the last one was despatched, Major Reading, the mob called for the priests.

The priests answered that they were ready to die, but first wished to enjoy the sacrament of confession. This desire was granted, and they received two hours' respite.

To what were these two hours devoted? To forming a tribunal.

Who formed that tribunal? Who presided over it? Maillard!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MAILLARD.

It was fit that the hero of July 14, of October 5 and 6, of June 20, of August 10, should also be the hero of September 2.

The ex-constable of the Châtelet must have wished to apply some formality, some solemn procedure, some appearance of legality to the massacre. — He wanted the Royalists killed, but he wanted them killed legally, under a decree pronounced by the populace, whom he considered the sole and infallible judges, alone possessing the right of acquittal.

Two hundred persons had already been murdered before Maillard installed his tribunal.

Only one person had been spared, the Abbé Sicard.

During the tumult two other persons — Parisot, the journalist, and La Chapelle, the King's steward — succeeded in leaping from a window, and so found themselves in the midst of this committee, which was holding its session at the Abbaye. The members of this committee had caused the fugitives to sit near by, and thus rescued them; but the murderers deserve no thanks, for it was not their fault that these two men escaped.

We have before mentioned that a curious document, to be seen at the Prefecture of Police, records the appointment of Marat upon the Vigilance Committee. The Abbaye registry, a document no less curious, is even now stained with the blood which spurted forth, and reached even the members of the tribunal.

Ye who are in search of affecting souvenirs, look at this book, and you will see these two notes continually recurring on its margins : "Killed by the judgment of the people," — "Acquitted by the judgment of the people," with the name *Maillard* beneath.

These notes are written in a large, beautiful, steady hand, perfectly plain, and peaceful, free from trouble, fear, or remorse. The last note is repeated forty-three times.

Maillard therefore saved, at the Abbaye, the lives of forty-three persons.

While he enters upon the duties of this office, at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, let us follow two men who are coming from the Jacobin Club, and walking towards the Rue Saint Anne. They are the high priest and the adept, the master and the disciple, — Saint-Just and Robespierre.

We saw Saint-Just on the evening of the reception of three new Enlightened Ones into the Lodge in the Rue Plâtrière. His complexion is still unwholesome, — too white for a man and too pale for a woman. His necktie is starched and stiff. The pupil of a shrewd, hard, and unsympathetic master, he has outdone his master in these qualities !

The master still feels somewhat moved by those political combats, wherein man hustles man, and passion meets passion.

As to the pupil, all that is transpiring seems to him only a game of chess on a large scale, where life is at stake. Beware, ye who are playing against him, for he is inflexible, and will not pardon the loser !

Robespierre doubtless had good reasons for not going to the Duplay home that evening. He said, in the morning, that he should probably go into the country. Saint-

Just's little hired lodging perhaps seemed to Robespierre a place safer than his own room, wherein to spend that terrible night between September 2 and 3.

Saint-Just was still an unknown young man. We might almost call him a child.

The two men entered this little room at about eleven.

It is useless to inquire what these two men were talking about. Their topic was the massacre, of course; only one spoke of it with the affected sensibility of a philosopher of the Rousseau school; while the other spoke with mathematical dryness, as a disciple of the school of Condillac. At times Robespierre would weep over the victims, like the fabled crocodile.

On entering his chamber, Saint-Just laid his hat on a chair, took off his tie, and began to undress.

"What art thou doing?" inquired Robespierre.

Saint-Just looked at him with such surprise, that Robespierre repeated his question: "I ask what thou art about?"

"I'm going to bed, of course!" answered the young man.

"And why go to bed?"

"Why? To do what one usually does in bed, — go to sleep."

"What? Thou thinkest of sleep on such a night as this?"

"Why not?"

"When thousands of victims are falling, or about to fall, — when this is to be the last night for so many who breathe now, but will breathe not to-morrow, thou yet thinkest of sleep!"

Saint-Just bethought himself a moment. Then, as if that short moment's silence enabled him to draw a new conviction from the bottom of his heart, he said: "Yes,

I know! but I know also that it is a necessary evil, since thou hast authorized it. Suppose this were the yellow fever, the plague, or an earthquake, by which so many people often perish, — more than will perish to-night. No good to society results from *such* disasters; yet out of the deaths of our domestic enemies will come our own security. I advise thee therefore to go home, and go to bed, as I do. Try to sleep, as I shall!"

While uttering these words, the hard-headed and cold politician lay down. Adding only, "Adieu till the morrow!" he straightway fell asleep.

He slept as long, as calmly, as peaceably as if nothing extraordinary had happened in Paris. He fell asleep about half-past eleven in the evening, and awoke towards six next morning.

He fancied he saw a shadow between daylight and himself. Turning towards the window, he saw Robespierre.

Supposing the latter had left him on the previous evening, and had returned thus early, he said: "What brings thee here so soon?"

"Nothing," said Robespierre. "I have n't been out."

"What — not been out?"

"No."

"Not been abed?"

"No."

"Nor asleep?"

"No."

"And where hast thou spent the night?"

"Standing here, with my forehead glued to the window-pane, listening to the noise in the streets."

Robespierre did not lie. Either from dread, anxiety, or remorse, he had not slept one second.

As to Saint-Just, sleep seemed no different to him that night than on any other.

There was on the other side of the Seine, in the very courtyard of the Abbaye, a man who slept no more than Robespierre. This man was leaning on the angle of the last passageway leading into the courtyard, and was almost lost in its shadow.

This last passageway had been transformed into a tribunal, and its interior presented a strange scene. There stood a large table, lit by two copper lamps, which were necessary even in the daytime. Around this table, heaped with sabres, swords, and pistols, twelve men were seated.

Their dull faces, their robust frames, their red caps and their carmagnole jackets, all indicated that they belonged to the common people.

Another man, making thirteen, was in their midst, and presided over them. He was dressed in a black and threadbare coat, a white vest, and short breeches. His look was solemn and mournful, and his strong head was bare.

This man was perhaps the only one of them all who knew how to read and write. Before him lay the jail registry, with writing materials.

These men constituted the Abbaye jury. They were terrible judges, whose sentences, from which there was no appeal, were carried out instantly, by some fifty executioners. These men were armed with sabres, daggers, and pikes; and they were dripping with blood, as they waited in the courtyard.

The President was Sheriff Maillard.

Did he come here of his own accord, or was he sent by Danton? Danton wished to have done in the other prisons, — in Carmes, Châtelet, and La Force, — what was done here at the Abbaye, — that is to say, have a few persons saved.

How did Maillard happen to be there? No one can answer that question.

On September 4 Maillard disappeared. He was no longer to be seen, no more to be heard from. He was, so to speak, submerged and drowned in blood.

Meanwhile, since the previous evening, at ten o'clock, he had been presiding over this tribunal.

On his arrival he had this table brought out, and the registry placed before him. He selected haphazard, and without distinction, twelve jurors. Then he seated himself at the end of the table, while six assistants sat on his right, and six on his left. The massacre was now resumed, but not without some method.

The name of each prisoner was read from the jailer's book. The turnkeys went after the prisoner, while Maillard related the cause of imprisonment. When the prisoner made his appearance, the President consulted his colleagues with a glance. If the prisoner was found guilty, Maillard simply said: "To La Force!"

Then the outside door would be opened, and the condemned person fell beneath the stabs of the butchers.

On the other hand, if the prisoner was acquitted, the black spectre, Maillard, would arise, lay his hand on the prisoner's head, and say: "Let him be released!" and that prisoner was saved.

When Maillard first presented himself at the prison door, a man detached himself from the wall and went to meet him.

As soon as the first words were exchanged between them, Maillard recognized this man, and bent his tall body before him. This was done, perhaps, not exactly as a token of submission, but at least as a sign of good-will.

Then Maillard had this man enter the prison; and when the table was set up and the tribunal established, the President said to him: "Stand there. When the person you are interested in is on trial, just nod to me."

The man had been there in his corner since the night before. He was leaning on his elbows, and waiting, silent and motionless.

This man was Gilbert. He had sworn to Andrée that he would not let her die, and he was trying to keep his promise.

From four o'clock until six in the morning, both slayers and judges took some rest. At six they ate some food.

During the three hours thus spent in repose and repast, the wagons, sent by the Commune, came to remove the dead. The coagulated blood in the courtyard was three inches deep. Their feet slipped in this blood. As it would take too long to clean it up, they brought a hundred trusses of straw, which they laid here and there on the ground; and then they covered over the straw with the garments of the dead, — particularly with the Swiss uniforms. The clothes and the straw absorbed the blood.

While the jurors and the slayers were asleep, the prisoners, shaken with terror, were lying awake; but hope returned when the yells ceased. Perchance the executioners had only a certain number of victims assigned to them, and the massacre would end with the slaughter of the Swiss and the King's Guards.

This hope was of short duration! Towards seven o'clock in the morning the cries and the calls began anew.

A jailer came down to tell Maillard that the prisoners were ready to die, but desired to hear Mass.

Maillard shrugged his shoulders, but granted the request.

He was busy, at that very moment, listening to the congratulations addressed to him by an envoy of the Commune, — a man of slender stature, with a mild countenance, dressed in a puce-colored suit, and a small wig.

This man was Billaud-Varennes. He harangued the slaughterers in the following terms: "Brave Citizens! You have just purged society of some great culprits! The municipality is at a loss how to pay its debt to you. The spoils of the dead should, doubtless, belong to you, but this would look like theft. As an indemnity for that loss, I am requested to offer to each one of you twenty-four francs, which will be paid at once."

Billaud Varennes actually caused the salary for this bloody business to be immediately distributed to the murderers.

We will now explain what had happened, and thus show a reason for the Commune's generosity and satisfaction.

On the evening of September 2 some of the butchers, who were without shoes and stockings, looked wistfully upon those of the prisoners, and even went to the sectional headquarters, to ask permission to step into dead men's shoes. The officials consented.

We have said *some* of the butchers, because the majority of them were small traders, and belonged in that vicinity; as we learn from the "Inquest of the Second of September," preserved in the police archives.

After that, Maillard noticed that these slayers believed themselves absolved from asking permission, and that they took not only shoes and stockings, but everything else that was fit to take.

Maillard thought that this was interfering with his massacre, and he therefore referred the matter to the Commune. Hence the message of Billaud Varennes, and the religious silence with which this singular message was received.

Meanwhile the prisoners heard Mass. Abbé Lenfant, an ex-chaplain of the King, read the service, and Abbé de Rastignac, a religious author, served as acolyte.

The priests were two old gray-headed men, with venerable countenances. Their words of resignation and faith, preached from a sort of rostrum, had a great and beneficent influence upon their unfortunate auditors.

The little congregation was just kneeling to receive the benediction from the Abbé Lenfant, when the calls began anew.

The first name announced was that of the consoling priest. He crossed himself, finished his prayer, and then followed those who had come after him.

The second priest remained, and continued the solemn exhortation. He was called next, and in his turn followed those who summoned him.

The other prisoners remained together. Their conversation became strange, gloomy, terrible. They discussed the manner in which death was to be met, and the chances of torture more or less prolonged.

Some proposed to reach out their heads, in order that they might fall at one blow. Others proposed to raise their arms, so that death might penetrate their breasts. Some said they would hold their hands behind their backs, in order to oppose no resistance.

One young man detached himself from the rest, and said: "I shall soon know which is the easiest way."

He went up inside a turret, whose grated window overlooked the scene of the massacre. Thence he studied

death. Then, coming back, he said: "They who are stabbed in the breast die easiest."

At that very moment the following words were heard: "My God, I go to thee!" Then followed a sigh.

A man had fallen on the floor, and was beating himself against the flagstones.

This was Monsieur de Chantereine, Colonel of the King's Constitutional Guard. He had stabbed himself thrice in the breast with a knife.

The prisoners took the knife, but used it with hesitation. Only one other succeeded in killing himself.

Three women were there. Two were frightened girls, who clung close by two old men. The other was a lady in mourning. She was kneeling in prayer, and calmly smiling as she prayed.

The two young girls were Mademoiselle de Cazotte and Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. The two old men were their fathers.

The young woman in mourning was Andrée.

Monsieur de Montmorin was now called. This gentleman, it will be remembered, was formerly a cabinet-minister, and had made out the passports by means of which the King tried to escape. Montmorin was so unpopular that the day before, a young man came near being killed on account of bearing the same name.

Monsieur de Montmorin did not come in to hear the exhortations of the two priests. He remained in his cell, furious and disheartened, — shouting for his enemies, asking for arms, shaking the iron bars of his prison, and breaking an oak table, whose boards were two inches thick.

He had to be taken by force before the tribunal. When he entered the passageway, he was not only pale, but his eyes were inflamed and his fists were raised.

"To La Force!" said Maillard. The ex-minister took the word literally, and thought that he was simply to be transferred from one prison into another, and so he said to Maillard: "President, since it pleases thee to be called by that name, I hope that thou wilt have me taken there in a carriage, in order to avoid being exposed to the insults of villains."

"Have a carriage brought for Monsieur de Montmorin!" said Maillard, with exquisite politeness. Then, addressing Montmorin, he continued: "Take the trouble to be seated, while waiting for the carriage, Monsieur!" The Count sat down, muttering.

Five minutes later the carriage was announced. One of the supernumeraries had understood the part he was to play in the drama, and proved himself equal to the occasion.

The fatal door was opened, — the one leading unto death, — and Monsieur de Montmorin passed through it. Scarcely had he taken three steps when he fell, pierced by a score of pikes.

Next came other prisoners, whose unimportant names are buried in oblivion.

In the midst of these obscure names, one shone with peculiar brilliancy, that of Jacques Cazotte, — Cazotte the Seer, who, ten years before the Revolution, predicted to every one the doom awaiting him. This was the author of "The Devil in Love," of "Olivier," and "A Thousand and One Trifles." His was a frenzied imagination, an ecstatic soul, an ardent heart, and he embraced with eagerness the cause of the Counter-Revolution. In his letters, addressed to his friend Pouteau, who was employed at the Superintendency of the Civil List, he expressed these opinions, which were at this time punishable by death.

His daughter acted as his secretary, in writing these letters, and when her father was arrested, she came and asked the privilege of sharing his imprisonment.

If any one were allowed to entertain Royalist opinions, it should certainly be that old man, seventy-five years of age, whose feet were rooted in the monarchy of Louis Fourteenth, and who, to rock the Duc de Bourgogne to sleep, composed two songs which afterwards became popular, "All in the beautiful midst of Ardennes," and "Godmother, you must warm the bed." Such reasons might have prevailed with philosophers, but did not influence, in the least, the slaughterers at the Abbaye. Cazotte was therefore doomed beforehand.

As soon as Gilbert saw this handsome, gray-headed old gentleman, whose eyes were bright and whose countenance seemed inspired, he detached himself from the wall, and made a motion, as if to go and meet him. Maillard noticed that movement. Cazotte advanced, leaning on his daughter.

The latter, on entering the passageway, understood that she was in the presence of their judges. She therefore left her father, and pleaded for him so hard, and with such sweet words, that the jurors began to waver. The poor child noticed that hearts were really beating under those rude exteriors; but in order to find them, she must descend into the depths. She gave herself to the task with bowed head, and with Compassion as her guide. These men, who knew not what it was to shed tears, — these men wept! Maillard rubbed, with the back of his hand, those dry and hard eyes, which for the last twenty hours had contemplated the massacre without once looking down. He extended his arm, laid his hand on Cazotte's head, and said: "Let him be set at liberty!"

The young girl did not know what to make of it.

"Fear not, Mademoiselle," said Gilbert, "your father is safe."

Two of the jurors arose and accompanied Cazotte as far as the street, for fear, through some fatal mistake, the victim might be again given over to the death from which he had just been rescued. For this time, at least, Cazotte was safe.

The hours passed on, and the massacre continued. Benches were brought for the spectators. The wives and children of the slayers were permitted to witness the spectacle.

These men were really conscientious actors. It was not enough for them to be paid. They wanted also to be seen and applauded.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, Monsieur de Sombreuil was called. Like Cazotte, he was a well-known Royalist. The difficulty of saving him was made greater by the fact, not forgotten, that as Governor of the Hôtel des Invalides, on July 14, he had fired upon the populace. Moreover, his sons were abroad, in the enemy's ranks. One of them had so distinguished himself at Longwy, that the King of Prussia honored him with a decoration.

Monsieur de Sombreuil was noble and resigned, bearing high his head of gray hair, whose curls flowed down as far as the collar of his uniform. Like the other old man, he came leaning on his daughter's arm.

This time Maillard dared not order the prisoner's release. Making an effort, however, he said: "Whether he be innocent or guilty, I think that it would ill become the people to befoul their hands in the blood of this old gentleman."

Mademoiselle de Sombreuil heard these noble words.

which will weigh heavily in the divine balance. She drew her father through the door of life, exclaiming: "Saved, saved!"

No judgment had been pronounced, either to condemn or to acquit.

Two or three of the assassins put their heads through the doorway, and asked what they should do.

The jurors were silent. At last one member said: "Do just as you please!"

"Well," cried the butchers, "let the young girl drink to the health of the Nation!"

Upon this a man, covered all over with blood, with upturned sleeves and ferocious countenance, presented a glass to Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. Opinions are divided as to whether the glass contained blood or wine. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil exclaimed: "Long live the Nation!" She then wet her lips with the liquid, whatever it was, and Monsieur de Sombreuil was saved.

Two hours more went by. Then the voice of Maillard — as cool in summoning the living as was the voice of Minos in summoning the dead — called for Citizeness Andrée de Taverney.

This name caused Gilbert's limbs to quiver and his heart to fail. A life, more important to him than his own, was to be in peril, — to be condemned or saved.

"Citizens," said Maillard, to the members of the terrible tribunal, "the woman who is to appear before you is a poor creature, formerly devoted to the Austrian Women; but the latter — ungrateful, as queens ever are — recompensed her devotion by ingratitude. To that friendship this woman sacrificed all she had, — her fortune and her husband. You will see her enter. She is dressed in black. To whom does she owe her mourning?

To the prisoner in the Temple! Citizens, I demand of you the life of that woman."

The members of the tribunal made approving signs. One said: "We will see."

"Well then," said Maillard, "look!"

At this instant the door was actually opening, and one could see, in the gloom of the corridor, a woman dressed in black. Her head was covered with a black veil. She came in all alone, with a firm step and without assistance. She might have been taken for an apparition of that dreadful world, "that undiscovered country," as Hamlet puts it, "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

At sight of her the judges trembled. Advancing as far as the table, she lifted up her veil. Never had a more incontestable though pale beauty appeared to mortal eye. She was a marble divinity. All glances were fixed upon her. Gilbert was breathless.

Addressing Maillard, in a voice at once sweet and firm, she said: "Citizen, are you the President?"

"Yes, Citizeness," answered Maillard, surprised that he, the questioner, should himself be questioned.

"I am the Countess de Charny, wife of the Comte de Charny, killed on that infamous day, the Tenth of August. I am a Royalist, a friend of the Queen. I deserve death, and now I call for it aloud."

The jurors uttered a cry of surprise. Gilbert turned pale, and withdrew as far as possible into the angle of the gateway, in order not to be seen by Andrée.

Seeing the consternation of Gilbert, Maillard said: "This woman is beside herself. Her husband's death has turned her brain. Let us pity her and spare her life. The people's justice does not punish insanity."

He arose, and was about to lay his hand upon her head,

as he was wont to do with those whom he proclaimed innocent; but Andrée pushed Maillard's hand aside, and said: "I have my full reason. If you wish to spare any one, let it be one who asks and deserves that favor, and not I, who do not merit such a boon, and positively refuse it."

Maillard turned towards Gilbert. Seeing him in a supplicating attitude, he added: "This woman is crazy. Set her at liberty!" and he motioned to a member of the tribunal to push her out through the door of life.

"Innocent!" cried the man. "Let her pass!"

Everybody made room for Andrée. The sabres, the pikes, the pistols were lowered before this statue of Grief. She had scarcely advanced ten steps when Gilbert, who was leaning against the window and watching her departure, all at once saw her pause and cry out: "Long live the King! Long live the Queen! Shame on the Tenth of August!"

Gilbert groaned, and ran into the yard. He saw the flash of a sabre. Quick as lightning it disappeared, and buried itself in Andrée's heart.

He was at her side just in time to catch the poor woman in his arms. Andrée turned towards him her fainting eyes. She recognized him, and murmured, in a voice scarcely audible: "Love Sebastien for both of us."

Then, in a still weaker voice she said: "I shall be near him, shall I not?—near my Oliver, near my husband,—forever!" And so she died!

Gilbert took her in his arms and raised her from the ground.

Fifty naked arms, stained with blood, threatened him; but Maillard appeared behind him, laid his hand upon his head, and said: "Let Citizen Gilbert pass. He is

carrying away the corpse of a poor demented woman, who has been killed by mistake."

They all made way. Gilbert passed through with Andrée's corpse, and without encountering the slightest resistance, so potent was Maillard's influence upon the multitude.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE TEMPLE DURING THE MASSACRE.

THOUGH organizing the massacre, whereof we have endeavored to give a specimen, — though desiring to subjugate the Assembly, and constrain it by terror, — the Commune was nevertheless very fearful lest some misfortune should befall the prisoners in the Temple.

Longwy had been taken by the Prussians, and Verdun was surrounded by the same enemy, only fifty leagues (about one hundred and twenty-five miles) from Paris. Under these circumstances the King and his family were precious hostages, which might become safeguards for the most compromised Republicans.

Commissioners were therefore sent to the Temple. Five hundred armed men would not have sufficed to guard this prison, and such a guard would perhaps have themselves opened the gates to the populace. One commissioner bethought himself of a shrewd device, — a surer defence than all the pikes and bayonets in Paris; and that was to encircle the Temple with a tricolored ribbon, bearing the following inscription:

CITIZENS: You know how to unite the love of order with vengeance. Respect this barrier! It is essential to our vigilance and our responsibility!

Strange times, when oaken doors were battered down, when iron gratings were demolished, and yet the populace knelt before a ribbon! Yes, the mob absolutely

knelt before that tricolored ribbon at the Temple, and kissed it! Not a rioter stepped over it!

On September 2 the King and Queen were ignorant of what was going on outside in Paris. True, there was a greater fermentation than usual, in and about the Temple, but they had begun to get accustomed to these feverish outbursts.

The King generally dined at two o'clock. He did the same that day; and after dinner he went down into the garden, as was his custom, with the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame Royale, and the little Dauphin. During their walk they heard the outside clamors redouble.

One of the municipal officers, who followed the King, whispered to one of his colleagues. What he said was spoken sufficiently loud, however, for Cléry to overhear: "We were wrong in allowing them to promenade this afternoon."

It was then about three o'clock, the hour when the slaughter began, of the twenty-four prisoners on their way from the Mayor's office to the Abbaye.

The only domestics allowed to the King were Cléry and Hue. The unfortunate Thierry — whom we saw on August 10, lending his chamber to the Queen, that she might therein receive Monsieur Rœderer — was at the Abbaye, and was to be executed on September 3.

It appears that the second municipal officer was also of the opinion that they had done wrong in allowing the royal family to come into the garden, and both officials intimated to the august prisoners that they had better go in at once.

They obeyed the order; but scarcely were they assembled in the Queen's chamber when two other municipal officers entered, who were not just then on duty at the Small Tower. One of them, an ex-Capuchin friar

named Mathieu, came towards the King and said: "Do you know, Citizen, what is going on? The country is in the greatest peril."

"How do you expect me to know anything, Monsieur?" replied the King. "I am in prison, and debarred from intercourse with the world without."

"Well then, I will tell you what's going on. Our enemies have entered Champagne, and the King of Prussia is marching upon Châlons."

The Queen could not repress a movement of joy, which, though very rapid, did not escape the official's notice, and he said: "Yes, yes! We are perfectly aware that we shall perish, with our wives and children; but you will have to answer for it all! You will die before we do, and the people will be avenged."

"Let God's will be done," answered the King. "I have done all I could for my people, and I have nothing to reproach myself with."

The same official said, turning towards Monsieur Hue, who was standing near the door: "As to thee, the Commune has ordered me to put thee under arrest."

"Who is to be under arrest?" asked the King.

"Your servant."

"My servant? Which one?"

"This one," said the official, pointing to Monsieur Hue.

"Monsieur Hue? Of what is he accused?" asked the King.

"That does n't concern me; but he will be taken away this evening, and his papers will be put under seal."

As he went out the ex-friar said to Cléry: "Look out how you behave, for the same thing will happen to you, if you don't walk straight!"

Next day, September 3, at eleven in the morning,

the King and his family were again assembled in the Queen's room. A municipal officer ordered Cléry to go up into the King's rooms, where the valet found Manuel, and a few other members of the Commune. All their countenances expressed great anxiety. We have before said that Manuel was not eager to shed blood. There was a party of Moderates, even in the Commune.

"What does the King think of the removal of his valet?" asked Manuel.

"His Majesty is very uneasy about it," answered Cléry, who heretofore had been the Dauphin's special valet, not the King's.

"Nothing evil will befall him," continued Manuel "Nevertheless, I am requested to inform the King that Hue will not return, and that the Council will replace him. You may apprise the King of this decision."

"This mission is not included in the duties of my office, Citizen," answered Cléry. "Please be kind enough to excuse me from announcing to my master a fact which is sure to grieve him."

Manuel meditated a moment, and then said: "So be it! I am going down to the Queen's rooms."

He indeed went down, and found the King, who calmly received the news which the Attorney of the Commune announced.

Then the King said, with the same indifference he had shown on June 20 and August 10, and which he would retain even in presence of the scaffold: "Very well, Monsieur, I thank you. I will make use of my son's valet, and should the Council object, I will try to help myself."

Presently he added, with a slight movement of the head: "I am quite decided in this, for I care for no new servant."

"Have you any complaints to make?" asked Manuel.

"We are short of linen," said the King; "and this is a great privation to us. Do you think you could prevail upon the Commune to furnish us with some linen, according to our needs?"

"I will refer the matter to the Commune," answered Manuel.

Then, seeing that the King did not ask him for any outside news, Manuel withdrew.

At one o'clock the King manifested his desire for a walk. During their promenades they could always observe certain signs of sympathy, made from some window, from some attic, or from behind some blind; and this was consolatory.

On this occasion the municipal officers refused permission for the royal family to go out.

At two o'clock they sat down to dinner. Towards the middle of the dinner, drumbeats were heard, and increasing yells therewith, approaching nearer and nearer the Temple.

The royal family left the table, and assembled in the Queen's bedroom. The noise continued to draw nearer.

Who was causing this noise? They were butchering at La Force, as well as at the Abbaye, — not under the presidency of Maillard, but under that of Hébert. The La Force massacre was therefore the more terrible. Yet these latter prisoners might have been still more easily saved. There were fewer held for political offences at La Force than at the Abbaye. The assassins were in smaller numbers, and the spectators less eager. But instead of Hébert's dominating the massacre at La Force, as did Maillard at the Abbaye, the massacre controlled Hébert. Forty-three persons were saved at the Abbaye, whereas not ten were spared at La Force.

Amongst the prisoners at La Force was the poor little Princess Lamballe. We have met this lady in the last three books we have written, — in "The Queen's Necklace," "Ange Pitou," and in our present history, — and she was always the Queen's devoted shadow.

The populace hated her. They called her the Austrian Woman's Counsellor. She had been the Queen's confidant, her intimate friend, something more perhaps, — at least so went the report; but she was never the Queen's adviser. This darling little girl from Savoy, with her pretty, compressed mouth and her constant smile, was capable of loving, and she proved it; but a counsellor, — and, above all, a counsellor to a virile woman, obstinate and domineering, like the Queen, — that Lamballe never was.

The Queen loved her, as she loved Madame de Guéméné, Madame de Marsan, Madame de Polignac; but being light, moody, and fickle in all such sentiments, she perhaps made the Princess Lamballe suffer as much for being her friend, as she made Charny suffer as a lover. Only, as we know, the lover grew weary; while the friend, on the contrary, remained steadfast. Both perished for the royal woman whom they had loved.

The reader will recall that evening at the Pavillon de Flore, when Lamballe held a reception; for she used to welcome to her apartments, those whom the Queen could not receive in hers.

Soon after that soirée Madame de Lamballe retired to England. There she might have remained, and spent a long life; but the good and sweet creature, knowing the Tuileries to be in danger, hastened back, and demanded her place at the Queen's side.

On August 10 she was separated from her royal friend. Conducted first to the Temple with the Queen, she was almost immediately transferred to La Force.

There she felt crushed under the burden of her devotion. She wished to die near the Queen, with the Queen. Under her royal eyes, death would appear sweet. Away from the Queen, Lamballe no longer had the courage to die. This woman was not of Andrée's stamp. She was ill from fright.

Lamballe was not ignorant of the hatred stirred up against her. Shut up, as she was, with Madame de Navarre, in one of the upper rooms of the prison, she saw Madame de Tourzel taken away on the night of September 2. It was as if some one had said to her: "You only remain to die later."

She lay in her bed. As each puff of noise was wafted near her, she hid herself between the sheets, like a frightened child. She fainted every minute. Again coming to herself she would say: "Oh, my God! I expected to be dead!" Then she would add: "If we could only die as we swoon, it would be neither painful nor difficult."

Murder was everywhere, — in the courtyard, at the doors, in the lower rooms. The odor of blood reached her, like funereal incense.

At eight in the morning her chamber door opened. Her fright this time was such that she did not faint, did not hide herself between the blankets. She looked around, and saw two National Guardsmen.

"Get up there, Madame!" said one of them, roughly, "You are to go to the Abbaye."

"Oh gentlemen," said she, "it is impossible for me to leave my bed, I am unable to walk." Then she added, in a voice scarcely audible: "If you want to kill me, you might as well do it here as anywhere else."

One of the men whispered into her ear while the other listened at the door: "Obey! We wish to save you!"

"Then go out, and let me dress myself," said the prisoner.

The two men did go out, and Madame de Navarre helped her to dress; or rather, she put on her clothes for her.

About ten minutes later the two men came in again. The Princess was ready; only, as she had said, she was unable to walk. The poor woman quivered all over. She took the arm of the National Guardsman who had spoken to her, and leaned upon him as she descended the stairs. When she arrived at the entrance, she found herself all at once in front of the bloody tribunal presided over by Hébert. At the sight of these men, with their rolled-up sleeves, — the men who had constituted themselves judges, — at the sight of those other men with blood-stained hands, who had appointed themselves executioners, — the Princess fainted away.

She was questioned three times; and three times she swooned, without being able to answer.

"Cheer up, for they wish to save you!" softly repeated the man who had already spoken to her.

This promise restored some strength to the poor woman, and she murmured: "What do you want with me, gentlemen?"

"Who are you?" asked Hébert.

"Marie Louise de Savoie Carignan."

"Your business?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's Household."

"Have you any knowledge about the plots of the Court on the Tenth of August?"

"I am not aware that there were any plots; and if there were, I was ignorant of them."

"Swear allegiance to Liberty and Equality! Swear hatred to the King, the Queen, and Royalists."

"I will willingly swear to the first two points, but cannot swear to the rest, because this feeling is not in my heart."

"Swear, swear!" softly whispered the National Guardsman. "Swear, or you're a dead woman!"

The Princess extended her hands, and totteringly and instinctively took a step towards the further wicket.

"Why don't you swear?" asked her protector.

As if, in the terror of death, she feared lest she should pronounce a shameful oath, the Princess put her hand over her mouth, in order to keep back the words which might escape in spite of herself. A few moans were heard through her fingers.

"She has sworn!" cried the National Guardsman who accompanied her. Then he said to her softly: "Pass out quickly, through the door in front of you. Cheer for the Nation as you go, and you are saved."

As she went out she found herself in the arms of a butcher who was awaiting her. It was no other than Big Nicholas, who cut off the heads of the two bodyguards at Versailles. This time he had promised to save the Princess. He drew her towards something shapeless, quivering, and bloody, and whispered: "Cheer for the Nation! Hurry up, and shout for the Nation!"

Doubtless she would have screamed out these words, but unfortunately, on opening her eyes, she beheld in front of her a heap of corpses, upon which a man was trampling. The blood gushed from beneath his hobnailed shoes, as grape-juice splashes in the vintage.

She beheld this terrible spectacle, turned around, and could only exclaim: "Fie! What horrors!"

This cry was smothered, in order to save her.

It is said that her father-in-law, Monsieur de Penthièvre, had given a hundred thousand francs to effect her release.

She was pushed into the narrow passage leading from the Rue Saint Antoine to the prison, and which was called the Cul-de-Sac des Prêtres, when a miserable fellow, a barber named Charlot, broke through the hedge formed around her, and snatched her cap off with his pike. This man had recently joined the Volunteers as a drummer. Was his intention simply to throw off her bonnet, or did he mean to strike her in the face?

The blood flowed. Blood calls for more blood. Another man threw a stick of wood at the Princess, which struck her in the neck. She stumbled, and fell upon one knee.

There was now no hope of saving her. From all sides sabres and pikes rained upon her. She did not utter a single cry, for she was virtually dead as soon as she spoke her last words.

Scarcely had the Princess expired, — perhaps she was still alive, — when they rushed upon her. In an instant her clothes were torn off, even to her under-garments. Palpitating with the last quavers of agony, she found herself nude. An obscene sentiment presided over her death, and hastened this robbery of her raiment. Her murderers wanted to see this beautiful form, to which the women of Lesbos would have rendered homage.

Naked as God had created her, she was laid on a bench, before all eyes. Four men installed themselves in front of her, washing and wiping away the blood flowing from seven wounds. A fifth man described, and pointed out with a stick, those corporeal beauties which, as people said, had formerly brought her into royal favor, and which now caused her death.

She remained thus exposed from eight o'clock until noon. At last the listeners grew tired of this lecture, on the scandalous history of the corpse. One man came

forward and cut off her head. That neck, long and flexible as a swan's, offered little resistance!

Grison was the name of the wretch who committed this crime, — more hideous, perhaps, than if committed upon a living person. History is the most inexorable of all divinities. She plucks a quill from her wing, dips it in blood, writes a name, and that name is held up for the execration of posterity! Subsequently that same man was guillotined as chief of a band of thieves.

A second man, named Rodi, opened the Princess's breast, and plucked out her heart.

A third, named Mamin, attacked another part of the body.

It was on account of her love for the Queen that this poor lady was thus mutilated. What hatred, then, must the Queen herself have inspired!

They spitted upon pikes the three detached parts of this ill-used body, and marched away towards the Temple. An immense crowd followed the three assassins; but with the exception of a few children and a few drunkards, who vomited at the same time wine and gall, the procession was silent and terror-stricken.

They halted at a hairdresser's shop on the route, and went in.

The man who carried the head placed it on a table, and said: "Curl this head for me! It's going to visit its mistress, at the Temple."

After the Princess's beautiful hair was curled, the crowd kept on towards the Temple, — this time, with loud yells.

These were the yells which the royal family heard while at their dinner-table.

The assassins were approaching, for they entertained the abominable thought of exhibiting to the Queen this

head, this heart, and the other portion of the Princess's remains.

The ruffians presented themselves at the Temple, but the tricolored ribbon barred their entrance. These men — these assassins, these murderers, these butchers — dared not step over a ribbon!

They asked that a deputation of six fellows, three of whom were carrying the parts we have mentioned, might enter the Temple and march around the Donjon, in order to show these bloody trophies to the Queen. The request seemed so very reasonable, that it was granted without discussion!

The King was seated, pretending to play a game of backgammon with the Queen. Under the pretext of watching the game the other prisoners could draw nearer to each other, and so speak a few stray words, unheard by the municipal officers.

All at once the King saw one of the officials close the door, rush towards the window, and draw the curtains.

This man's name was Danjou. He was a former seminarist, a sort of giant, who, on account of his size, they called the Priestly Six-footer.

"What is the matter?" asked the King.

The official, seeing the Queen's back turned, took advantage of this, and signalled to the King not to question him.

Yells, insults, and threats reached the chamber, notwithstanding the fact that the door and windows were closed. The King understood that something terrible was taking place, and put his hand upon the Queen's shoulder, to keep her in her sitting position.

At this moment, knocks were heard at the door. Sorely against his will, Danjou was obliged to open it.

There stood some officers of the guard and some

municipals, whom the King addressed. "Gentlemen, is my family safe?"

"Yes," answered a man, dressed in a National Guardsman's uniform, and wearing double epaulets; "but a rumor has gone abroad that there is no one left here at the Tower, and that all of you have escaped. Place yourself at the window, in order to satisfy the people."

The King, ignorant of what really was going on, saw no reason for not obeying. He made a movement as if to advance towards the window; but Danjou stopped him, saying: "Don't do that, Monsieur!"

Turning towards the officers of the National Guard, Danjou added: "The people should have more confidence in their magistrates."

"Well," said the man with the epaulets, "that is n't all! They want you to go to the window, to see the head and heart of the Princesse de Lamballe, which they have brought here on purpose to show you, that you may know how the people treat their tyrants. I advise you, therefore, to appear at the window. Otherwise, these things will be brought up here."

The Queen uttered a cry, and fainted. Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale caught her in their arms. The King said: "You might have spared yourself the trouble, Monsieur, of announcing this terrible misfortune to the Queen." Then, pointing to the group of ladies, he continued: "See what you have done!"

The man shrugged his shoulders, and went out, singing the Carmagnole.

At six o'clock Pétion's secretary presented himself. He had come to pay to the King the sum of 2,500 francs.

Seeing the Queen standing motionless, and thinking she was doing this out of respect for him, he had the kindness to invite her to a seat.

Madame Royale, speaking of this event, says in her Memoirs:

My mother bore herself thus because, since that dreadful scene, she had remained upright and motionless, taking note of nothing that was going on in the room.

Terror had changed Marie Antoinette into a statue.

CHAPTER L.

VALMY.

And now let us for an instant turn our eyes away from these fearful scenes of massacre, and follow, through the defiles of the Argonne, one of the characters of our story upon whom rested, at that moment, the supreme destinies of France. It will be readily understood that we refer to Dumouriez.

Dumouriez, as we have seen, on leaving the Royal Council, returned to his employ as an active general; and after the flight of Lafayette from France, he received the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East.

Dumouriez's nomination, by the men in power, was a sort of miracle of intuition. He was in fact detested by some and despised by others; but, more fortunate than Danton on September 2, he was unanimously acknowledged to be the only man who could save France.

The Girondists, who had originally nominated Dumouriez, now hated him. It will be remembered that they had been the means of his entering the Royal Council, and that he afterwards drove their special representatives out of it; and yet they went to seek him, obscure as was his position in the Army of the North, and made him General-in-Chief.

The Jacobins always hated and despised Dumouriez. They understood, however, that glory was the principal ambition of this man, and that he would conquer or die. Robespierre did not dare to support Dumouriez

personally, on account of the General's bad reputation in the Jacobin party, but persuaded Couthon to give this support.

Danton neither hated nor despised Dumouriez. He was a man of robust temperament, judging things from a lofty position, and caring little about reputation, — one of these men who do not disdain to employ vice itself, if it can be made to contribute to their ends. Danton knew what advantages could be obtained from Dumouriez, but mistrusted his stability. He sent two men after him. One was Fabre d'Églantine, — that is to say, Danton's Mind. The other was Westermann, — Danton's Arm.

All the forces of France were put into the hands of a man who was called an intriguer. Luckner, an old, weather-beaten German soldier, who had proved his incapacity at the beginning of the campaign, was now sent to Châlons, to levy recruits. Dillon, a brave and distinguished soldier, of a higher standing in the military hierarchy than Dumouriez himself, received orders to obey him.

Kellermann also was put under the command of this man, to whom weeping France was entrusting her sword, and saying: "Defend me! for thou art the only one whom I know who can defend me!" Kellermann grumbled, swore, and wept; but he obeyed. He however obeyed with an ill-grace; and the cannon's boom was needed to make of him what he really was, a truly devoted Patriot.

The march of the allied sovereigns upon Paris was mapped out into a certain number of stages; but after the capture of Longwy and the surrender of Verdun, the allies all at once halted.

What reason can be assigned for this? A spectre was standing between them and Paris, — the spectre of Beaurepaire.

Beaurepaire was an old rifle-officer, who had formed, and was commanding the Maine and Loire Battalion. As soon as he heard that enemies had placed a foot on the soil of France, he and his men crossed the country as fast as possible, from west to east.

On their way they encountered a Patriot Deputy from their section, who was returning homeward, and who asked them: "What news shall I take to your families?"

"That we are dead!" answered a voice.

No Spartan, marching to Thermopylæ, could have given an answer more sublime!

The enemy arrived before Verdun, as we have said, on August 30, 1792. On August 31 the city was called upon to surrender.

Beaurepaire and his men, supported by Marceau, wanted to fight to the death. The Council of Defence, composed of the town officers, assisted by the principal inhabitants of the place, ordered a surrender.

Beaurepaire smiled disdainfully, and said: "I have sworn to die, rather than surrender. You may survive in shame and dishonor, if you wish, but I shall remain faithful to my oath. Here is my last word — *I die!*" and Beaurepaire blew out his brains.

This spectre was as huge as the Giant Adamastor, and more terrible. Now the allied sovereigns — who had believed, on the statements of the Royalist refugees, that France would meet them with open arms — saw something else.

They saw the soil of France, so fruitful and so populous, changed, as by a magic wand. Grain disappeared, as if swept away westward by a whirlwind. The armed peasant alone remained erect in his furrow. Those who had guns took their guns. Those who had scythes took their scythes. Those who had only one pitchfork took that one pitchfork.

The weather was also favorable to France. A fearful rain drenched the men, softened the ground, and spoiled the roads. This rain fell upon one army as well as upon the other, — upon the just and unjust, the French and Prussians alike; only everything else aided France, while everything else was hostile to the Prussians.

For the Prussians, the peasants had nothing but their guns, their scythes, and their pitchforks; or, worse than that, nothing but their unripe grapes. For his compatriots, the peasants had a glass of wine, hid behind a bundle of fagots, a glass of beer, put away in an unknown corner of the cellar, and dried straw to spread over the ground, and make real beds for the soldiers.

Many mistakes were made, and those of Dumouriez were not among the slightest. In his Memoirs he records them all, — his own, as well as those of his lieutenants.

He had written to the National Assembly:

> The defiles of Argonne are the Thermopylæ of France; but fear not! Happier than Leonidas, I shall not perish there!

The defiles of Argonne were ill-guarded. One of them was taken, and Dumouriez was obliged to retreat. Two of his lieutenants missed their way, and were routed. Dumouriez went astray, and was nearly lost himself. He had fifteen thousand men, but they were so completely demoralized that twice they were put to flight by fifteen hundred Prussians! Nevertheless Dumouriez was the one man who did not despair. He retained his courage and even his cheerfulness. In writing to the Council he said: "I answer for everything." Although he was pursued, outflanked, and intercepted, he nevertheless succeeded in effecting a junction with Beurnonville's ten thousand men, and Kellermann's fifteen thousand. He

rallied his routed generals, and on September 19 he was in camp at Saint Menehould, where he could put his two hands upon seventy-six thousand men; while the Prussians numbered only seventy thousand.

It is true that this army often complained. The soldiers were sometimes two or three days without bread. Then Dumouriez would mingle with his soldiers, and say: "My friends, the famous Marshal of Saxony has written a book upon War, in which he pretends that troops should be deprived of bread, at least once a week, in order to render them, in case of necessity, less susceptible to privation. We have come to that point, already; but you are far better off than those Prussians, whom you see before you. They are sometimes four days without bread, and have to eat their dead horses. You have lard, rice, and flour. Make flapjacks, and Liberty will season them!"

There was something worse. The scum of Paris, the scum which rose to the surface on September 2, had now been pushed into the army. These miserable fellows came singing the *Ça ira*, and declaring that epaulets, crosses of Saint Louis, and embroidered coats must all be set aside. They would tear off decorations and plumes, and put all people and things on an equality.

In this state of mind they arrived at the camp, and marvelled at the void which was straightway formed around them. No one cared to answer either their threats or their advances. The General, however, announced that a review would take place on the morrow.

Next day the new arrivals found themselves, by an unexpected manœuvre, surrounded by a numerous and hostile body of cavalry, ready to sabre them, and artillery, ready to crush them.

In all, the rebellious soldiers formed seven battalions. Dumouriez now advanced towards them and exclaimed: "You fellows, — for I will not call you citizens, soldiers, or my children, — you fellows see before you this artillery, and behind you this cavalry. That is to say, you are placed between sword and fire! You have dishonored yourselves by your crimes. I shall suffer neither assassins nor thieves here, and I will have you all hacked to pieces at the slightest mutiny! If you amend your ways, and behave like the brave army into which you have had the honor of being admitted, you will find me a good father. I know there are among you certain scoundrels, charged to urge you on to crime. Drive them away yourselves, or else denounce them to me. I hold you responsible for one another!"

Not only did these men bend their necks, and become excellent soldiers, not only did they drive away the unworthy from their ranks, — but more, they cut in pieces that miserable Charlot, who struck the Princess Lamballe with a club, and carried her head at the end of a pike.

Such was the condition of things when Kellermann was expected, — Kellermann, without whom nothing could be risked.

On September 19 Dumouriez received notice that his lieutenant was at a distance of five miles from him, upon the left.

Dumouriez had him at once instructed to encamp, on the following day, between Dampierre and Élize, behind the Auve. This position was clearly indicated.

While sending this message to Kellermann, Dumouriez saw the Prussian army unroll itself over the mountains of Lune, which showed that the Prussians were between Paris and himself, and, consequently, nearer Paris.

It was more than probable that the Prussians wanted

battle. Dumouriez therefore sent word to Kellermann to take the heights of Valmy and of Gizaucourt as his field of battle. Kellermann confounded his camp with his field of battle, and stopped on the heights of Valmy. This was either a great mistake or a terrible venture.

Placed as he was, Kellermann could turn backward, only by causing his army to cross a narrow bridge. He could fall back upon Dumouriez's right, only by crossing a marsh, where he would be swallowed up. He could fall back on Dumouriez's left, only through a deep valley, where he would be crushed. No possibility, therefore, was left for retreat.

Was this what the brave Alsatian intended? If so, he grandly succeeded. A fine spot, this, if an army was resolved either to conquer or die.

Brunswick beheld our soldiers with astonishment, and said to the King of Prussia: "Those fellows, who have lodged themselves up there, have evidently decided never to retreat."

However, the Prussians had been led to believe that Dumouriez was headed off. They had been assured that this army of tailors, vagabonds, and cobblers, as the refugees called them, would disperse at the first volley of German cannon.

The French had neglected to have General Chazot occupy the heights of Gizancourt. He was stationed on the highway to Châlons, instead of on the heights, whence he could attack his enemies in the flank. The Prussians took advantage of this mistake, occupied the position themselves, and attacked Kellermann's corps.

The day began in gloom, and was darkened by a heavy fog. This the Prussians did not mind, for they knew where the French army lay. The French (so the Prussians believed) were all on the heights of Valmy.

Sixty iron mouths blazed away all at once. The Prussian artillery-men fired at haphazard; but as they were firing into masses of troops, it did not seem necessary to aim carefully.

The first shots were terrible, and fell hard upon that enthusiastic French army, who would have well known how to attack, but had scarcely learned how to wait.

And then luck — it cannot be called skill — was at first against us. The Prussian shells fired two powder-wagons, which burst. The drivers jumped from their horses, in order to shelter themselves from the explosion, and were arrested as deserters.

Kellermann pushed his horse towards the place of confusion, which was darkened by fog and smoke. All at once both rider and horse fell, as if by a thunderbolt. The horse had been shot through by a bullet, but the man was fortunately safe. He jumped upon another horse, and rallied a few battalions which were disbanding.

It was then eleven o'clock in the morning, and the fog began to dissipate.

Kellermann noticed that the Prussians were forming into three columns, and were preparing to attack the Valmy plateau. He in turn formed his troops into three columns.

Going throughout the lines he said: "Soldiers, let not a single gun be fired! Wait till you can meet the enemy man to man, and then receive them on your bayonets."

Putting his hat at the end of his sabre, he then continued: "Hurrah for the Nation! Let us on! and conquer for her!"

Brunswick shook his head. Had he been alone, the Prussian army would not have advanced another step; but the Prussian King was there. His Majesty wanted to join the battle, and must be obeyed.

The Prussians marched up, firm and gloomy, under the direction of the King and Brunswick. They crossed the space which separated them from their enemies, with the solidity of an old army of the Great Frederick. Each man seemed bound, as with an iron ring, to the one before him.

All at once this immense military serpent seemed to break in the middle, but the fragments were soon reunited.

Five minutes later the lines were again sundered, and were once more brought together.

Dumouriez's twenty pieces of artillery now attacked the flank of the Prussian column, and crushed it beneath a rain of fire. The head of the column could not advance, for it was continually drawn back by the writhing convulsions of the main body, which was riddled by grapeshot.

Brunswick saw that the day was lost, and ordered a retreat to be sounded.

The King, on the contrary, ordered a charge, put himself at the head of his soldiers, and pushed his docile and brave infantry under the double fire of Kellermann and Dumouriez. His ranks were dashed to pieces against the French lines.

Something luminous and splendid hovered over this young French army, — Faith!

Brunswick said: "Such fanatics have not been seen since the religious wars!"

These were sublime fanatics, — fanatics for Liberty. The heroes of 1792 had just begun the great conquest, the war which was to end in the conquest of mind.

On September 20 Dumouriez saved France.

The day following, the National Convention was emancipating Europe, by proclaiming the French Republic!

CHAPTER LI.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.

At noon, on September 21, before it was known in Paris that Dumouriez's sudden victory had saved France the night before, the doors of the Riding School were opened, and the seven hundred and forty-nine members of the new Convention might have been seen entering their hall slowly and solemnly, casting questioning looks at one another.

Two hundred of these men had been members of the former Assembly; and often this Convention was called the Assembly, from force of habit.

The National Convention was elected under the influence produced by the news of September. One might therefore expect it to be a reactionary assemblage. It was more than that, for several nobles were in it. An extremely democratic impulse led to a call for even servants to vote, and many of them nominated their masters.

These new Deputies were mostly from the middle classes, — doctors, lawyers, professors, sworn priests, literary men, journalists, and merchants. Their minds were uneasy and wavering. Five hundred of them, at least, were neither Girondists nor Montagnards, — as the extreme Republicans were called, on account of the position of the benches they occupied in the Convention. Events would determine what place the new majority was to take in this Assembly.

All were united, however, in a twofold hatred, — hatred of those cruel September days, and hatred of the Paris Deputies, almost entirely chosen from the Commune (that is, from the Municipal Council so called) which was responsible for the awful tragedy of those days.

It almost seemed as if the blood then shed was flowing across the legislative hall, and separating the hundred Mountaineers from the rest of the Convention. The members of the Centre fairly leaned towards the Right, or conservative party, as if to avoid this red river.

When we recall the men, and remember the events which had occurred, we must confess that the Mountain presented a formidable aspect.

As we have before said, the members of the Commune were chosen from the inferior ranks of the populace; and above the Commune was that famous Vigilance Committee, which had generated the massacre.

At the summit of this triangle of organizations — the Convention, the Commune, and the Vigilance Committee — rose three terrible countenances, — or rather three profoundly characteristic masks, — like the three heads of a hydra.

First, there was the cold and expressionless face of Robespierre, its parched skin glued upon a narrow forehead. His blinking eyes were hidden behind a pair of spectacles. His extended hands were cramped upon his knees, reminding one of those stiffly seated Egyptian figures carved in porphyry, the hardest of all marbles. He was a sort of Sphinx, who alone seemed to possess the watchword of the Revolution, though no one dared ask him for it.

Next came Danton, with his agitated expression, his twisted mouth, his irregular face, — stamped with a sublime ugliness, — and his fabulous body, half man,

half bull. In spite of all this, Danton almost inspired observers with sympathy; for one could not help feeling that it was the beatings of his profoundly patriotic heart which caused that flesh to creep and that lava to flow, and that his large hand, always obedient to his first impulse, was ready to strike down a standing enemy, or to raise a fallen foe, with equal celerity.

Near these two countenances, so different in expression, — behind and above them, — appeared, not a man, — for it is not possible for a human being to attain such an unparalleled degree of ugliness, — but a monster, a grotesque fantasy, a vision sinister and ridiculous, — Marat! His brazen face was swollen with bile and blood. His eyes were insolent and bloodshot. His big and flabby mouth seemed specially designed to launch insults, — or rather, to vomit them. His crooked and supercilious nose inhaled, through its flaring nostrils, that odor of popularity which exhaled from the gutter and flowed with the sewer.

Marat was dressed no better than the dirtiest of his admirers. His head was tied up with a soiled piece of linen. His shoes, with nails in their soles, were without buckles, and often without strings. His pantaloons were made of rough cloth, and were spotted — or covered all over — with mud. His unbuttoned shirt exposed his lean breast, which was large, when compared with the size of his whole body. His narrow black cravat, greasy and crumpled, revealed the hideous ligaments of his neck, which were ill-adjusted, and caused his head to lean towards the left. His thick hands were always threatening fists. In their more peaceful intervals these hands would toil amid his tangled hair.

On the whole, with his giant's trunk perched upon a dwarf's legs, Marat was hideous to look upon. The first

inclination of all beholders was to turn away; but the eye could not withdraw quickly enough to avoid reading upon his visage the words *September Second!* and then the beholder's gaze would remain staring and horrified, as before the Medusa's mythologic head.

These were the three men whom the Girondists accused of aspirations towards dictatorship. The three, on the other hand, denounced the Girondists for advocating democratic Federalism.

Two other men, linked with our story by different interests and opinions, were seated at the two opposite sides of the Convention. They were Billot and Gilbert.

Gilbert was on the extreme Right, between Lanjuinais and Kersaint. Billot was at the extreme Left, between Thuriot and Couthon.

The members of the former Legislative Assembly, who escorted the new Conventionists to their benches, came there to solemnly relinquish their old authority, and place their power in the hands of their successors.

François de Neufchâteau, the last President of the dissolved Assembly, mounted the rostrum, and spoke as follows:

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NATION: The Legislative Assembly has ceased to exercise its functions, and places the government in your hands.

The object of your efforts should be to give the French people Liberty, Law, and Peace: Liberty, without which Frenchmen can no longer live; Law, which is the firmest foundation of Liberty; and Peace, the sole and only legitimate end of war.

Liberty, Law, and Peace! These three words were engraved by the Greeks upon the portals of the Temple at Delphi. You should engrave them upon the entire soil of France!

The Legislative Assembly had existed one year, during which great and important events had taken place, — on June 20, on August 10, and on September 2 and 3.

At the close of that year France was at war with the two great powers of the North. There was civil war in the Vendée. There was a debt of 2,200,000,000 (over two billions) of francs in assignats, or paper bonds. Then there was the victory of Valmy, won on the previous day, but still unknown in Paris.

Pétion was chosen President by acclamation. The following secretaries were elected: Condorcet, Brissot, Rabaut Saint-Étienne, Vergniaud, Camus, and Lasource. Five of these were Girondists.

The whole Convention, with the exception of thirty or forty members, was in favor of a Republic. The Girondists, however, in a meeting at Madame Roland's, decided that the discussion upon the change of government should be admitted only at the proper hour and in its regular order, — that is, when all the executive and legislative committees had been lawfully appointed.

On September 20, however, the very day of the battle of Valmy, other fighters were engaged in a far more decisive affray.

Saint-Just, Lequinio, Panis, Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and several other members-elect of the Convention, were dining at a restaurant in the Palace Royal. They resolved that by the next day the word *Republic* should be hurled at their opponents.

"If our opponents take it up," said Saint-Just, "they are lost, for the word will be first pronounced by our party. If our opponents discard that word, they will be equally lost; for in antagonizing this popular passion, the Girondists will be submerged in the unpopularity which we will heap upon their heads."

Collot d'Herbois took it upon himself to make the motion. No sooner had François de Neufchâteau conveyed to the Convention the authority of the old Assembly, than Collot d'Herbois asked for the floor.

His request being granted, he mounted the rostrum, and the watchword was given to the impatient waiters.

He said: "Representative Citizens: I propose that the first decree of the Assembly, which has just met, be the abolition of all royalty."

These words were received with tremendous applause, both from the hall and the galleries.

Only two opponents arose. They were two well-known Republicans, Barrère and Quinette. They asked that the Convention should await the wishes of the people.

"The wishes of the people? What for?" asked a poor village curate. "What is the use of deliberation over a subject upon which all parties are agreed? In the moral order, kings belong to the same class as monsters do in the physical order. Royal Courts are the workshops of all crime. The history of kings is the martyrology of nations!"

The members asked one another who this man could be, who delivered this short but energetic history of royalty. Few only knew his name, which was Grégoire.

The Girondists felt the blow aimed against them. Perhaps they were henceforth to sail only in the wake of the Mountaineers.

Ducos, the friend and pupil of Vergniaud, cried out from his place: "Let us draw up the decree at this very sitting. The decree needs no introduction or explanation. After the light spread abroad by the Tenth of August, the history of the crimes of Louis Sixteenth is a sufficient prelude to your edict abolishing royalty!"

Thus was the balance again restored between the parties. The Montagnards demanded the abolition of royalty, but the Girondists asked for the establishment of the Republic.

The Republic was not decreed by ballot; it was voted by acclamation. The Deputies threw themselves into the future, not merely for the sake of fleeing from the past. They rushed into the unknown, out of hatred for the known.

The proclamation of the Republic met an immense popular need. It was the consecration of the long struggle sustained by the people, since their rights had begun to receive legislative recognition; and they had, through their Commune, taken the law into their own hands. This decree involved the absolution, from all offences, of the Maillotins, of the League, of the Jacquerie, of the Fronde, of the Revolution, — the acquittal of all sinners against royalty. The proclamation of the Republic meant the crowning of the masses at the expense of kings.

So much more freely did every citizen breathe, that it seemed as if the weight of the throne had been lifted from every breast.

The ensuing hours of illusion were short, but splendid. It was supposed that a Republic had been proclaimed. Instead of that, a lawless rebellion had been consecrated. No matter! A great deed had been done, which would shake the world for more than a century.

Those true Republicans, the Girondists, — who were at least the purest, and wished the Republic to be free from crimes, and intended, the next day, to hurl themselves in the face of the triumvirate of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, — the Girondists were filled with joy.

For them the Republic meant the realization of their fondest wishes. Thanks to them, the true type of human government, lost beneath the ruins of twenty centuries, was found again. Under Francis the First and Louis Fourteenth, France had been a subjugated Athens. Under Girondist lead, she would become an independent Sparta.

This was a beautiful, a sublime dream; and this is why the Girondists that evening held a banquet at the home of Minister Roland. There were assembled Vergniaud, Guadet, Louvet, Pétion, Boyer Fonfrède, Barbaroux, Gensonné, Grangeneuve, and Condorcet. Before another year had elapsed these guests were to meet at another banquet, far more solemn even than this one! but for the present, each turned his back on the morrow, shut his eyes to the future, and willingly drew a curtain before the vision of that unknown ocean upon which they were launched; though they could already hear the roaring of that whirlpool, which, like the *Maelstrom* of Scandinavian legends, was soon to absorb, if not the whole ship, at least the pilots and crew.

Their thought was born. It had taken to itself a form, — "a local habitation and a name." There it stood before their eyes! The young Republic had sprung forth, all armed with helmet and spear, like Minerva from the head of Jove. What more could these pure-minded Republicans desire?

During the two hours which this solemn love-feast lasted, — like the *agapæ* of the early Christians, — high thoughts were exchanged, upheld with great devotion. These men were talking about their lives, as of something which no more belonged to themselves, but to the Nation. They reserved to themselves only their honor!

that was all. If need be, they would relinquish fame and renown.

Some there were, in the foolish intoxication of youthful hope, who saw opening before them those cerulean and infinite horizons, found only in dreams. These were the young and fiery spirits, who had but recently entered that most exacting of all struggles, the contest of the political arena. Among these were Barbaroux, Rebecqui, Ducos, and Boyer Fonfrède.

Others there were who halted by the roadside, in order to regain strength for the remaining journey. These were the men who had borne the heat and burden of the legislative day, — men like Guadet, Gensonné, Grangeneuve, and Vergniaud.

Finally, there were those who felt that they had reached the goal, and understood that their popularity was on the wane. Lying under the shade of the ripening foliage of the Tree of the Republic, they sadly asked themselves whether it was really worth their while once more to rise, gird up their loins, and resume the pilgrim staff, only to stumble over the first obstacle. Such men were Roland and Pétion.

In the eyes of all these men, who was their future chief? Who was the principal founder of the young Republic, and must be its future regulator? — Vergniaud!

When dinner was ended, he filled his glass and said: "Friends, a toast!"

All stood, like himself, and he continued: "To the immortality of the Republic!"

All repeated after him: "To the immortality of the Republic!"

He was about to put the glass to his lips, when Madame Roland exclaimed, "Wait!"

She wore on her bosom a fresh rose, — just blossoming,

like the new era upon which they were entering. She took this rose, and as an Athenian woman scattered leaves into the goblet of Pericles, so did Madame Roland scatter these rose-leaves in Vergniaud's glass.

Vergniaud smiled sadly, drained the glass, and then whispered to Barbaroux, who sat at his left hand: "Alas! I fear that noble soul is mistaken. Not rose-leaves, but cypress twigs should flavor our wine to-night. In drinking to a republic whose feet are wet with the blood of September's horrors, God knows if we are not drinking to our own destruction. — Never mind!" he added, raising a sublime look to Heaven, "were this wine my heart's blood, I would drink it to Liberty and Equality!"

"The Republic forever!" repeated all the guests in chorus.

Almost at that very moment, when Vergniaud offered his toast, and the guests were responding with cheers for the Republic, trumpets were sounding in front of the Temple, imposing a great stillness.

From their chambers, the windows being open, the King and Queen could hear a city officer, with a sonorous, firm, and powerful voice, proclaiming the abolition of Royalism and the establishment of the Republic.

CHAPTER LII.

ROMANCE OF THE MARTYRED KING.

Though printing under the form of fiction, my readers can see with what impartiality I have placed before their eyes, not only the terrible, the cruel, the bloodthirsty, the debased features of the Revolutionists, and the events which they fostered, but also the good, the beautiful, the sublime elements of those same people and events.

To-day those persons are dead of whom I write. The events only remain. Immortalized by History, they can never die.

I would gladly summon from the grave all those of whom I speak, — so few of whom filled out the appointed measure of their days, — and ask them if I have not pictured their careers, not perhaps exactly as they were, — for who can claim to know all mysteries? — but as they have seemed to my honest convictions.

I would say to Mirabeau, "Tribune, arise!" to Louis Sixteenth, "Martyr, arise!" I would say: "Rise, all of you, — Favras, Lafayette, Bailly, Fournier the American, Jourdan the Headsman, Maillard, Théroigne de Méricourt, Barnave, Bouillé, Gamain, Pétion, Manuel, Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Vergniaud, Dumouriez, Marie Antoinette, Madame Campan, Barbaroux, Roland, Madame Roland, — king, queen, artisan, orators, generals, murderers, politicians! Rise, and declare if I have not candidly presented you to my own generation, — to the low, to the exalted, especially to women, — that is, to the mothers of our sons, whom we would gladly instruct in history."

To the long lines of events, standing on either side of the road we have travelled together, I would thus appeal: "Great and luminous Fourteenth of July! Dark and threatening Fifth and Sixth of October! Thou crimson storm in the Champ de Mars, when powder was mixed with lightning, and the thunder of cannon mingled with heaven's artillery! thou prophetic invasion of the Twentieth of June! thou terrible victory of the Tenth of August; thou awful memory of the Second and Third of September! To all of you I say: Have I truthfully represented you? Have I told your story well? Have I wittingly lied about you? Have I unfairly tried to calumniate or defend you?"

The men and women would reply, the events would reply: "Thou hast sought the truth, without hatred or passion. Thou hast believed, or thou wouldst not have spoken. Thou hast been faithful to the glories of the past, insensible to the allurements of the present, confident in the hopes of the future. Be thou absolved! Be thou acquitted!"

Well, what I have so far done, not as an appointed judge, but as an impartial narrator, I shall continue to do unto the end; and that end we are approaching rapidly. We are sliding down the steep incline of events, and there are few breathing-places between September 21, 1792, — the day of the monarchy's demise, — and January 21, 1793, — the day of the monarch's doom.

We have heard the proclamation of the Republic, made beneath the royal prison-house, by the strong voice of Municipal Lubin; and that proclamation naturally summons us to that prison, — the Temple.

Let us enter into that gloomy edifice, wherein is confined a king who is fast becoming a man, a queen who still a queen remains, a virgin martyr, and two

poor children, innocent by their years, if not by their birth.

The King was in the Temple. How came he there? Was it deliberately planned to send him to this shameful prison? No!

To begin with, Pétion had an idea of transporting Louis to the interior of France, assigning him Chambord for his estate, and treating him as a sort of used-up sovereign.

If all the European monarchs would have curbed their generals, their ministers, and their manifestos, and have been content to note what was going on in France without meddling with her politics, then the throne-forfeiture of August 10, this secluded residence in a beautiful palace, with a fine climate, in the midst of what is well called the Garden of France, — all this would not have been a severe retribution for a man expiating, not merely his own faults, but those of the two Louis preceding him, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth.

However, there had just been a Royalist revolt in the Vendée, and it was objected that there might be a rescuing dash along the Loire. This reason appeared weighty, and so Chambord was passed by.

The Assembly suggested the Luxembourg, in Paris itself. The Luxembourg, a Florentine palace which had belonged to Marie de Medicis, — with its lovely solitude, and gardens which rivalled those of the Tuileries, — would have been a residence not less desirable than Chambord for a deposed ruler.

To this place it was objected that the cellars under the palace opened into the catacombs, which had recently been found both unsafe and unwholesome. Perhaps this was only a pretext on the part of the Commune, because the Council wished to have the King directly under its fist; but it was a plausible pretext.

The Commune decided for the Temple, the edifice which had formerly belonged to the Order of Knights Templar, so persecuted by Philip the Fair. By this decision was intended not the Grand Tower, or Donjon of the Temple, but the part called the Palace, which was of yore the Commandery of the Chiefs of the Templars, and later became a pleasure-house for Count d'Artois, the youngest brother of Louis the Sixteenth, and afterwards King of France.

At the very moment when Pétion was taking the royal prisoners to the Temple Palace, just as they were being installed there, and Louis was making his household arrangements, a denunciation reached the Commune, which led the Council to send Manuel to make a change in the municipal arrangements, and substitute the old Donjon in place of the Palace.

Manuel came and inspected the place designed as the home of King Louis and Marie Antoinette, and went away somewhat mortified.

The Donjon was really uninhabitable, and had only been occupied by a sort of janitor. Its narrow apartments did not afford sufficient room. The beds were inconvenient and alive with vermin.

All this arose less from reprehensible premeditation on the part of the judges, than from that fatality which weighs down a dying race.

The National Assembly did not dicker about the expense of gratifying the royal palate. The King was a hearty eater. This is not adduced by way of reproach. It belongs to the temperament of the Bourbons to be great eaters! Louis Sixteenth, however, ate at awkward times. He ate, and with a good appetite, even while the slaughter was going on at the Tuileries. During his trial, not only did his judges reproach him with his

unseasonable repast, but — what is worse — implacable History recorded the facts in her archives.

The National Assembly granted 500,000 francs for the expenses of the royal appetite. During the four months the King remained in the Temple, the cost was 40,000 francs, — 10,000 francs per month, over 333 francs a day. This was to be reckoned in paper assignats, it is true; but at that date the assignats had only fallen off some six or eight per cent.

In the Temple, Louis had three personal and thirteen table servants. He had four courses every day at dinner. There were six roasts, four side dishes, three varieties of jam, three dishes of fruit, a decanter of bordeaux, a decanter of malvoisie, a decanter of madeira. He and his little son drank wine. The Queen and the Princesses drank only water.

On the gastronomical side, therefore, the King had nothing to complain of; but he wofully lacked air and exercise, sunshine and shade.

Formerly accustomed to the chase at Compiègne and Rambouillet, to the parks of Versailles and the Grand Trianon, and latterly to the drives and walks from and around the Tuileries, Louis now found himself reduced, not to a courtyard merely, not to a garden, not even to a small park, but to a little piece of dry and barren earth, with four beds of exhausted turf, some decaying and stunted trees, made leafless by the autumnal gales.

In this place, every day at two o'clock, the royal family promenaded; or rather, let us say, that there, at two daily, the royal family were led up and down.

This was something unfamiliar, disagreeable, harsh; but it was less harsh and disagreeable than the cellars of the Inquisition at Madrid, the lead-mines established by the Council of Ten at Venice, or the dungeons

at Spielberg, where monarchs often sent *their* political offenders.

Let it be well understood that while we do not excuse the Commune, neither do we excuse the kings. We simply say that the Temple was a reprisal, — a fatal, ill-advised, a terrible reprisal; whereas this penalty has been represented as persecution, and thus the culprit has been transformed into a martyr.

Meanwhile, what was the present aspect of the different personages whom we have undertaken to follow in the principal phases of their lives?

The King, with his near-sightedness, his flaccid cheeks, his hanging lips, his heavy and uncertain gait, seemed like some worthy farmer, bowed down by misfortune. His sadness was like that of an agriculturist, when a hail-storm has bruised his crops and the lightning has fired his barns.

The Queen's attitude was as usual, quiet, supercilious and highly antagonistic. In the days of her grandeur, Marie Antoinette inspired love. In the hour of her downfall, she inspired much devotion, but no pity. Pity is born of sympathy, and sympathy the Queen did not win.

Madame Elizabeth, with her white robe, symbolic of her moral and physical purity, with her blond hair, which was all the more beautiful, now that she was forced to wear it loose and unpowdered, — with blue ribbons on her cap and about her waist, — seemed like the guardian angel of the family.

Despite the charm of her youth, Madame Royale was not very interesting. A complete Austrian, like her mother, — another Marie Antoinette or Maria Theresa, — she already displayed the contempt and pride which belong alike to royal families and birds of prey.

The little Dauphin was somewhat interesting, with his

golden locks, and his fair but somewhat sickly complexion; yet his blue eye was stern and bold, and he often wore an expression beyond his age. He understood everything, and could catch the suggestions which his mother gave him in a single glance. He had all the juvenile trickery and witchery which often draws tears from executioners themselves. He even touched Chaumette, — poor child! — Chaumette, that marten with a pointed snout, that weasel in spectacles.

"I would give him an education," said the ex-clerk to Hue, the King's valet; "but it would be necessary to take him away from his family, so that he would forget his rank."

The Commune officers were both cruel and imprudent, — cruel in subjecting the royal family to such harsh treatment, to vexations, and even insults; imprudent in letting the royal family be seen in its feeble and crushed condition.

Every day new guardians were sent to the Temple, who were called *municipals*. They entered the Temple sworn enemies of the King. They came out the sworn enemies of Marie Antoinette, but feeling softer towards the King, pitying the children, and glorifying Madame Elizabeth.

In place of the *wolf*, the *she-wolf*, and the *cubs*, whom did they find in the Temple? They found a middle-class family. They found the mother somewhat lofty, — a sort of Elmira, who would not allow anybody to touch the hem of her gown; but they found no trace of a tyrant.

How did the day pass with this family? Let us see how the time was employed, as we learn it from Cléry, the valet devoted to his master till the last minute.

First let us look about the prison, and afterwards return to the prisoners.

The King was confined in the Small Tower. The Small Tower was back to back with the Large Tower, but there

was no interior connection between them. The Small Tower was square, and flanked by two turrets. In one of these turrets was a small staircase, which ran from the main story to the gallery on the flat roof. In the other turret were small rooms, mere cabinets, corresponding to each floor of the Small Tower.

There were four stories in the main part of this Small Tower. The main story, up one flight from the court-yard, was divided into an antechamber, an eating-room, and the small room, or cabinet, in the turret.

The next story was divided in much the same way. Here the large room served for the bedroom of the Queen and Dauphin. The second room, separated from the first by a dark little entry, was occupied by Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale. In order to enter the cabinet in the turret, it was necessary to pass through this bedroom; and this turret-cabinet, — which, by the way, was only what the English call a *toilet-closet*, — was used in common by the royal family, the municipal guardians, and the soldiers.

The King occupied the suite up three flights, which contained the same number of rooms. He slept in the largest. The cabinet in the adjoining turret served him for a little study. Beside it was a kitchen, with a little anteroom, which at first, before they were separated from him, was occupied by Chamilly and Hue, but was afterwards sealed up.

The upper story was closed. The basement was consecrated to old kitchens and sculleries, long disused.

How did the royal family manage to live in such narrow quarters, half tenement and half prison? We shall see.

The King rose regularly at six o'clock in the morning. He shaved himself, as long as he was allowed to do so.

Cléry brushed his hair and helped him dress. As soon as he was brushed and dressed he went into his study, — that is, into a library, in which were fifteen or sixteen hundred volumes, besides the ancient archives of the Knights of the Order of Malta.

One day the King found among these books, and pointed out to Hue, the works of Voltaire and Rousseau. "These," he said, in a low voice, "are the men who have ruined France!"

When he entered this room each morning, Louis usually knelt five or six minutes in prayer. Then he read till nine. During this time Cléry put the King's chamber in order, arranged breakfast, and went downstairs to the Queen's apartments.

While alone in this cabinet, Louis amused himself by translating from Virgil or the Odes of Horace; for in order to keep up the Dauphin's education, he resumed the study of Latin.

This cabinet was very small. The door was always open; and a municipal officer was always in the bedroom, whence he could look through the open door, and see what the King was about.

The Queen did not open her door till Cléry's arrival; in order, the door being shut, that the municipal officer might not come in.

Cléry would dress the young Prince's hair, arrange the Queen's toilet, and then go into the other chamber to render Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth the same service. This moment of toilet was both rapid and precious, for it was the only time when Cléry could tell the ladies whatever outside information he had gleaned. If he made a certain sign, which meant that he had something to say, the Queen, or one of the ladies, would enter into some conversation with the official, and Cléry would

take advantage of this distraction to whisper what he had to say.

At nine the ladies and children went up to the King's chamber, where breakfast was served. During the dessert Cléry went downstairs again, and put the Queen's apartments in order.

A man named Tison, with his wife, had been ordered to join Cléry, under the pretence of aiding him in his work, but really to act as spies, not only upon the royal family, but upon the guards also. The husband, formerly a clerk in the city excise-office at one of the barriers, was a harsh and malicious old fellow, incapable of any humane sentiments. The woman, made more womanly by the love she bore for her daughter, carried that love to such an extreme that once, when separated from her child, she denounced the Queen, in the hope that thus her daughter might be restored to her, — a pathetic story, which is related in the work which follows this one, "Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge."

At ten o'clock in the morning, after breakfast, the King went down to the Queen's room, and there passed the day. He occupied himself almost exclusively with the Dauphin, making him repeat passages from Corneille or Racine, giving him a lesson in geography, and letting him draw maps. For three or four years France had been divided into departments, and it was particularly the geography of the kingdom in which the King instructed his son.

On her part the Queen busied herself with teaching Madame Royale. These lessons were often interrupted by the mother's relapse into deep and gloomy reveries. When this happened, her daughter would leave her alone in that mysterious grief, unblessed with tears, and withdraw on tiptoe, making a sign for her brother to keep

silence. The Queen would remain some time thus absorbed. Then a tear would appear on her eyelash, steal down her cheek, and fall upon her yellow hand, which had taken on an ivory tint. Then the poor prisoner — who had been for a while set free in an immense domain of thought, in the limitless field of remembrance — would emerge abruptly from her dream; and, looking about her, she would find herself again in her prison-house, her heart bruised, and her head bowed with shame.

At noon the three ladies assembled in Madame Elizabeth's room, in order to change their morning gowns, this being the one moment when the modesty of the Commune left them alone, and no guard was present.

At one o'clock, when the weather permitted, the royal family were taken down into the garden. Four municipals and an officer of the National Guards accompanied them, or rather watched them. As there were many workmen about the temple, employed in demolishing old buildings and putting up new walls, the prisoners were only allowed to use that part called the Allée des Marroniers.

Cléry was also present at these outings, and gave the young Prince a little exercise at playing ball and quoits.

At three they all returned to the Small Tower. Cléry served the dinner. Every day at that hour Commander Santerre came to the Temple, accompanied by two aides, and examined scrupulously the apartments both of the King and Queen.

Sometimes the King spoke to him; but the Queen, never. She had forgotten June 20, and what she owed to that man's friendship, the first time the mob overran the Tuileries.

After dinner they all went upstairs again. The King played a game of piquet or backgammon with the Queen or his sister, while Cléry took his turn at dining.

At four o'clock the King stretched himself for a siesta, on a lounge or in a big armchair. Then the profoundest silence reigned. The ladies took their work or some books, and everybody was mute, even the little Dauphin.

Louis Sixteenth passed from wakefulness to slumber almost without an interval, — such was the tyrannical rule over him of his corporeal needs. He slept usually from an hour and a half to two hours.

When he awoke, conversation was resumed. Cléry was called, for he was never far off, and gave the little Dauphin a writing-lesson. Then he took him into Madame Elizabeth's room, and made him play battledoor and shuttlecock.

When evening came, the royal family gathered about a table. The Queen read aloud something to amuse and instruct the children. Aunt Elizabeth took the Queen's place when she was weary. This reading lasted till eight o'clock.

At eight the Prince had his supper in Aunt Elizabeth's chamber. The family were in the room while he ate; and from a set of the "French Mercury," which the King had found in the library, he gave out enigmas and conundrums for his children to guess.

After the Dauphin's supper, the Queen heard him say his little prayer:

ALL-POWERFUL GOD, who hast created and redeemed me, thee I adore. Prolong the days of the King my father, and also those of all my family. Protect us from our enemies. Give Madame de Tourzel the strength she needs to bear what she endures on our account.

Then Cléry undressed the boy and put him to bed, and one of the younger ladies remained near him until he fell asleep.

Every night about that hour a newspaper-carrier went along the street crying aloud the news of the day. Cléry would be on the alert, and then repeat to the King the crier's words.

At nine the King took his supper. On a tray, Cléry carried some food to whichever lady was still watching with the Dauphin.

His repast finished, the King would go into the Queen's chamber, to wave an adieu to her and his sister, and kiss the children, and then would go up to his own apartments, where he would sit in the little library and read till midnight.

When the King had gone the ladies would shut themselves in, an official staying in the small entry which separated their two chambers. The other official always followed the King upstairs.

Cléry placed his bed near the King's; but before lying down Louis always waited till the new official came upstairs, in order to ascertain who he was, and if he had ever been on duty before. There was always a change of guards at eleven in the forenoon, five in the afternoon, and at midnight.

This sort of life lasted, without any change, as long as the King remained in the Small Tower, — that is, till September 30.

As one can see, the situation was sad, and the worthier of pity because borne so nobly. The most hostile onlookers were softened by the sight. They came to keep watch over an abominable tyrant, who had ruined France, slaughtered Frenchmen, and appealed to foreign armies, — over a Queen who united the sensuality of Messalina with the depravity of Catherine Second. They found a man clad in gray, whom they might readily mistake for his valet, — a man who ate well, drank well, slept

well, played backgammon and piquet, taught his boy Latin and geography, and made his children solve riddles. They found a woman undoubtedly proud and disdainful, but noble, calm, resigned, and still beautiful, teaching her girl embroidery and her boy his prayers, speaking softly to the servants, and saying *my friend*, even to a humble and deferential valet.

The first hours were full of hatred. Each guard came with sentiments of vengeance and animosity in his heart, and gave free course to these sentiments. Gradually he relented. Leaving home in the morning with a high head and threatening aspect, these men would return to their homes in the evening with a gloomy air and bowed head.

The wife of one of these men was waiting for him with much curiosity.

"Ah, it 's thee!" she cried.

"Yes!" responded the municipal, laconically.

"Well, hast thou seen the tyrant?"

"Yes, I 've seen him!"

"Has he a ferocious look?"

"He looks like a retired grocer in the Marais District."

"What was he doing? Swearing, cursing the Republic —?"

"He passes his time in studying with his younkets, teaching them Latin, playing piquet with his sister, and propounding enigmas to amuse his wife."

"Has n't he any remorse, the wretch?"

"I saw him eat. He eats like a man with a tranquil conscience. I saw him sleep, and I 'll bet he never has the nightmare."

Then the wife would become pensive in her turn, and presently she would say: "So he can't be as cruel and guilty as folks say?"

"Guilty? Well I don't know. — Cruel? I should say not! — Unhappy? Most decidedly!"

"Poor man!" the wife would ejaculate.

This is what happened. The more the Communists humiliated the prisoner, the more they tried to show that he was only a man like any other, the more those other men pitied one in whom they recognized a fellow-man.

Sometimes this sympathy manifested itself directly to the King, or to Cléry and the Dauphin.

One day a stonecutter was busy making holes in the wall of the antechamber, where some enormous bolts were to be inserted. While the workman was taking his breakfast, the Dauphin amused himself by playing with the tools. Then the King took the chisel and mallet from the boy, and handled them in such a way as to show that he was a skilful locksmith and mechanic.

The mason looked on in amazement, from the corner where he was munching his bread and cheese. He had not shown the King and the Prince the courtesy of rising, but now he rose in respect for the man and his child. Approaching them, with his mouth full of bread, but with his cap in his hand, he said to the King: "When you go out of this Donjon you can say you worked at your own prison-bars!"

"Ah! When and how shall I go out?" said the King.

The Dauphin began to cry. The mason dried a tear. The King dropped chisel and hammer, and went into his chamber, where he walked the room for a long time.

Another day a suburban was acting as sentinel at the Queen's door, — a man coarsely dressed, but with a strong sense of propriety. Cléry was alone in the room, reading. The sentinel watched him very attentively. Presently, called elsewhere by his duties, Cléry rose and started to

go out; but the sentinel presented arms, and said in a low and timid voice, almost trembling: "You can't pass here!"

"Why not?" asked Cléry.

"Because my orders are to keep my eye on you."

"On me? Surely you must be mistaken!"

"Are n't you the King?"

"Then you don't know the King?"

"I have never seen him, Monsieur; and, if I must say it, if I see him at all, I would rather see him somewhere else."

"Speak low!" said Cléry. Then pointing to a door he added: "I 'm going into that chamber, and then you can see the King. He sits at a table, reading."

Cléry went in, and told the King what had happened; so the King rose and walked into the other room, that the good fellow might see him more readily.

Suspecting that it was solely on his account that the King was taking this trouble, the sentinel said to Cléry: "Ah Monsieur! how good the King is. As for me, I don't believe he has done half so much mischief as they say!"

A sentinel, stationed at the end of the alley which served as the promenade for the royal family, one day gave them to understand that he had some information to communicate. At the first turn in their walk, nobody appeared to give any attention to these signs; but at the second turn Madame Elizabeth approached the soldier, to see if he would speak to her. Unhappily the young man, who had a distinguished bearing, remained mute, either through fear or respect; but tears filled his eyes, and he pointed to a pile of rubbish, where a letter was probably concealed.

Under pretence of finding some stones for the little

Prince's quoits, Cléry began to search among the dirt; but the officials, doubtless suspecting what he was after, ordered Cléry to desist, and forbade his ever talking with the sentinels, under pain of being separated from his master.

All who came near the prisoners did not show the same sentiments of respect and pity. Hatred and vengeance were so strongly rooted in many minds as not to be eradicable by the sight of royal misfortunes, though borne with middle-class virtue, and consequently both King and Queen had to hear gross remarks and insults.

One day the official on duty near the King was a man named James, a teacher of English. This man stuck to the King like his shadow, never leaving him. When the King went into his little library to read, this official followed, and sat down near the prisoner.

"Monsieur," said the King, with his habitual mildness, "your comrades have usually left me alone when I came into this little room, — so small, that I cannot elude their watch when the door is open."

"My colleagues can take their own way, and I 'll take mine."

"Notice if you please, Monsieur, that the room is not large enough for two."

"Then go into the larger room!" harshly replied the official.

Without saying another word the King rose and went into the bedroom. The Englishman followed, and was in Louis's way till the guard was relieved.

The sentinels were regularly changed at midnight. One morning the King supposed the official on duty was the same who had been there the evening before; so he went to him, and said, with some interest: "Ah, Monsieur, I 'm sorry they forgot to relieve you from duty!"

By virtue of these three occupations he never left the Donjon.

This man, celebrated for his subsequent ill-treatment of the little Dauphin, was the personification of impudence. Every time he came into the presence of the prisoners, it was for the purpose of inflicting some new outrage.

If the valet asked for something for the King, Simon would say: "Let Capet ask for what he wants all at once. I can't run up and down to please him!"

In impertinence Rocher was his equal, but he was not so bad a man. On August 10 it was Rocher who caught up the little Prince, outside the Assembly door, and placed him in safety on the President's table.

From being a saddler, Rocher became a military officer under Santerre, and then a janitor in the Temple. He usually wore his sapper's uniform and a black fur cap, and carried a large sabre. His beard and mustache were long. About his waist was a belt, from which depended his great bunch of keys.

He was placed in the Tower by Manuel, to watch over the royal prisoners, and prevent others from doing them any mischief, — not for the sake of harming them himself. He resembled a child, set to guard a cageful of birds, with directions not to let anybody harm them, but who amuses himself by pulling out their feathers.

When the King wished to go out, Rocher would appear at the door, but he would not open the door till he had made the King wait, while the janitor jingled his big bunch of keys. Then he would pull the bolts with a bang. When the bolts were drawn and the door was open, Rocher would rush downstairs, and place himself by the last wicket, at the end of the archway, with a pipe

in his mouth. As each member of the royal family came out, but particularly the ladies, he would blow a puff of smoke into their faces.

These miserable cowards did these things in the presence of National Guards, who, instead of checking them, often brought their chairs, and sat down to enjoy the fun, like spectators at a play.

This encouraged Rocher, who went everywhere bragging: "Marie Antoinette may be awfully proud, but I've brought her down, I have! Elizabeth and the girl have to knock down to me, in spite of themselves. The wicket is so low that they have to bow down when they go through it! Every day I give one or t' other of 'em a taste of my pipe. One day the sister says to the commissioner, says she: 'Why does Rocher smoke all the time?'—'Apparently because he chooses!' says the commissioner."

In all such great expiations, besides the penalty inflicted upon the victims, there is always some fellow who makes them drink the gall to its very dregs. For Louis Sixteenth this tormentor was Simon or Rocher. For Napoleon it was Hudson Lowe. These are the very men whose behavior causes others to idealize the victim's suffering, and sanctify his death, when he has submitted to the last penalty, and is done with life. Would Saint Helena be Saint Helena, without the jailer in his red coat? Would the Temple be the Temple without its sapper and its cobbler? Such men are genuine parts of the romance. They rightfully make a part of long and lugubrious popular stories.

Unhappy as the prisoners were, they had one consolation, that of being together; so the Commune resolved to separate the King from his family.

On September 26, five days after the legal proclama-

tion of the Republic, a municipal told Cléry that the apartments in the Great Tower, destined for the King, would soon be ready for him.

Much distressed, Cléry transmitted this sad news to his master, who received it with his usual courage, and said: "Try to find out beforehand when the painful separation is to take place, and let me know."

Unhappily Cléry could learn and impart nothing more.

On September 29, at ten in the forenoon, six municipals came into the Queen's room, when the royal family were all there together. They brought an order from the Commune, depriving the captives of writing-materials. The search-warrant extended not only to the rooms, but to the persons of the prisoners.

"When you need anything," said the spokesman, whose name was Charbonnier, "your man can come down, and inscribe your wishes in a register, which will be kept in the Council Room."

Neither King nor Queen made any answer. They found and surrendered all the writing-materials they possessed. The others did the same, and the servants followed the royal example.

Then only did Cléry ascertain, by some official words which he overheard, that on that very evening the King would be transferred to the Great Tower. He told Madame Elizabeth, who reported the news forthwith to the King.

Nothing happened till evening. At each noise, at each jar of a door, the prisoners' hearts beat more quickly, and their hands met in an anxious pressure. The King remained in his wife's rooms longer than usual.

The hour of separation came at last. The door opened. The six officials who had been there in the forenoon now came with a new order from the Commune, which one of

them read to the King. This was the legal warrant for the King's removal to the Great Tower.

This time the King's self-restraint failed him. Whither were they taking him, along this new and gloomy path? He was entering upon the unknown and mysterious, and he did so with fear and trembling.

The farewells were long and doleful. At last the King must follow the officials. As the door closed behind him, never had it sent forth a sound so melancholy.

In such a hurry were the authorities to impose this new affliction upon their captives, that the apartments to which they conducted the King were not yet in readiness. For furniture, there were only two chairs and a bed. The paint and the paper were not yet dry, and this made the odor of the place unbearable.

The King went to bed without complaining. Cléry slept on a chair near by.

Cléry roused and dressed the King as usual. Then he wished to go back into the Small Tower, to dress the Dauphin, but he was stopped, and one of the officials, named Véron, said to him: "You will have no further communication with the other prisoners. The King is not to see his children again."

This time Cléry had not courage to tell his master the doleful intelligence.

At nine, ignorant of the rigor of the separation, Louis asked to be taken to his family.

"We have no such orders," said the commissioners.

The King insisted, but they made no other answer, and left him.

The King was alone with Cléry, the master seated, and the servant leaning against the wall. Both were completely overcome.

Half an hour later two officials came in, followed by a

waiter from a restaurant, bringing some bread and a glass of lemonade.

"Gentlemen," queried the King, "am I not to dine with my family?"

"We take our orders from the Commune," answered one of them.

"But if I can't go down, can't you let my valet go? He has charge of my son, and I hope nothing will prevent his still caring for the boy."

The King asked this favor so simply, and with such an absence of animosity, that the officials were surprised, and did not know what to say. His tone, his manners, and his resignation were so far from what these men expected, that they were dazed, and again went away, only saying that it did not depend upon them.

Cléry stood near the door, looking at his master with deep sympathy. He saw the King take the bread which had been brought to him, and break it in two pieces. One he offered Cléry.

"It appears they have forgotten your breakfast," he said. "Take this half. The other is enough for me."

Cléry refused, but as the King insisted, the valet finally took the bread; but in so doing he could not help bursting into sobs, and the King also wept.

At ten came an official, with the workmen who were putting the rooms into proper condition.

Approaching the King with some pity in his face, the man said: "Monsieur, I was present when your family breakfasted, and I take it upon myself to assure you that they are all in good health."

The King's heart felt a glow of relief. This man's pity did him good.

"I thank you," he said, "and I beg you to report to my family that I also am well. Can I not have some

books which I left in the Queen's chamber? If so, you will do me a great favor if you will bring them to me."

The official asked nothing better, but he was greatly embarrassed, not knowing how to read. At last he acknowledged his difficulty to Cléry, and begged him to go also, and pick out the books the King desired.

Cléry was only too glad. By this means he could carry the Queen information about her husband. Louis made a sign with his eyes. This sign contained a world of intelligence.

Cléry found the Queen in her chamber, with Madame Elizabeth and the children. The ladies were weeping. The little Prince had been crying also, but tears vanish quickly from the eyes of children.

Seeing Cléry enter, the ladies rose and questioned him by gestures, though not by words.

The Dauphin ran up to him, crying out: "It 's my good Cléry!"

Unfortunately Cléry could only speak a few cautious words, the two guards, who had come with him, being in the room; but the Queen could not contain herself, and spoke directly to them: "Oh gentlemen, if we are not permitted to live near the King, can you not grant us the favor of seeing him once daily, — say at the dinner hour?"

The other ladies did not speak, but joined their hands supplicatingly.

"Gentlemen," said the Dauphin, "let my father come to us again, and I will pray the good God to bless you."

The municipals looked at each other, but did not reply; this silence drew grievous cries and sobs from the female bosoms.

"On my faith, it can't do any harm," said the man

who had conversed with the King upstairs. "Let them dine together to-day."

"But to-morrow?" said the Queen.

"Madame," responded he, "our conduct is regulated by the decrees of the Commune. To-morrow we will see what the Commune ordains. — Is n't that your opinion, Citizen?" he asked of his colleague.

The latter nodded assent. The ladies, who were waiting for this assent with anxiety, uttered a cry of joy. Marie Antoinette clasped her two children to her heart. Madame Elizabeth lifted her hands to Heaven in thankfulness. This unexpected joy, which evoked such cries and tears, seemed almost like grief.

One of the municipals could not restrain his tears; and even Simon said, for he had just come in: "I believe you beggars of women will make me cry, too!"

Then he added, speaking to the Queen: "You did n't cry in this sort of way, Citizeness, when you had folks killed on the Tenth of August!"

"Ah Monsieur," she replied, "the people are deceived as to our sentiments. If they knew us better, they would do as this gentleman does, — they would weep over us."

Cléry took the books the King had asked for, and went upstairs to repeat this good news; but the municipals were in almost as great haste as Cléry. It is so pleasant to be doing good!

Dinner was served in the King's rooms. All the members of the family were brought there. One might have thought it a holiday. Much had been gained by thus gaining a day.

Indeed much more had been gained; for thenceforth nothing was said about the order from the Commune, and the King continued, as heretofore, to see his family during the day, and to eat his meals with them.

CHAPTER LIII.

IN WHICH MASTER GAMAIN REAPPEARS.

On the morning of the same day, while these events were taking place at the Temple, a man wearing a red cap and a carmagnole jacket, leaning on a crutch which aided his steps, presented himself at the office of the Department of State.

Roland was very accessible; but accessible as he was, he was forced to have ushers in his antechamber, just as much as if he were the minister of a monarch instead of being the secretary of a republic.

The man with the crutch and jacket was therefore obliged to pause in the antechamber, before an usher who barred his passage, asking him: "Whom do you wish to see, Citizen?"

"I wish to talk with the Citizen Minister," said the man in the jacket.

It was now a fortnight since the titles of *Citizen* and *Citizeness* had been substituted as a democratic modification of *Monsieur* and *Madame*.

Ushers are always ushers, — that is, somewhat impertinent fellows. We refer to the ushers belonging to the official departments. If we were speaking of church vergers, instead of government ushers who sport the chain, we might speak differently.

This usher responded in a patronizing tone: "My friend, you must learn one thing, — that we can't interview Citizen Roland in that way."

"How then should one see the Citizen Minister, Citizen Usher?" asked the man in the red cap.

"He can be seen when one has a written appointment."

"I know things were as you say under the tyrant's reign; but under the Republic, in a time when all men are equal, things are not so stuck-up."

This suggestion made the usher reflect.

"It is not very pleasant, don't you see," continued the man with the red cap, the jacket, and the crutch, "to come from Versailles expressly to render the government a service, and then not have the officer see you."

"You come to render a service to Citizen Roland?"

"A small one."

"And what sort of a service brings you?"

"I come to denounce a conspiracy."

"Goodness! We're up to our ears in conspiracies now."

"Ah!"

"You have come from Versailles just for that?" asked the usher.

"Yes."

"Well, then, you can go back to Versailles."

"All right! I can go back; but your secretary will repent it, if he don't see me."

"Good Lord! that's the order! Write to him, and come back with a letter appointing an audience. Then it'll be all right."

"That's your last word?"

"That's my last word."

"It appears to be more difficult to see Citizen Roland than it was to have an interview with his Majesty Louis Sixteenth."

"How so?"

"I know what I'm talking about."

"Well, what do you know?" asked the usher.

"Well, I know there was a time when I could enter the Tuileries whenever I chose."

"You?"

"Yes, and I had only to give my name at the door."

"What do they call you then, — King Frederick William, or Emperor Francis?"

"No, I'm neither a tyrant, a slave-merchant, nor a nobleman. I call myself simply Nicholas Claude Gamain, master of masters, master over all."

"Master in what?"

"In lockmaking! Did n't you ever hear of Nicholas Claude Gamain, Citizen Capet's old master in the locksmith business?"

"Ah! What! It 's you, Citizen, who are — "

"Nicholas Claude Gamain."

"Locksmith to the former King?"

"His *master* in lockmaking, — if that 's what you mean, Citizen."

"That 's what I meant to say."

"Yes, that 's me, flesh and bones!"

The usher looked questioningly at his comrades. They responded with affirmative nods, and so he said: "Then it 's quite a different matter."

"What do you mean by *a different matter?*"

"It means that if you 'll write your name on a bit of paper, I 'll send that paper in to the Citizen Minister."

"Write? Ah yes, write! Writing was n't my forte, even before those scoundrels poisoned me; but now it 's still worse. See how their arsenic used me up!"

Gamain showed them how his legs were twisted, how his spine was distorted, and how his hands were as crooked and stiff as claws.

"What! Did they deform you in this sort of way, you poor fellow?"

"Themselves! That 's what I want to tell the Citizen Secretary, and many things beside. As they say he 's to be put on trial, that rascally Capet, what I have to say will not perhaps do the Nation any harm, under the present circumstances."

"Very well! Be seated here, Citizen, and I 'll send in your name to the Citizen Minister."

Thereupon the usher wrote as follows:

Claude Nicholas Gamain, formerly master locksmith to the King, asks for an immediate audience with the Citizen Secretary, in order to make important revelations.

This paper he gave to one of his comrades, whose special business it was to announce visitors. In five minutes this comrade returned and said: "Follow me, Citizen!" Gamain made an effort to rise, which wrung from him a cry of pain, and followed the usher.

The usher conducted Gamain not into the office of the nominal minister, Citizen Roland, but into the office of the real minister, Citizeness Roland. It was a small room, hung with green paper, lighted by a single window, in whose recess was a little table, at which Madame Roland was seated with her work.

Roland was standing by the fireplace. The usher announced Citizen Nicholas Claude Gamain, and Citizen Nicholas Claude Gamain appeared at the door.

The master locksmith never had a very prepossessing personal appearance, even in the times of his best health and prosperity; but the malady to which he was now a prey — and which was nothing but severe rheumatism

in the joints — so distorted his limbs and disfigured his face as not to add to his usual beauty.

When the usher closed the door behind Gamain, never did an honest man, — and it must be said that never did anybody deserve this title of honest man better than Roland, — never, we say, did an honest man, with a calm and placid countenance, find himself face to face with such a low-lived rascal, with a more repulsive physiognomy.

Roland's first sentiment was one of deep repugnance. He looked at Citizen Gamain from head to foot. Noticing that he was trembling on his crutch, a sentiment of pity for one of his fellow-men, — if one can suppose Citizen Gamain to be the fellow of Citizen Roland, — a sentiment of pity inspired the first word spoken to the locksmith.

"Sit down, Citizen! You appear to be suffering."

"I guess I *am* suffering," said Gamain, as he sat down. "It has been so ever since that Austrian wench poisoned me."

At these words an expression of profound disgust passed over Roland's face, and he exchanged a glance with his wife, who was half hidden in the alcove.

"Did you come here to denounce this crime?" asked Roland.

"For that and other things."

"Do you bring any proof of your denunciations?"

"Oh, as to that, you 've only to come with me to the Tuileries, and you 'll see the closet."

"What closet?"

"The closet where that rascal kept his treasures. Oh, I might have known something was up, when the work was done, and that Austrian woman said to me, in her wheedling way: 'You 're warm, Gamain! Drink

this glass of wine, Gamain! It 'll do you good!' — I might a' known the wine was poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Yes! I might a' known," continued Gamain, with an expression of gloomy hate, "that men as helps kings to hide their treasures can't expect to live long afterwards."

Roland approached his wife, and questioned her with his eyes; and she replied: There is something at the bottom of all this, my dear. I recall this man's name. He *was* the King's teacher in lockmaking."

"And this closet, this safe?"

"Ask him more about that closet!"

"About that closet?" replied Gamain, who overheard her. "Oh, I 'll tell you about that. It 's an iron cupboard, with an invisible lock, in which Citizen Capet concealed his gold and his papers."

"And how did you learn about the existence of this closet?"

"Because I was sent for, me and my companion, from Versailles, to fix a lock which he 'd made, and which would n't go right."

"But this safe was probably broken open and pillaged on the Tenth of August!"

"No danger of that!" said Gamain.

"Why was there no danger?"

"Because I 'll defy anybody in this world, except him and me, to find it, — much more to open it."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure and certain! As it was when he quit the Tuileries, so it is to-day."

"And at what period did you and King Louis Sixteenth fix this safe?"

"Well, I can't exactly tell, but it was a year or more before he ran away to Varennes."

"And how did it come about? — Let us hear! — You must pardon me, my friend, but this affair appears so extraordinary, that before going to see the safe, I should like to know the particulars."

"Oh, the details are easily given, Citizen Minister, and they 'll turn out all correct. Capet sent to Versailles for me. My wife did n't want me to come. Poor wife! She had a presentiment. She says to me: 'The King 's in a bad fix. Thee 'll be compromised through him!' — But I says to her: 'When he sends to me for a matter connected with my trade, and he 's my pupil, why, I ought to go.' — 'Goodness!' says she, 'there 's some politics underneath it. He 's at something else besides lockmaking!' — "

"In short, my friend, in spite of your wife's advice, you came to Paris?"

"Yes. Better if I 'd listened to her! I should n't a' been in this fix. — But they shall pay me, the poisoners!"

"Then — ?"

"Ah, yes, — to return to the safe — "

"Yes, my friend; and will you try not to detain me longer than you can help? All my time belongs to the Republic, and I have very little to spare."

"Well, then he showed me a secret lock, which would n't work. He had made it himself, which proves that if it had, he would n't have sent for me, — the traitor!"

"He showed you a lock which would n't work?" repeated Roland, trying to keep Gamain on the track.

"Well, he says to me: 'Why don't it work, Gamain?' — Says I to him: 'Sire, I must examine the lock!' — Says he: 'That 's fair!' — Then I examined the lock, and I says to him: 'Do you know why the lock don't work?' — 'No,' says he, 'or I should n't ask you.' —

'Well, it don't work, Sire,' — they called him Sire, in those days, — the scamp! — 'it don't work, Sire, — it 's all simple enough, — it don't go' — Well, follow my reasoning now; for not being so well up in lockmaking as the King, you won't be able to understand me. — That is, — no, — now I think of it, it was n't a double lock, — it was a casket lock."

"It 's all one to me, my friend," replied Roland. "As you have surmised, I 'm not so well posted in lockmaking as the King, and I don't know one lock from another."

"I can explain the difference in a touch of the finger — "

"Needless! You explained to the King, you say — "

"Why the lock did n't work. — Shall I explain to you why it would n't work?"

"If you wish," answered Roland, who began to think it might be best to abandon Gamain to his prolixity.

"Well, it would n't work, you understand, because the projection of the key pressed so hard on the beard of the lock, that the spring could only go half a circle, and because, at that point, it was n't filed away enough, and so it didn't hold. That was the matter! Now you understand, don't you? The width of the beard being six lines, the shoulder should have been one line. See?"

"Marvellously," said Roland, who did not understand a single word.

"Says the King — you know they still gave that title to the infamous tyrant! — says the King: 'Faith, that 's so! Well, Gamain! please do what I don't know how to do as well as thee, my master.' — 'Oh,' says I, 'not only your master, but master of masters, master over all.'"

"Well, well!"

"Well, while I went about this task, Monsieur Capet chatted with my apprentice, whom I've always suspected of being an aristocrat in disguise. In about ten minutes it was done. Then I came downstairs, bringing the iron door into which the lock was fitted, and said: 'There it is, Sire!' — 'Hey, Gamain,' says he, 'come with me!' — He went before, and I followed. He took me first into a bedroom, — then into a gloomy entry, leading to the Dauphin's chamber. There it was so dark that we had to light a candle. The King says to me, 'Hold thou that candle, Gamain, so that I can see!' — He allowed himself to *thee-and-thou* me, that tyrant! — Then he lifted a wooden panel, behind which was a round hole, about two feet in diameter at the mouth. Then, as he saw my surprise, says he: 'This safe I've made on purpose to hold my money. Thou seest it must be closed with an iron door.' — 'It won't take long,' says I, 'for the hinges are on already, and the bolt.' — I hung the door, and did n't have to push it, neither. It shut itself. Then we put back the panel in its place; and so Good-night! No more closet, no more door, no more lock!"

"And you believe, my friend, that this closet was for no other purpose, and that the King took all this pains for the sake of hiding his money, so that he might keep it near him, in case — ?"

"Hold on! That 's a trap. He believed, the scamp, that he was awfully cunning, but I beat him at it. This is what happened. Says he: 'Help me to count the money I have in this closet.' We counted two millions in double louis, which we placed in four leathern sacks; but while I counted his gold, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, his chamberlain carrying papers — papers — papers!

and I says to myself, says I: 'Good! This closet is to conceal some papers. The money is a trick.'"

"What sayst thou to that, Madeleine?" asked Roland of his wife, bending over her in such a way that Gamain could not hear.

"I say this is a revelation of the highest importance, and that not an instant is to be lost."

Roland rang, and an usher appeared.

"Is there a carriage harnessed in the courtyard?" asked Roland.

"Yes, Citizen!"

"Order it to be ready."

Gamain rose and said, in a vexed tone: "Ah, you 've had enough of me, have you?"

"Why so?" asked Roland.

"Because you have called your carriage. It seems that government ministers have their carriages, even under the Republic."

"My friend," replied Roland, "ministers must always have carriages. A carriage is not a luxury for them, but an economy."

"Economy of what?"

"Of time, — the dearest and most precious commodity of any in the world."

"Then I must come again, I suppose?"

"What for?"

"Gracious! — To show you that safe and its treasure!"

"Useless!"

"Why useless?"

"Because I have sent for the carriage in order to go there now."

"To go where?"

"To the Tuileries!"

"We 're going there?"

"As fast as we can," said Roland.

"That 's all right!" said Gamain.

"But —?"

"But what?" asked Gamain.

"The key!" said Roland.

"What key?"

"The key of the safe. It is not probable that Louis left it in the door."

"Certainly not! He was n't such a fool as he looked, that fat Capet!"

"Then take your tools."

"What for?"

"To open the safe!"

Gamain drew a new key from his pocket, and said: "What do you call that?"

"A key."

"A key to the safe, which I made as a souvenir. I studied that lock well, not doubting that some day —"

"That man is a scoundrel!" whispered Madame Roland to her husband.

"Thou thinkest then —?" asked Roland with some hesitation.

"I think we have no right, in our position, to refuse any information which fortune sends, to help us to a knowledge of the truth."

"Here it is!" said Gamain, as he twirled the key.

"And you think," said Roland, with a disgust it was impossible wholly to conceal, "you think that key, although made from memory, and after so many months, will open the iron door?"

"At the first turn, I hope. It ain't for nothing that a man is a master of masters, and master-in-chief."

"The Citizen's carriage is ready," said the usher.

"Shall I go with thee?" asked Madame Roland.

"Certainly! If there are papers, I shall confide them to thee. Art thou not the most trustworthy man of my acquaintance? — Come with me, my friend," he added, turning to Gamain.

Gamain followed, grumbling between his teeth: "Ah, did n't I say I 'd pay thee off for that, Monsieur Capet?"

That? — What did he mean by *that?* He referred to the King's ancient kindness towards him.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RETREAT OF THE PRUSSIANS.

While Citizen Roland's carriage bowls along towards the Tuileries; while Gamain again finds the concealed panel in the wall; while his key, forged from memory, fulfils his malicious promise, and opens the iron closet with marvellous facility; while that iron closet yields up the fatal deposit entrusted to it, — the papers which, notwithstanding the absence of those confided to Madame Campan by the King himself, are to have a cruel influence over the destiny of the prisoners in the Temple; while Roland removes these documents to his office, and reads them one by one, searching fruitlessly for some trace of Danton's alleged treachery, and then files them carefully away, — while all this is going on, let us see what was being done by this former Minister of Justice.

We call Danton an ex-minister, because, when the Convention was once organized, he had no choice but to ask his dismission.

He therefore mounted the rostrum and said: "Before expressing my opinion on the first decree of the Convention, permit me to resign into its hands the functions delegated to me by the Legislative Assembly. I received these functions amidst the roar of cannon. Now the junction of our armies has been effected, and the union of our representatives is in operation. I am, therefore only an emissary of the people, and in that capacity I speak."

To these words, "The junction of our armies has been effected," Danton might have added, "and the Prussians

are beaten;" for he made his speech on September 21, and on September 20, — that is, on the evening before, — the battle of Valmy had been fought, though Danton was not yet aware of it.

He contented himself with saying: "Let us dissipate all idle phantoms of dictatorship, which alarm the people. Let us declare that there can be no Constitution, save one which the people accept. Heretofore it has been necessary to arouse the people against tyranny. Now let the laws be made as terrible against those who violate law, as were the thunders of the populace against tyrants. Let criminals be punished! Let us forswear all exaggeration! Let us declare that the rights of property, whether territorial or industrial, shall forever be maintained."

With his customary acuteness, Danton met the two great national fears. Frenchmen feared for their liberty and their property.

Strangely enough, who do you suppose feared most for the rights of property? The new proprietors, — those who had bought property the day before, and still owed for three-quarters of it.

These were the people who straightway became more conservative than the old nobles, the old land-owners. The nobles valued their lives above their ancient domains. The proof thereof is, that they abandoned their [illegible] save their lives; whereas the peasants, [illegible] confiscated property, the parvenus, [illegible] corner of the earth to life itself, [illegible] in hand, unwilling to leave it [illegible] world.

Danton understood this [illegible] reassure, not only the [illegible] day, but also the [illegible]

for the one grand idea of the Revolution [illegible] sentence :

All Frenchmen should be proprietors. [illegible] always make men morally better ; but it [illegible] citizens, by inspiring them with the [illegible]

The spirit of the Revolution is [illegible] other words, spoken by Danton :

Guarantee the abolition of all [illegible] of all property. In other words : [illegible] right to govern himself ; and consequently [illegible] the preservation of the fruit of his [illegible]

Who said all this? The [illegible] June 20, August 10, and [illegible] Tempests, who made himself [illegible] threw into the sea two [illegible] of nations, — Liberty and [illegible]

The Girondists did [illegible] dists had an invincible [illegible] express it! — the [illegible] refused the dic[illegible] was asking for [illegible]

A Girondi[illegible] genius, wh[illegible] — in ev[illegible] said [illegible] cre[illegible]

[illegible]y, agree

[illegible]idering the

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[illegible]en, in order to rescue

[illegible]ore the only results had

[illegible]ber 2, and September 21,

[illegible]ivity, the massacre of the

[illegible] of royalty. All this raised

This was just the thing; and yet it was not. Nothing is more perilous in politics than *nearly so.*

Danton's resignation was accepted. The man who dared shoulder the burdens of September 2 — that is, the dread of Paris, the hatred of the provinces, the execration of the world — was certainly a strong man. At that time he held the threads of diplomacy, of war, and of the police.

Dumouriez, and therefore the army, was in Danton's hand.

The news of the victory at Valmy reached Paris, and was the cause of general rejoicing. It was borne on eagles' wings, and was regarded as much more decisive than it was in reality. As a result of this, France jumped from abject fear into sublime audacity. The clubs breathed war and battle.

This is what was said aloud: "If the King of Prussia was vanquished, why was not the King of Prussia taken prisoner, bound, throttled, or at least driven to the other bank of the Rhine?"

In a lower tone men said: "It's very clear! Dumouriez has betrayed us! He was bribed by the Prussians."

Dumouriez was already receiving the usual recompense for a great service, — ingratitude.

The King of Prussia did not in the least regard himself as beaten. He had attacked Valmy Heights, and had not succeeded in taking them! That was all! Each army had saved its camp. From the beginning of the campaign the French had constantly lost ground, driven back by panics, by defeats, by reverses. This time the French held their own, — nothing more, nothing less. The loss of men was about equal on both sides.

Such was the popular French demand for a great

victory, that the real facts could not hastily be made known to Paris, to France, to Europe; but Dumouriez sent them to Danton, through Westermann. The Prussians suffered so little and were so far from being beaten, that twelve days after the Battle of Valmy they were still immovable in their camp.

Dumouriez wrote for instructions as to whether he should treat with the King of Prussia, in case any propositions were made. To this demand there were two replies. One was from the ministry. It was arrogant, perfunctory, dictated by victorious enthusiasm. The other reply was calm and wise, and emanated from Danton personally.

The ministerial letter took high ground, and thus it ran:

The Republic will not treat with its enemies while they are within its territory.

Danton's letter said:

If the Prussians will only evacuate our territory, agree with them at any price.

A settlement was not easily made, considering the Prussian King's present state of mind. At nearly the same time when the news of the victory at Valmy reached Paris, the news reached Valmy of the abolition of royalty and the proclamation of the Republic. The Prussian King was furious.

The invasion had been undertaken, in order to rescue the King of France; yet heretofore the only results had been seen on August 10, September 2, and September 21, — that is, in the King's captivity, the massacre of the Royalists, and the abolition of royalty. All this raised

Frederick William to a height of saturnine fury. He was determined to fight, come what would, and on September 29 gave orders for a bloody battle.

As may be seen, he was very far from an evacuation of French territory.

However, on September 29, instead of a fight, there was a conference.

Dumouriez was prepared at all points.

Brunswick, though very insolent in his words, was very prudent when deeds were in question. He was more English than German. He had espoused the sister of the Queen of England. He received his inspiration quite as much from London as from Berlin. If England decided for battle, he was ready to fight with both hands, one for England, the other for Prussia; but if England, his real master, did not unsheathe her sword, he was quite ready to sheathe his own.

On September 29 Brunswick produced, in the conference, letters from England and Holland, refusing to join in the coalition. Moreover, Custine was marching along the Rhine and threatening Coblentz. If Coblentz should be taken, the gateway of return to Prussia would be closed against Frederick William.

Then there was something still more serious, something more important. It chanced that the Prussian King had a mistress, the Countess of Lichtenau. She followed after the army, as was the fashion of the day. Like Goethe, who was in a Prussian army-wagon, scribbling the first scenes of "Faust," she thought this would be a famous military pleasure-trip, and she much wished to visit Paris.

The Countess was arrested at Spa. There she heard of the Valmy defeat, and of the dangers which beset her royal lover. Two dangers she greatly dreaded, this

beautiful Countess, — the bullets of French men and the smiles of French women. She wrote letter after letter, and her postscripts to these letters, — the summary of what she had written, — were always made up of two words, *come back!*

The Prussian King only remained, sooth to say, because he was ashamed to abandon Louis Sixteenth. Danton hastened to send him, through Westermann, the various orders of the Commune, which showed the royal prisoners to be well cared for. As this satisfied the King of Prussia, it is evident that he was not very difficult to please. His friends aver that before his retirement he made Danton and Dumouriez pledge their own honor to save Louis Sixteenth's life; but there is nothing to confirm this assertion.

On September 29 the Prussian army began its retreat, and marched a league. The next day it accomplished another league.

The French army was its escort, as if doing the honors of the country by this companionship. Whenever the soldiers wished to make an attack, to intercept the retreat, — in a word, to stir up the boar, and make him face the dogs at his heels, — Danton's men held them back.

If the Prussians would only get out of France, that was all Danton asked for. By October 22 this desire was fulfilled.

On November 6 the cannon at Jemmapes announced the judgment of God on the French Revolution. It was no longer a possible failure.

On November 7, the next day, the Girondists brought in a proposition for the trial of the King.

Something similar had taken place six weeks before, when Dumouriez gained the decisive battle of Valmy.

September 20, and the Republic was proclaimed the next day, September 21.

Each of these two victories had its coronation, and aided France in one more Revolutionary step.

This time it was an awful step. The blindfold pilgrims were now nearing a result towards which, for three years, they had been ignorantly journeying. As happens in nature, objects which had heretofore been seen only in a mass, now assumed more definite outlines.

What was to be seen in the horizon? A scaffold! At the foot of that scaffold, the King!

In that material epoch, the elevated ideas of superior minds were overruled by the inferior instincts of hatred, vengeance, and destruction. A man like Danton, one who had assumed the responsibility of the crimson days of September, — a man who felt the truth of what a certain English poet has said, —

> Great evils need great passions to redress them,
> And whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence, —

even he was loudly accused of being the chief of the *Indulgents*.

It is difficult for ideality to control deeds. What the members of the Convention could not understand — or, at least, what only a few of them could understand, some clearly and others intuitively — was this, that they should have proceeded against Royalism, not against the King.

Royalty was a gloomy abstraction, a mysterious peril, which nobody wanted. It was an idol, gilded on the outside; but, like the whited sepulchres of which Jesus spoke, it was full of "dead men's bones, and all uncleanness."

The King was another matter. The King was a

man, — a man not very interesting in the days of his prosperity, but a man purified by misfortune and broadened by captivity. His humanity was developed through his disgrace. The brightening influence of adversity over him was such that even the Queen, — either from new intuition or from repentance of the past, — now that she was a poor prisoner in the Temple, almost adored, worshipped — in a religious sense of the word — this king, this prince, this man, whose plebeian instincts and sensuous appetites had often sent the blood to her face. It cannot be said that she loved him however; for her poor broken heart had lost all the love it had ever contained, — like a leaking vase, which has lost its precious liquor drop by drop.

One day the King entered the Queen's rooms, and found her sweeping the chamber, where the little Dauphin lay ill. He paused on the threshold, let his head fall on his breast, and said with a sigh: "Ah Madame, what an occupation for the Queen of France! What if Vienna could see what you are doing? Who would have believed that I should cause you such a downfall, by linking your fate with mine!"

"And do you count as nothing," replied the Queen, "the glory of being the wife of the best and most persecuted of men?"

This is what Marie Antoinette said, and without a witness, as she believed, not knowing that a poor valet, who had followed the King's fortunes, gathered up these words like black pearls, that they might form a diadem, not for the brow of a king, but for a condemned prisoner.

Another day Louis saw Sister Elizabeth cutting with her teeth, for want of scissors, the thread with which she was repairing the Queen's gown.

"Poor sister!" said he. "What a contrast to that pretty mansion at Montreuil, where you once lacked nothing!"

"Ah, my brother," said this saintly lady, "can I regret anything, when I share your misfortunes?"

All this became known. All this was noised abroad. All this embellished, with golden arabesques, the sad romance of the royal martyr.

Royalty was smitten to the death; but the King, living and imprisoned, suggested a great and powerful thought, — so great and forcible that it entered the brains of but few men, who found it so unpopular that they hardly dared to give it utterance.

"People need salvation, but they do not need vengeance," said Danton to the Cordelier Club.

"Assuredly the King must be tried," said Grégoire to the Convention, "but he is regarded with so much contempt, that there is no place left for hatred."

This is what Thomas Paine wrote:

I wish the prosecution could be drawn up, not against Louis Sixteenth, but against the whole tribe of kings. One of them we have in our power. He will put us on the track of conspiracy everywhere. . . . Louis Sixteenth will be very useful to prove the necessity of revolutions.

Lofty minds like Paine's, and great hearts like Danton's and Grégoire's, were in accord on this point. Not one king, but kings should be indicted, and Louis should be summoned as a witness.

Republican France — that is, a nation which had attained its majority — should proceed, not only in her own name, but in the name of nations still submissive to royalty, — that is, still under age. France should sit in judgment, not as an earthly magistrate, but as a

divine arbiter. She should look down from the higher spheres, and her word should no longer rise to the throne like a splash of mud and blood, but it should fall upon the kings of earth like a thunderclap.

Suppose a public prosecution, supported by proofs, had been begun against Catherine Second, — murderess of her husband, the plunderer of Poland. Suppose the monstrous details of her life had been openly exposed, like Madame de Lamballe's corpse. Imagine that Pasiphae of the North, chained in the pillory of public opinion, and say what would have been the result of teaching the nations by such a prosecution.

Nevertheless, whatever good there may be in such a process has yet to be brought out.

CHAPTER LV.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

THE documents in the iron closet opened by Gamain, — to whom the Convention, in return for his good work, voted a pension of twelve hundred francs a year, and who died in the tortures of rheumatism, after regretting a thousand times that he could not die on the guillotine, to which he helped to send his royal pupil, — these papers, minus those which had been sorted out by the King, and given to Madame Campan, — these papers, we say, to the great disappointment of the Rolands, contained nothing against either Danton or Dumouriez.

They were specially compromising to the King and the priesthood. They showed the poor, mean, narrow, ungrateful spirit of Louis Sixteenth, who specially hated those who wished to save him, — Necker, Lafayette, Mirabeau. Against the Girondists he had nothing to say.

The discussion as to the trial began on November 13. Who opened this discussion? Who made himself the sword-bearer of the Mountain, as the extreme Revolutionary party was now called? Who flamed down upon the gloomy assemblage like a devastating angel?

A young man, or rather a boy, twenty-four years old, — sent to the Convention before attaining the required age, and whom we have seen several times in the course of this history.

He was originally from one of the roughest districts of France, Nièvre. He had in him that bitterly acrid sap

which makes men dangerous, if not great. He was the son of an old soldier, whom thirty years of service had elevated to the cross of Saint Louis, and consequently ennobled with the title of Chevalier. This young man was born thoughtful and sad. His family had a small estate in the Department of Aisne, at Blérancourt, near Noyon; and he dwelt in this modest abode, which was far from attaining even the mediocrity glorified by the Latin poet.

Sent to Rheims to study law, he made poor lessons and poor verses; and he wrote a licentious poem, after the fashion of "Roland de Furieux" and "La Pucelle," which was unsuccessfully published in 1789, and republished, with greater success, in 1792.

He had hastened away from his province, and came to Paris to find Camille Desmoulins, — that brilliant journalist, who held in his hands the future reputation of unknown poets.

Camille, himself a sublime Bohemian, full of spirit, vim, and venture, saw coming to him one day this arrogant student, full of pretence and pathos, whose slow and measured words fell one by one, like drops of frozen water percolating the rock, and seemed as if they came from a woman's mouth. As to the rest of his face, his blue eyes were hard and stern, and shaded by black eyebrows. His complexion was pale white, — sickly, rather than healthy, — as when we met him at the time of his initiation among the Enlightened Ones.

His sojourn at Rheims had perhaps given our law-student that scrofulous malady which kings pretended to be able to cure by a touch on their coronation-days. His chin was lost in the midst of an enormous neckerchief wound about his throat; although it was then the fashion to wear the cravat loose and flowing, as if to give

the headsman every facility for baring it when the time should come.

His body was rigid and automatic. He would have seemed like a ridiculous machine, if he had not become terrible as a wraith. His face was overtopped with a forehead so low that his hair fell almost to his eyes.

Well, one day Desmoulins saw this strange figure appear before him, — a figure towards which he was supremely antipathetic.

The youngster showed Camille his verses, and said to him, in the course of a social interchange of thought, that since the days of the Romans the world was empty.

The verses appeared poor to Camille, the thought being false. He made sport of the poetry, he mocked the philosophy; and the philosophic poet returned to the solitude of Blérancourt, "like Tarquin," as Michelet, the great painter of men of this sort, expresses it, "like Tarquin decapitating poppies with a switch, — seeing in one poppy a Danton, and in another a Desmoulins."

His time came at last, for to certain men the occasion never fails.

His village, his borough, his little town of Blérancourt was in danger of losing a certain trade-market, upon which it largely depended for its prosperity. Without knowing him, the young man wrote to Robespierre, begging him to support the local measure, which was confided to him, and offering, besides, to give up his little estate, — all that he possessed, — that it might be sold for the profit of the Nation.

That which made Desmoulins laugh made Robespierre ruminate. He sent for the young fanatic, studied him, and saw in him the temper of those men by whom revolutions are carried on. Through his influence with

the Jacobins, Robespierre had the boy nominated to the Convention, although he was under the requisite age. The chairman of the electoral body, Jean de Bry, protested; and with his protest he sent the baptismal certificate of the member-elect, who was only three months over twenty-four years of age; but under Robespierre's influence, this objection was set aside.

It was into this young man's abode that Robespierre retired on the night of September 2. It was this youngster who then slept, while Robespierre could not sleep. This youngster was Saint-Just.

"Saint-Just," said Camille Desmoulins to him one day, "dost know what Danton says of thee?"

"No."

"He says thou bearest thy head as carefully as if it were the holy eucharist."

A smile glimmered around the youngster's feminine mouth. "Ah ha!" said he. "Well, I 'll make him carry his head as Saint Denis carried his, — in front of him!" and he kept his word.

When Saint-Just offered his proposition as to the royal indictment, he descended slowly from the summit of the Mountain, where he sat, to the rostrum in the centre, and as slowly he demanded a death-sentence. *Demanded*, do we say? *Ordered* would be the better word.

It was an atrocious discourse which fell from the pale and feminine lips of this handsome man. Let him hunt it up who will! let him print it who can! for we lack the courage to give much of it.

No long trial of the King is necessary! Let him be killed!

He must be killed, for there are no longer any laws by which to prosecute him. This very man has destroyed them.

He must be killed as an enemy. Only citizens have the right of trial. In order to try the tyrant, we should have first to reconstitute him a citizen.

He must be killed as a criminal taken in the very act, his hands dyed with blood. Moreover, Royalism is an eternal crime. A king is a being outside of nature. Between king and people there is no natural affinity.

Saint-Just spoke in this strain for an hour, — without warmth, without animation. He spoke with the voice of a pedagogue and the gestures of a pedant. In every paragraph he returned to his refrain, — which fell with singular weight, and which produced among his auditors a shock such as might come from hearing the *swish* of the blade of the guillotine, — *He must be killed!*

This speech made a great sensation. Not one of the judges who did not feel, in listening to it, as if the cold steel were piercing his own heart. Even Robespierre was alarmed at seeing his pupil, his disciple, plant the Revolutionary banner so strongly, and so far in advance of the most advanced Republican outposts.

Thenceforth, not only was the prosecution resolved upon, but the King was already doomed. To attempt to save the King was now to devote oneself to death. Danton had the disposition to do it, but not the courage. He had enough patriotism to let himself be innocently branded as an assassin, but he had not enough stoicism to incur the name of *traitor*.

On December 11, 1792, the trial began.

Three days before, a city official presented himself at the Temple, at the head of a deputation from the Commune. Entering the royal presence, he read to the prisoners a warrant, ordering them to give up their knives, razors, scissors, daggers, — in fact all sharp instruments, of which prisoners are generally deprived.

About the same time Madame Cléry came, accompanied by a friend, to see her husband. As usual, the valet went down to the Council Hall. There he conversed with his wife. She ostentatiously talked with him aloud about family matters; but while she was talking thus, her friend said to Cléry, in a whisper: "Tuesday next the King will be taken to the Convention. The trial will begin. The king may take his own counsellors. So much is certain."

The King had forbidden Cléry from concealing anything from him. Bad as was this information, the faithful servant decided to communicate it to his master. At night, therefore, when the King was undressing, Cléry repeated to him the words we have just reported; adding this fact, that during the trial the Commune proposed to separate Louis from his family.

Four days remained, in which Louis Sixteenth could arrange matters with his wife. He thanked Cléry for the fidelity with which he had kept his word, and added: "Continue to try and discover their intentions concerning me. Do not fear to distress me. I have arranged with my family not to appear as if we had been forewarned of anything, so that you may not be compromised."

As the day drew nearer when the trial was to open, the municipal officers became more distrustful. Cléry had therefore no other information to give the prisoners than he could find in a journal which somebody managed to send him. This journal published the decree, that on December 11 Louis Sixteenth should be brought to the bar of the Convention.

On December 11, at five o'clock in the morning, the drums beat a general alarm throughout Paris. The gates of the Temple were thrown open, and a squad of horsemen, with artillery, entered the courtyard. If the royal

family had been utterly ignorant of what was impending, they would have been alarmed by such an unseasonable racket. They feigned therefore to be ignorant of its cause, and asked the commissioners on duty for some explanation, which they refused to give.

At nine o'clock the King and Dauphin (who now shared his father's rooms) went to breakfast in the ladies' apartments. They were allowed to pass a last hour together, but it was under the eyes of the commissioners. At the end of the hour they had to separate, and as they were forbidden to appear to know what was in progress, they had to shut up their hearts when they separated.

The Dauphin really knew nothing. He was spared this sadness, on account of his youth. He insisted upon playing ninepins; and, distracted as he was, the King wished to give his son this recreation. The Dauphin lost every game, and three times the game ended with the number sixteen.

"Confound the number, sixteen," said the boy. "I believe it brings me bad luck."

The King answered not, but this word smote him as a sorrowful omen.

At eleven o'clock, while he was giving the child his lesson in reading, two officials came in, to say that they were after young Louis, to take him to his mother. The King wished to learn the motive of this removal. The officials only replied that they were executing the orders of the Council.

The King kissed his boy, and charged Cléry to conduct him safely to his mamma. Cléry obeyed, and came back again.

"Where did you leave my boy?" asked the King.

"In the Queen's arms," said Cléry.

One of the commissioners reappeared. "Monsieur,"

he said to the King, "Citizen Chambon, Mayor of Paris," — he was Pétion's successor, — "is in the Council Room, and is soon coming upstairs."

"What does he wish?" asked Louis.

"I do not know," answered the commissioner, and then went out of the room, leaving the King alone.

For a moment the King strode up and down the room, and then seated himself in an armchair at the head of the bed.

The official was with Cléry in the next room, and said to the valet: "I do not dare to go into the prisoner's room again, for fear he will question me." Everything was so quiet in the King's chamber, however, that the commissioner finally grew uneasy. He entered the room softly, and found Louis with his head between his hands, in deep meditation.

At the noise of the door, turning on its hinges, the King lifted his head, and asked aloud: "What do you wish?"

"I feared you were not comfortable."

"I am obliged to you," said the King. "No, I am not uncomfortable; only the way in which my son was taken away from me has affected me sensibly."

The official again withdrew.

Not till one o'clock did the Mayor appear. He was accompanied by a new City Prosecutor, Chaumette, by Recording Secretary Coulombeau, by several city officials, and by Santerre, who was himself attended by his aides.

The King arose. "What do you wish with me, Monsieur?" said he to the Mayor.

"I come for you, in virtue of a decree of the Convention, which Secretary Coulombeau will read to you."

The secretary unrolled a paper and read:

Decree of the National Convention, ordering Louis Capet —

At this point the King interrupted the reader by saying: "Capet is not my name. It is only the name of one of my ancestors."

As the secretary wished to continue the reading, the King said: "Useless, Monsieur! I have seen the decree in a newspaper."

Turning to the commissioners, he added: "I could have wished to have my little son with me during the two hours which I have passed in waiting for you, — two cruel hours, which then would have been very sweet. However, this treatment is only a specimen of what I have endured for the past four months. — I follow you, not to obey the Convention, but because my enemies can force me to do so."

"Come, then, Monsieur!" said Chambon.

"I only ask time to put on my riding-coat. Cléry, my riding-coat."

Cléry gave the King the garment required, which was nut-brown in color. Chambon walked first and the King followed. At the bottom of the staircase the prisoner looked anxiously at the muskets, the pikes, and especially at the cavalry in sky-blue, the formation of this corps being heretofore unknown to him. Then he cast a last glance at the Tower, and they set out.

It rained. The King was in a carriage, and made the journey with an unruffled countenance.

Passing in front of the gates Saint Denis and Saint Martin, he asked which of the two was to be demolished.

At the entrance of the Riding School (for the Convention met in the same old place) Santerre laid his hand on the King's shoulder and led him to the bar, to the place and armchair wherein he had sworn allegiance to the Constitution.

The Deputies remained seated when he entered, one

only rising and saluting as he passed. Much astonished, the King turned, recognized Doctor Gilbert, and said: "Good-day, Monsieur Gilbert!"

Then he added to Santerre: "Do you know Monsieur Gilbert? He was formerly my physician. I hope you will not be too hard upon him, for saluting me."

The examination began. Here the prestige and glory of misfortune began to disappear in the presence of publicity. Not only had the King to reply to a fire of questions, but he replied badly, — hesitatingly, evasively, contradictorily, trickily, as if he were a country lawyer, arguing about some petty farm. Such a man appears to poor advantage in open day. The examination lasted till five o'clock. At that hour Louis was conducted into the Conference Hall, where he waited for his carriage.

The Mayor came to him and said: "Are you hungry, Monsieur, and do you wish for anything?"

"I thank you," said the King, with a negative gesture; but almost immediately, seeing a grenadier take a loaf from his knapsack, and give half of it to Chaumette, Louis went to him and said: "Will you give me a bit of your bread, Monsieur?"

As he spoke softly, Chaumette drew back and said: "Speak louder, Monsieur!"

"Oh, I can speak loud enough," replied the King, with a sad smile. "I only asked for a bit of bread."

"Willingly," answered Chaumette, and he offered him the half-loaf, saying: "There, cut it! It 's a Spartan repast. If I had a root also, I 'd give you half of that."

They descended into the courtyard At sight of the King the crowd set up the refrain of the Marseillaise, *March on, march on!* dwelling with energy upon the line:

May blood impure soon lave our thirsty land!

Louis turned slightly pale, and stepped into the carriage. Then he began to eat his bread, — the crust only. The soft part remained in his hands, and he did not know what to do with it. The Prosecutor's assistant took the bread and threw it out of the window.

"Ah, that 's bad!" said the King, "to throw away bread, — especially when it 's so scarce."

"How do you know it 's scarce?" asked Chaumette. "You don't suffer for want of bread!"

"I know it must be scarce, because that which is given me has so much bran in it."

"My grandmother," replied Chaumette, "used to say to me: 'Little boy, never lose a crumb of bread, for you may not always be able to get it!'"

"Monsieur Chaumette," said the King, "your grandmother was a very sensible woman, as it appears to me."

They were silent. Chaumette leaned back in the carriage.

"What is the matter?" asked the King "You look pale!"

"Indeed, I don't feel quite right," said Chaumette.

"Perhaps it 's the motion of the carriage, which jolts along rather slowly."

"Perhaps so!"

"Have you ever been to sea?"

"I went to war with La Motte Picquet, in the glorious days of old," said Chaumette.

"La Motte Picquet was a brave man!" said the King; and then he also relapsed into silence.

Of what was he thinking? Of his splendid navy, victorious in the Indies? Of his harbor at Cherbourg, won from the sea? Of his glittering admiral's uniform, all red and gold, so different from the nut-brown costume he was now wearing? Of his artillery, which boomed

with delight, when he rode abroad, in the days of his prosperity?

How far from his old estate was this poor King Louis, shut up in a wretchedly slow hack, making its way through hosts of people, who crowded up to catch a sight of him, — waves from an infectious and encroaching sea, rising from the ditches and cesspools of Paris. His eyes blinked in the daylight. His beard was long, thin, and faded. The skin from his famished jaws hung in folds on his thin neck. He wore a gray coat and a brown overcoat. As they jogged along he repeated, with that sort of automatic memory peculiar to the Bourbons and to babes: "Ah, there's such a street! There's such a street, — and such a street, — and such a street!"

When they reached the Rue Orleans he said: "Ah, there's the Rue Orleans!"

"Say the Rue Egalité," answered somebody.

"Ah, yes! On account of Monsieur —"

He did not finish, but relapsed into silence; and between the Rue Egalité and the Temple he did not speak a solitary word.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE MARTYR KING'S STORY.

THE King's first care, on returning to the Temple, was to ask that he might be taken to his family. The answer was, that there was no order to that effect. Louis then understood that he, like all prisoners under trial for capital offences, was to be kept in seclusion.

"At least, tell my family that I have returned!" he said.

Without paying any attention to the four officials who surrounded him, he then began to read, as usual.

He had yet one hope, that at supper-time his family would come up to his room. His expectation was in vain. They did not come.

"I suppose my boy will pass the night with me," he said, "for I see his things are still here!"

Alas! the prisoner no longer entertained, even with respect to his son, the certainty he affected to feel. This question was no more definitely answered than the other.

"Then suppose I go to bed," said he. As usual, Cléry helped him to undress.

"Oh, Cléry," murmured the King, "I was far from expecting such questions as were put to me!"

Indeed, nearly all the questions put to the King had their origin in that iron closet; and the King, ignorant of Gamain's treachery, did not suspect that this safe had been discovered.

Nevertheless he went to bed, and was hardly in bed before he fell asleep, with that peacefulness of which he

had given so many proofs, and which, under many circumstances, might be mistaken for lethargy.

It was not so with the other prisoners. This absolute separation was frightfully significant, for it was like the seclusion of the condemned.

As the Dauphin's bed and other things were still in the King's room, where he had slept in these latter weeks, the Queen put the child to sleep in her own bed, as was formerly her custom; and all night she sat by the foot of the bed, watching over his slumbers.

Her grief was so evident, her attitude so much resembled that of the celebrated statue of a Mother near the Tomb of her Son, that Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale resolved to pass the night in their chairs, by the side of the Queen; but the officials interfered, and compelled the two ladies to go to bed in their own room.

The next day, for the first time, the Queen asked a favor of her guardians. She asked for two things, — that she might see the King, and that she might receive the journals, in order to be informed as to his trial.

These requests were referred to the Council. One was utterly refused, — that in reference to the journals. The other was half granted.

The Queen could not see her husband, nor could the sister see her brother; but the children might see their father, on condition that they would see neither their mother nor their aunt.

This ultimatum was made known to the King. He reflected an instant, and then said, with his accustomed resignation: "Well, whatever happiness it would give me to see my children, I renounce that happiness. Besides, the business which occupies me will prevent me from devoting to them the time they need. Let the children remain with their mother."

On receiving this answer they removed the Dauphin's bed to his mother's chamber, who did not leave her children until she was on trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal, as the King now was before the Convention.

Despite this seclusion, they tried to find some means of communication. It was Cléry who again charged himself with arranging this correspondence, with the aid of another attendant of the princesses, whose name was Turgy.

Turgy and Cléry often met, as they were going and coming in the discharge of their duties; but the espionage of the city officials made conversation very difficult. The only words they were allowed to exchange were limited to these: "The King is well. — The Queen, the princesses, and the children are well."

One day, however, Turgy gave Cléry a little note, and said: "Madame Elizabeth slipped this into my hand in returning me a napkin."

Cléry hastened with the billet to the King. It was written with pinholes, — for the ladies had long been deprived of ink, quills, and paper, — and contained these sentences:

We are well, my brother. Write in your turn.

The King replied; for since the examination, he was allowed the use of writing-materials.

Giving it to Cléry he said: "Read it, my dear Cléry, and you will see it contains nothing that can compromise you."

Cléry respectfully refused to read it, and blushed as he pushed away the royal hand. Ten minutes later, Turgy received this reply, which in due time was transmitted to the other prisoners.

On the same day, as Turgy was passing before the slightly open door of Cléry's chamber, he threw a ball of thread under the bed. This ball contained a second note from Madame Elizabeth. This was the method agreed upon.

Cléry wound the same thread around a second note from the King, and hid it in the cupboard, among the napkins. Turgy found it, and placed a reply in the same spot.

The same proceedings were repeated during several days. Every time the valet gave a new proof of his fidelity and cunning in this direction, the King would say to him, shaking his head: "Be careful, my friend! you're exposing yourself!"

This method was indeed too precarious. Cléry tried to find another.

The commissioners supplied the prisoners with candles tied in bundles. Cléry carefully saved the strings; and when he had a sufficient quantity, he informed the King that he had invented a means of making the correspondence more active.

Madame Elizabeth occupied a room beneath Cléry's. The window in her room was directly underneath a window in the little corridor adjoining Cléry's room. During the night he could lower the twine. Madame Elizabeth could tie her letters to this string, and in the same way receive those of her brother. There was a projection under the lower window, which would prevent the letters from falling into the garden.

By this same thread, stationery could be lowered, so that the ladies need no longer write with pins.

In this way the prisoners heard from one another every day, the ladies receiving news of the King, and the King receiving news from them and his son.

In other respects, the King's position was very much weaker since he had been arraigned before the Convention. When he answered, he answered somewhat arrogantly, with the pride of royalty, — not like an accused man on trial, but rather like a knight who accepts a challenge and takes up the gauntlet.

Unluckily for him, the nature of Louis Sixteenth was not such as to enable him to assume either of these two parts advantageously. He answered awkwardly, timidly, badly, as we have already said. Feeling fettered, in the presence of so many proofs as had fallen, he knew not how, into his enemies' hands, at last he asked for counsel.

After a tempestuous debate, which followed the King's withdrawal from the hall, it was voted that he might have counsel. The next day four members of the Convention, appointed for the purpose, visited the King, to ask him whom he would choose for his lawyer, and he named Target. The Commissioners retired, and notified Monsieur Target of the honor done him by the King.

Idiotic choice! Target — though a man of great worth, and an old member of the Constitutional Assembly, who had taken an active part in the preparation of the Constitution — was afraid. He refused in a cowardly way, turning pale with fear before his own century, that he might afterwards turn red with shame before posterity.

The next day, however, after the King's trial began, the President of the Convention received this letter:

CITIZEN PRESIDENT: I do not know whether the Convention will allow Louis Sixteenth an advocate to defend him, and leave to him the choice of a defender. If so, I wish Louis Sixteenth to know that, if he sees fit to select me for that duty, I am ready to attend to it.

I do not ask you to apprise the Convention of my offer, for I am far from supposing myself a person of sufficient importance to inspire the members with any special interest; but twice, when such appointments were much sought after, I was called to the Royal Council of him who was then my master; and I owe him the same service now, when it is a duty which many people consider dangerous.

If I knew of any other way to make known my disposition toward the King, I would not take the liberty of addressing you.

Considering the place which you occupy, it has seemed to me that you, better than anybody else, could transmit this message.

I am with respect &c.

MALESHERBES.

Two other requests were received at the same time, one from a Troyes lawyer, Monsieur Sourdat. He spoke boldly:

I am moved to defend Louis Sixteenth, by my conviction of his innocence.

The other letter was from Olympe de Gouges, that eccentric improvisatrice, — who dictated her comedies, because, so it was said, she did not know how to write.

Olympe de Gouges constituted herself the advocate of Woman's Rights. She wished them to have the same rights as men, — the right to elect delegates, discuss laws, declare peace and war; and she based her claim on a sublime sentence:

Why should women not mount the rostrum? They can mount the scaffold.

Poor creature! She did indeed mount the scaffold; but when the sentence was pronounced, she became once more a woman, — that is, feeble. Wishing to claim all

the advantages of the law, she declared herself in the way of maternity. The tribunal sent her to the physician and nurses, and the result of this consultation was, that if she was in such a condition, it was too recent to constitute any claim for mercy. At the scaffold she became more manlike, and died as becomes such a woman.

As to Monsieur de Malesherbes, he was the same man who was in the Royal Council with Turgot, and fell with him. We have elsewhere described him as a small man, of seventy or seventy-two years. Naturally he was awkward and absent-minded, stocky, ordinary-looking, "with the veritable physiognomy of an apothecary," as Michelet expresses it, — a man from whom one would scarce expect the heroism of classic days.

In the Convention he never called the King anything but *Sire*. "What makes you so bold?" asked one of the members. "My indifference to death," ingenuously replied Malesherbes.

He did indeed despise the death to which he afterward rode so calmly, chatting with his companions in the wagon; and he received the fatal blade as if it gave him only what Guillotin had said of it, "a slight coolness about the neck."

The superintendent at Monceaux — it was to this cemetery that the bodies of those publicly executed were conveyed — related a singular proof of Malesherbes's indifference to death. In the fob of the dead man's small-clothes he found Malesherbes's watch, which marked two o'clock. According to his habit, he had wound up his watch at noon, — that is, an hour before he went to the scaffold, — and it continued to run its daily course.

As he could not have Target, the King accepted Malesherbes and Tronchet; and they, being pressed for time, added another lawyer, Desèze, to their number.

On December 14 it was announced to Louis that he was at liberty to confer with his defenders, and that on the same day he would receive a visit from Monsieur de Malesherbes.

This devotion touched the King, though his temperament did not render him easily accessible to such emotions. Seeing this septuagenarian coming to him with such sublime simplicity, the King's heart swelled within him. Those arms — royal arms, so rarely opened — were outstretched, and he said, in the midst of his tears: "My dear Monsieur de Malesherbes, come and embrace me!"

After pressing him affectionately to his heart, the King continued: "I know how my affairs are situated. I expect death, and I am prepared to meet it. As you see me at this moment, — and I am very tranquil, am I not? — well, so I shall walk to the scaffold."

On December 16 a deputation — composed of four members of the Convention, Valazé, Cochon, Grandpré, and Duprat — came to the Temple. Twenty-one deputies had been appointed to examine the indictment against the King, and these four belonged to that committee.

They brought the King the act of accusation, and the documents relating to the case. The whole day was occupied with the verification of these papers.

Each document was read by the secretary. After the reading Valazé would say: "Do you recognize this?" and the King would answer Yes or No, as the case might be.

Several days after, the same commissioners returned, and read to the King fifty additional papers, which he acknowledged and signed, like the others. In all there were one hundred and fifty-eight such papers, of which he had copies.

During these interviews the King was somewhat afflicted with fluxion. He remembered Gilbert's salute, when he first entered the Convention, and asked the Commune if he might be permitted to call in his former physician. The Commune refused this request.

"If Capet will drink no more ice-water, he will have no trouble," said one of the members of the Council.

On December 26 the King made his second appearance at the bar of the Convention.

His beard had grown still longer. As we have said, it was homely, sandy, and straggling. He asked for razors, and they were granted, but only on condition that he should use them only in the presence of four city officials.

On December 25, at eleven o'clock in the evening, the King began the preparation of his will. This document is so well known, touching and Christian as it is, that we will not record it here.

Two last testaments have often attracted our attention, — that of Louis Sixteenth, who lived in the presence of republicanism, and yet could see only royalty; that of Orleans, who lived in the presence of royalty, and yet could see only republicanism.

We will cite only one phrase of the King's will, because it throws light upon his standpoint. Everybody sees, so it may be said, not according to the reality of things merely, but according to one's point of view. Thus he wrote:

> I close by declaring before God, and expecting to appear before him, that I cannot reproach myself with the crimes charged against me.

These phrases have won for Louis Sixteenth, in the eyes of posterity, the reputation of being an honest man. Perjured in all his oaths, he fled towards a foreign land, leaving behind him a protest against the very oaths he

had solemnly taken. He had discussed, appreciated, and recorded the plans of Lafayette and Mirabeau for his safety, yet had called upon the enemy to enter the heart of France. Being now ready to appear before God, who must be his judge, and believing that God would reward both good and bad actions, how could Louis feel able to say: "I cannot reproach myself with the crimes charged against me"?

Perhaps the construction of the phrase explains the matter. The King did not say: "The allegations against me are false;" but he said: "I cannot reproach myself with the crimes charged against me;" which is not exactly the same thing.

Although ready to go to the scaffold, Louis was still the pupil of Monsieur de la Vauguyon!

To say, "The allegations against me are false," would be to deny those allegations, and Louis could not deny them; but to say, "I cannot reproach myself with the crimes charged against me," might mean, strictly interpreted: "These crimes may exist, but I do not reproach myself with them."

Why did not Louis Sixteenth reproach himself? Because his point of view, as we have just said, was the standpoint of royalty. Because, thanks to the influences under which he was reared, thanks to his belief in the sanctity of hereditary rights, and the infallibility of the royal right divine, kings cannot see crimes, especially political crimes, in the same light as other people.

In the eyes of Louis the Eleventh, his revolt against his father was no crime. It was a war for the public welfare.

To Charles the Ninth, the Saint Bartholomew Massacre was no crime. It was a measure dictated by public security.

This same Malesherbes, who now defended the King, had tried in former days, when he belonged to the Royal Council, to persuade the King to reinstate the Protestants in their old political rights; but he found Louis Sixteenth very obstinate on this subject.

"No," said the King, "no! The proscription of Protestants is a law of the state, a law of Louis Fourteenth. Never disturb the ancient landmarks."

"Sire," replied Malesherbes, "politics should never override justice."

"But," cried the King, like a man who could not understand, "Where was there any proscription of justice in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Was not the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes necessary to the welfare of the state?"

In the eyes of Louis Sixteenth, therefore, this persecution of the Protestants, devised by an old devotee and a revengeful Jesuit, — an atrocious measure, which made the blood run in the streams of the Cevennes valleys, and kindled the pyres at Nismes, Albi, and Béziers, — this persecution was not a crime, but, on the contrary, a state necessity.

There is another matter which has to be urged for the royal standpoint, — that a king, almost always born of a foreign princess, from whom he derives the best part of his blood, is almost a stranger to his people. He governs them, — that is all. By whom does he govern them? By his ministers.

Not only are his subjects considered unworthy of being related to him, unworthy of being allied to him by marriage, but they are not even worthy of being directly governed by their King. Foreign sovereigns, on the contrary, are the relations and allies of a king, who has neither kinsfolk nor allies in his kingdom; and with

these foreign kinsmen he can correspond without the intervention of public officers.

The Spanish Bourbons, the Neapolitan Bourbons, the Italian Bourbons, all came from the same stock, Henry the Fourth. They were all cousins.

The Emperor of Austria was Louis the Sixteenth's brother-in-law. The Savoy princes were his kinsfolk, for Louis was Saxon on his mother's side.

When the people reached a point where they wished to impose upon the King conditions which he did not believe to be for his interest, to whom did Louis appeal for support against his revolted subjects? To his cousins, his brothers-in-law, his kinsfolk. To him, the Spanish and the Austrians were not the enemies of France, because they were the relatives and the friends of himself, the King; and from the Royalist point of view, the King was the state, was France. "The state? It is I!" said his great predecessor.

What did these kings come to defend? The sacred, infallible, almost divine cause of royalty.

This is why Louis Sixteenth could not reproach himself with the crimes charged against him.

Royalism inflamed the popular egotism. The people carried their hatred of royalism so far that they wished to suppress God, because it was said that royalism emanated from God. Doubtless the people also had their state reasons, which seemed reasonable from their point of view, and which led to the excesses of July 14 and October 5 and 6, 1789, and of June 20 and August 10, 1792.

We do not add September 2; for, we repeat it, those outrages did not originate with the people, but with the Commune alone.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE TRIAL.

December 26 arrived, and found the King prepared for everything, even for death. He had made his will the evening before; because he feared, no one knows why, that he should be assassinated the next day at the Convention.

The Queen was forewarned that, for the second time, the King was on his way to the Assembly. The movements of the troops and the noise of the drums would have frightened her beyond measure, if Cléry had not found means to make her acquainted with the cause of so much excitement.

At ten o'clock Louis Sixteenth started, under the care of Chambon and Santerre.

At the Convention he had to wait an hour. The people took their revenge for having had to cool their heels for five hundred years in the royal antechambers at the Louvre, at the Tuileries, and at Versailles.

A discussion was taking place, at which the King must not assist. On December 12 a key, delivered by him to Cléry, had been seized in the valet's hands. It had occurred to somebody to try this key in the iron closet, and it fitted.

This key was shown to Louis Sixteenth. "I do not recognize it!" he said; yet in all probability he had wrought that key himself. It was over such details that the King completely failed in greatness.

This discussion over, the President announced to the Assembly that the accused and his counsellors were at the bar. The King entered, accompanied by Malesherbes, Tronchet, and Desèze.

"Louis," said the President, "the Convention has decided that you shall be heard to-day."

"My advocates will read you my defence," replied the King.

There was profound silence. The whole Convention felt that it could well allow a few hours to this King deprived of royalty, to this man whose life was to be cut off.

Perhaps this assemblage, some of whose members were gifted with superior minds, expected to enjoy the brilliancy of a grand discussion.

Prepared to lie down in its bloody sepulchre, already wrapped in its cerements, perchance royalty would suddenly rise, clad in the majesty of death, and utter some of those great words which History records and the Cycles re-echo. There was nothing of the sort. Desèze's speech was only the professional plea of an advocate; yet this was a beautiful cause to defend, — the cause of the heir of so many monarchs, whom Fate had arraigned before the people, not for the guilt of personal crimes, but to expiate the crimes and faults of a whole race.

It seems to us that if, on this occasion, we had experienced the honor of standing in Monsieur Desèze's shoes, we should not have uttered the speech set down to Monsieur Desèze's name.

Properly speaking, the floor belonged to Saint Louis and Henry Fourth. Those great chiefs of the royal race should have been summoned to cleanse Louis Sixteenth from the weakness of Louis Thirteenth, the prodigality of Louis Fourteenth and the debauchery of Louis Fifteenth.

It was not thus, we repeat. Desèze quibbled, when he should have charmed. He should have been poetic and flowery, rather than concise. He should have addressed the heart, not the reason.

Perhaps, when this commonplace discourse came to an end, Louis would take up the word. As he had consented to defend himself, perhaps he would do so worthily, grandly, nobly. Thus he spoke :

GENTLEMEN : My line of defence has been made clear to you. I will not recur to it. In speaking to you, perhaps for the last time, I declare that my conscience does not reproach me, and that my defenders have only spoken the truth.

I have never feared a public examination of my conduct ; but it lacerates my heart to find, in your indictment, the accusation that I have wished to shed the blood of my people, and above all, that the disasters of the Tenth of August should be laid to my charge.

I confess that the multiplied proofs which I have from time to time given of my love for the people, and the general course of my conduct, seem to me to give abundant evidence that I have not feared to expose myself, in order to save bloodshed ; and my career should put the imputation of bloodshed far from me.

Can you understand that the successor of sixty kings, the descendant of Saint Louis, Henry Fourth, and Louis Fourteenth, should have nothing else to say to his accusers ?

Ah Sire, the more unjust the accusation, from thy point of view, the more thine indignation should have made thee eloquent. Thou didst owe something to posterity, if only a sublime malediction launched upon thine executioners !

Much astonished, the Convention asked: "Have you nothing else to say in your defence?"

"No!" responded the King.

"You may retire!" and Louis did retire.

He was taken to one of the adjacent rooms. There he took Monsieur Desèze into his arms, and pressed him to his heart. Then, as Monsieur Desèze was perspiring, more from emotion than heat, Louis urged him to change his linen, and himself warmed the shirt which he handed the lawyer.

At five o'clock Louis returned to the Temple. An hour later his three counsellors visited him, just as he was getting up from the table. He offered them refreshment, but only Monsieur Desèze accepted.

While Desèze was eating, Louis said to Malesherbes: "Well, you see that I was not mistaken! From the first moment, I saw that my doom was pronounced before my case was heard."

"Sire," responded Monsieur de Malesherbes, "when I left the Convention I was surrounded by a crowd of good citizens, who assured me that you should not perish, or, at least, that they and their friends would perish first."

"Do you know them, Monsieur?" asked the King, quickly.

"I do not know them personally, but I certainly should recognize some of their faces."

"Well," said the King, "try to see each of them, and tell them that I shall never forgive myself, if a single drop of blood is shed on my account. I did not wish for bloodshed, even when it might have preserved my throne and my life; and all the more I do not wish bloodshed now, when both throne and life are sacrificed."

Monsieur de Malesherbes went away early, in order to obey this request.

The New Year's Day of 1793 arrived. Kept in still more rigorous confinement, Louis had only one servant with him.

He was meditating sorrowfully over his isolation one day, when Cléry approached the bed, and said in a low voice: "Sire, I ask leave to offer you my most ardent wishes for a speedy end to your misfortunes."

"I accept your good wishes, Cléry," said the King, offering his hand.

Cléry took the offered hand, kissed it, and wet it with his tears. Then he helped his master to undress. At that moment the city officials entered.

Louis looked at them, one after the other. Observing one whose face indicated some sympathy, he went up to him, and said: "Oh Monsieur, will you do me a very great service?"

"What is it?" asked the man.

"Go, in my behalf, and get me some news of my family, and give them my good wishes for the year now beginning."

"I will go!" said the official, greatly moved.

"Thank you!" said the King. "I hope God will reward you for what you do for me!"

"But," said another official to Cléry, "why does n't the prisoner ask permission to see his family? Now that the trial is over, I am sure this will be granted without difficulty."

"To whom should the request be addressed?" asked Cléry.

"To the Convention."

An instant later, the official who had been to the Queen's room returned, and said: "Monsieur, your family thank you for your good wishes, and return you theirs."

The King smiled sadly, and said: "What a New Year's!"

That night Cléry imparted to the King what the official had said to him, as to the possibility of seeing his family.

The King reflected, and appeared to hesitate. "No," he said at last; "but in a few days they will not refuse me this consolation. We must wait."

The Catholic religion has awful heart-penances, which it imposes upon the elect! Was Louis under a penance?

Judgment was to be pronounced on January 16, 1793.

Monsieur de Malesherbes remained a long time with the King during the forenoon. Towards noon he went out, saying that he would return again, and give a report of the success of the formal appeal he had made, as soon as that appeal was heard.

The vote bore upon three questions, awful in their directness:

1. Is Louis guilty?

2. Shall there be an appeal from the judgment of the Convention to the judgment of the people?

3. What shall be the penalty?

That posterity should be able to see that the vote, if not without malice, was certainly without compulsion, it was public.

A Girondist, named Birotteau, demanded that each member should ascend the rostrum, and give his decision aloud.

One of the Montagnards (as the members of the extreme party were called) went farther. He demanded that the votes should be signed.

Finally a man named Rouyer, who belonged to the Right, demanded that a list should be read of those members who were absent on special commissions, and

that those who were absent without being on duty should be censured, and their names sent to the several departments.

Then began that terrible session which lasted sixty-two hours. The hall presented a singular aspect, little in harmony with what was going on therein. The event was sad, sombre, gloomy. The aspect of the hall gave one the idea of a theatric spectacle.

The rear of the hall had been transformed into boxes, where sat the prettiest ladies in Paris, eating oranges and sipping ices, and wearing their winter costumes of velvet and fur.

Various gentlemen went to greet these ladies, and then returned to their benches, exchanging signs with their fair friends now and then. One might have supposed himself in an Italian theatre.

The side nearest the Mountain was conspicuous for elegance. Among the Montagnards were seated the millionnaires, — the Duc d'Orléans, Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, Hérault de Séchelles, Anacharsis Clootz, the Marquis de Châteauneuf.

All these gentlemen had seats reserved in the gallery for their mistresses, who were decorated with tricolored ribbons, and provided with special cards and letters which they presented to the ushers, who acted as door-openers to the boxes.

The upper galleries, free to the populace, were filled throughout the three days. Their occupants were drinking as at a cabaret, eating as if they were in a restaurant, and speech-making as if the Convention were a club-house.

To the first question — Is Louis guilty? — 683 voices answered, *Yes.*

To the second question — Shall the decision of the

Convention be submitted to the ratification of the people? — 281 voices voted for such an appeal, and 423 voted against it.

Then came the third question, — the grave question, the supreme question, — What shall be the penalty?

When they reached this point, it was eight o'clock in the evening of the third day, — a January day, wet, cold, and gloomy. Everybody was tired, impatient, bored. Human strength, with the actors as well as the spectators, was exhausted by a prolonged session of forty-five hours.

Each member mounted the rostrum in his turn, and pronounced one of these four decisions, — Imprisonment, Exile, Death, or Death, with the Right of Appeal to the People.

All marks of approbation or disapprobation being forbidden, when the galleries heard that word *Death!* they murmured.

Once, nevertheless, this word was followed, not only by murmurs, but by howls and hisses. This was when Philippe Egalité mounted the rostrum and said: "Wholly devoted to my duty, convinced that all ought to be put to death who have ever attempted, or shall ever attempt, to gain the sovereignty over the people, I vote for death."

In the midst of this terrible scene a sick Deputy, named Duchâtel, had himself brought to the Convention, wearing his nightcap and his dressing-gown. He came to vote for banishment, and the vote was admitted, because it tended towards indulgence.

It was Vergniaud, who had been President on August 10, who was also President on January 19, and thus had to make the public proclamation, both of deposal and death.

"Citizens," he said, "you have exercised a great act of justice. Humanity, I hope, will lead you to maintain a religious silence. When Justice has spoken, Humanity should have her turn."

Then he read the result of the vote. Of 721 voters, 334 had voted for banishment or imprisonment, and 387 for death, — some for immediate death, and the rest for death, with the privilege of a popular appeal. There were consequently 53 more votes for death than for banishment. Taking from this majority of 53 votes for death the 46 votes for death after a reprieve, there still remained a majority of 7 votes for immediate death.

"Citizens," said Vergniaud, with an accent of profound grief, "in the name of the Convention, I declare that the penalty pronounced against Louis Capet is death."

It was during the evening of Saturday, January 19, that the penalty was voted, but it was not till Sunday, January 20, at three o'clock in the morning, that Vergniaud announced the decree.

During this time Louis, though shut out from all communication with the outside world, knew that his fate was decided. Alone, away from wife and children, — whom he had refused to see, in order to mortify his heart, as a sinful monk mortifies his flesh, — he committed his life or death into the hands of his Creator, and did so with apparent indifference.

On Sunday morning, January 20, at six o'clock, Malesherbes visited him. Louis had already risen. He sat with his back turned towards a lamp on the mantelpiece, his face in his hands, and his elbows resting on a table.

The noise made by his defender drew him from his revery, and he said, "Well, Monsieur?" when he saw who it was.

Malesherbes dared not answer; but the prisoner could see, by the lawyer's face, that all was over.

"Death!" said Louis. "I was sure of it." Then he opened his arms, and pressed Malesherbes to his breast. The lawyer was all in tears.

Then he said: "Monsieur de Malesherbes, for two days I have been considering whether, in the whole course of my reign, I have merited such condemnation from my subjects. Well, I swear to you, with all the sincerity of my heart, as a man about to appear before God, that I have always desired the welfare of my people, and have never had a single wish to the contrary."

This took place in the presence of Cléry, who was shedding hot tears. The King pitied Cléry's grief, and led Malesherbes into his private cabinet, where he remained closeted with him an hour. Then he came out, and once more embraced his brave friend, and begged him to return in the evening.

"This good old gentleman has greatly moved me," he said to Cléry, as he re-entered the chamber; "but what is the matter with you "

This question was elicited by a general tremor which overpowered Cléry, after Malesherbes, whom he had received in the antechamber, told him that the King was condemned to death.

Endeavoring to dissemble his feelings as much as possible, Cléry prepared the materials for shaving the King.

The King mixed the lather himself, and Cléry stood before him, with the basin in both hands. Suddenly the King became very pale. His cheeks, ears, and lips turned white. Fearing he was ill, Cléry put down the bowl, and tried to sustain him; but the King only grasped his servant's hands and said: "Come, come! Courage!" and then he shaved himself calmly.

About two o'clock the Executive Council came to make known the decision. Among them were Garat, Minister of Justice; Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Grouvelle, Secretary of the Council; the President and the Attorney General of the Department; the Mayor; the Solicitor of the Commune; the President and Public Prosecutor of the Criminal Tribunal.

Santerre came forward, and said to Cléry: "Announce the Executive Council!"

Cléry was preparing to obey; but the King, who had heard the noise, spared him the trouble. The door opened, and Louis appeared in the little entry.

Then Garat, with his hat on his head, took the lead and said: "Louis, the National Convention has charged the Provisional Executive Council with the duty of communicating to you the proceedings of January 15, 16, 17, 19, and 20. The Secretary of the Council will read you these decrees."

Grouvelle accordingly unfolded the document, and read with a trembling voice:

ARTICLE I.

The National Convention declares Louis Capet, the late King of the French, guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the Nation, and of acting against the general security of the state.

ARTICLE II.

The National Convention imposes upon Louis Capet the penalty of death.

ARTICLE III.

The National Convention pronounces against the wish of Louis Capet brought before its bar by his counsellors, and asking for an appeal in his behalf to the Nation, against the decision of the National Convention.

ARTICLE IV.

The Provisional Executive Council will communicate the present decree to Louis Capet during the day current, and take the proper measures in reference to police and public safety, in order to have the execution take place within twenty-four hours of this notification; and the Council will report to the National Convention as soon as the execution is over.

During this reading the King's face remained calm, but his physiognomy perfectly indicated two sentiments, wholly distinct. At the words *guilty of conspiracy*, a disdainful expression played upon his lips; and at the words *penalty of death*, he raised his eyes towards Heaven, with a look which seemed to bring the condemned into nearer communion with God.

When the reading was over, the King came a step towards Grouvelle, took the decree into his own hands, folded it, placed it in his portfolio, and drew therefrom another paper, which he presented to Garat, saying: "Monsieur Secretary of Justice, I beg you at once to forward this letter to the National Convention."

As Garat appeared to hesitate, the King said: "I will read it to you."

Then he read the following letter, in a voice which was strikingly in contrast with Grouvelle's:

I ask a delay of three days, in order to prepare myself for appearing before God.

For that purpose I ask the privilege of seeing freely the person whom I will mention to the Communal Commissioners, and that the person so named may be shielded from any fear or anxiety on account of the act of charity which he may fulfil towards me.

I ask to be freed from the perpetual espionage exercised over me by the General Council during several days past.

During the interval, I ask the privilege of seeing my family whenever I wish, and without witnesses.

I would like to have the National Convention decide at once as to the future welfare of my family, and that its members may have the right to withdraw freely whenever they wish to do so.

I commend to the Nation's good-will all persons who have been attached to my service. Many of them depended entirely upon this support; and having no longer any employ, they must be in want. Among these pensioners there were many old men, women, and children, who have no other means of livelihood.

LOUIS.

Done at the Tower of the Temple,
January 20, 1793.

Garat took the letter and said: "Monsieur, this letter shall be sent at once to the Convention."

Then the King opened his portfolio, drew from it a little square of paper, and said: "If the Convention grants my request in regard to the person whom I wish to see, here is his address."

The paper bore this name, in the writing of Madame Elizabeth:

Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont,
No. 483, Rue du Bac.

As there was nothing more to say or hear, the King took a step backward, making the same movement wherewith, in former times, he was accustomed to indicate when an audience was ended. The ministers withdrew, and also their companions.

"Cléry," said the King to his valet, who was leaning against the wall, because he felt as if his knees were giving way under him, "Cléry, order my dinner."

Cléry went into the little dining-room, to obey the royal command. There he found two city officials, who read to him a warrant by which it was forbidden that the King should be served with knives and forks. The knife only was entrusted to Cléry, so that he could cut the bread and meat for his master, in the presence of two guards.

This new order was repeated by them to the King, Cléry not wishing to tell his master of it.

The King broke his bread with his fingers, and cut his meat with a spoon. Contrary to his usual custom, he ate little, and dinner was over in a few minutes.

At six o'clock the Minister of Justice was again announced. The King rose to receive him.

"Monsieur," said Garat, "I carried your letter to the Convention, and have been ordered to bring you the reply."

Louis is at liberty to call for the service of a clergyman of any worship he prefers, and to see his family freely and without witnesses.

The Nation, always generous and just, will see to the future of his family.

The creditors of his household shall receive their just dues.

The National Convention has passed no order for a reprieve.

The King nodded, and then Garat withdrew.

"Citizen Minister," said the city officials, "how may Louis see his family?"

"In private," answered Garat.

"Impossible! By order of the Commune, we are not to lose sight of him day or night."

The situation was indeed embarrassing. However, they compromised matters by deciding that the King should receive his family in the eating-room, so as to be

seen through the glass door, but that the door might be shut, so that they could not be overheard.

Meanwhile the King said to Clery: "See if the Minister of Justice is still here, and if so, recall him."

In a minute later Garat returned.

"Monsieur," said the King, "I forgot to ask if Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont was at home, and when I can see him."

"I brought him with me in my carriage," said Garat. "He is in the Council Hall, and will come up."

Indeed, at the moment when the Minister of Justice spoke, Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont appeared in the doorway.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF JANUARY.

Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont was Madame Elizabeth's confessor. Nearly six weeks earlier, the King, foreseeing the condemnation which had now been pronounced, asked his sister's advice as to the choice of a priest to be with him in his last moments; and Madame Elizabeth weepingly counselled her brother to send for Abbé de Firmont.

This worthy ecclesiastic, having escaped the massacres of September, had retired to Choisy-le-Roi, where he lived under the name of Essex. Knowing his double address, and having notified him of the King's wish, Madame Elizabeth hoped that he would be in Paris at the time of the condemnation.

She was not mistaken. Abbé Edgeworth accepted the duty with resigned joy. On December 21 he wrote as follows to one of his friends in England:

My unfortunate master has cast his eyes upon me as the clergyman to prepare him for death, if the iniquity of the people carries them to the point of parricide.

I am preparing myself also for death, for I am convinced that the popular fury will not allow me to survive that horrible scene one hour. But I am resigned. My life is nothing. If, through its loss, I could save him whom God placed on a throne, for the ruin and resurrection of so many, I could willingly make the sacrifice, and should not die in vain.

love, in his affliction, the King her husband whose commonplace and dull side only she had been able to see in rosier days.

The scenes at Varennes, and at the Tuileries on August 10, showed Louis Sixteenth as an irresolute, slow, and almost cowardly man, lacking in enterprise. In the Temple she began to perceive that not only had the woman unfairly judged the husband heretofore, but also that the Queen had unfairly judged the King. In the Temple she saw him calm, patient under insult, mild and firm, like Jesus. All her worldly asperity was softened, absorbed, and turned into profit by her better self. If she had been too scornful before, now she loved too much.

"Alas," said the King to Firmont, "why do I love so much, and why am I so much loved?"

During this last interview the Queen gave way to a sentiment which resembled remorse. Her reason for wishing to take her husband into his chamber was that she might be entirely alone with him for a few moments. When she saw that this was impossible, she drew the King into the recess of the window.

There she was doubtless about to fall at his feet, and ask his pardon in a torrent of sighs and tears. The King understood all this. Checking her, he drew his will from his pocket, and said: "Read this, my well-beloved wife."

He pointed to the following paragraph, which the Queen read in a whisper:

I beg my wife to forgive me for all the ills she suffers on my account, and the mortification which I have occasioned her in the course of our union; for she may be sure I lay up nothing against her, even if she feels that she has aught wherewith to reproach herself.

Marie Antoinette took the King's hands and kissed them. There was mercy and forgiveness in that phrase, "She may be sure I lay up nothing against her," and infinite delicacy in the words, "Even if she feels that she has aught wherewith to reproach herself."

So she died peacefully, this regal Magdalen. Her love for the King, tardy as it was, merited divine and human pity. Pardon was accorded to her, not privately and secretly, like an indulgence of which the King was ashamed, but openly and publicly.

Who dare reproach her with anything, when she thus stands before posterity doubly crowned, with the glory of martyrdom and her husband's pardon?

She was sensible of this. She felt that from that moment she was strong in the eyes of History; but she felt none the less feeble in the presence of him whom she loved so tardily, feeling that she had not faithfully loved him heretofore. No more words escaped from the breast of the unhappy lady, but only sobs and gasping moans. She said she wished to die with her husband, and that if this favor were refused her, she would starve herself to death.

The officials, who witnessed this scene through the glass door, could not endure it. At first they turned away their eyes. Though they could no longer see, they could hear the moans of the royal family, and so they finally gave way to their manhood, and broke down in tears.

These tearful farewells lasted nearly two hours. Finally, at half-past ten, the King was the first to rise. Then his wife, sister, and children clung to him, like fruit upon the parent-bough. The King and Queen each held one of the Dauphin's hands. Standing by her father's left side, Madame Royale put her arms

Such was the man who was not to quit Louis Sixteenth till the King quitted earth for Heaven. Louis made him enter the private room, and then they shut the door. At eight in the evening the King came out of the cabinet, and said to the commissioners: "Gentlemen, have the kindness to conduct me to my family."

"That cannot be," they replied, "but they can come here, if you so desire."

"So be it," said the King, "provided I can see them in my chamber, and without witnesses."

"Not in your bedroom, but in your eating-room," replied the same official. "We have arranged this matter with the Minister of Justice."

"Nevertheless, you have heard that the Convention's order permits me to see my family without witnesses."

"That is true, and so you shall be by yourselves. The door may be shut, but we can see you through the upper half of the door, which is glass."

"Very well! Be it so!"

The Guards went out, and the King went into the dining-room. Cléry followed him, placed the table on one side, and pushed the chairs against the wall, in order to provide more room.

"Cléry," said the King, "bring a glass of water, in case the Queen is thirsty."

On the table was a decanter of ice-water, with which one of the Communists had reproached the King. Cléry therefore brought only a tumbler.

"Bring some ordinary water," said the King. "If the Queen drinks the ice-water it may make her ill, as she is not used to it. — Cléry, at the same time ask Monsieur de Firmont not to leave my private room. I fear lest his presence should make too great an impression upon my family."

At half-past eight the door opened. The Queen came in first, leading her boy by the hand. Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth followed. The King opened his arms, and the weeping ladies and children threw themselves into them.

Cléry went out and shut the door. For a few minutes there was a painful silence, interrupted only by sobs. Then the Queen wished to lead the King into his bedroom.

"No," said he, detaining her, "I can only see you here."

The royal family had learned, through the usual channels of information, what sentence had been pronounced, but they did not know the details of the trial. The King gave them an account of it, excusing the men who had condemned him, and calling the Queen's attention to the fact that neither Pétion nor Manuel had voted for his death.

The Queen listened; but whenever she tried to speak, her sobs broke out afresh. God gave the poor prisoner this recompense, that in his last hours he was glorified by all who surrounded him, — even by the Queen.

As has been seen in the more romantic portion of this book, the Queen let herself be easily drawn to the picturesque side of life. She possessed a very lively imagination, which does more than temperament to make women imprudent. The Queen had been imprudent all her life, imprudent in her friendship, imprudent in her passion.

Her captivity was her regeneration, in a moral point of view. She reverted to the pure and holy love of her family, from which she had been alienated by her youthful and errant inclinations. As she could do nothing without passion, she now began passionately to

love, in his affliction, the King her husband whose commonplace and dull side only she had been able to see in rosier days.

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around his waist. Madame Elizabeth, on the same side with her niece, but somewhat farther back, grasped his arm. The Queen — as if she had the right to the most consolation, though she least deserved it — passed her arm about her husband's neck.

This sad group moved on together. In the midst of moaning, sobbing, weeping, could be heard such words as these: "We shall meet again, shall we not?"

"Yes, yes! Be calm!"

"To-morrow morning, — to-morrow morning at eight o'clock?"

"I promise it!"

"Why not at seven?" asked the Queen.

"Very well, yes, at seven," said the King; "but now, adieu! adieu!"

He uttered *adieu* in so expressive a voice, that one could see that he feared lest his courage should fail.

Madame Royale could bear it no longer. With a sigh she sank upon the floor. She had fainted. Madame Elizabeth and Cléry raised her.

The King felt that it was for him to be strong. He detached himself from the arms of the Dauphin and the Queen, and went into his chamber, crying "Good-bye, good-bye!"

Then he shut the door behind him. The Queen, completely overcome, leaned against the door, not daring to ask the King to reopen it, but weeping, sobbing, and smiting the panels with her open palm. The King was courageous enough not to come out.

The guards then requested the Queen to withdraw, and renewed the assurance already given, that she should see her husband at seven the next morning.

Cléry wished to carry Madame Royale, who was still in a swoon, to the Queen's apartments; but on the

second stair the officials stopped him, and made him return to his usual place.

The King rejoined his confessor in the little room in the turret, and made him relate the way in which he had been brought to the Temple. Did this recital enter the King's mind, or did the words reach his ear only, where they were extinguished by his own personal thoughts? That, no one can say.

However, this is what the abbé had to say. Notified by Monsieur de Malesherbes, who had arranged an interview at Madame de Senozan's, that the King would send for the priest, in case the death-sentence was passed, Abbé Edgeworth, though at considerable personal risk, returned to Paris. Knowing that the sentence was pronounced on Sunday morning, he waited expectantly, in the Rue Bac. At four o'clock in the afternoon an unknown man presented himself, and gave the priest a billet, which read as follows:

The Executive Council, having a matter of the highest importance to communicate to Citizen Edgeworth de Firmont, requests him to come to its place of meeting.

The unknown man had been ordered to accompany the priest, and a carriage was in waiting at the door. The abbé went away with the unknown visitor. The carriage stopped at the Tuileries. The priest found the ministers together. At his entrance they rose.

"Are you the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont?" asked Garat.

"Yes," responded the priest.

"Well," continued the Minister of Justice, "Louis Capet having signified his desire to have you near him in his last moments, we have sent for you, to learn if you consent to render the service he asks."

"If the King has designated me for this service, it is my duty to obey."

"In that case you will come with me to the Temple. I am going there at once."

We have seen how the priest, after fulfilling the usual formalities, came to the King's room; and how Louis, after being visited by his family, resumed his conversation with the priest, of whom he asked the details which we have recited.

This recital being over, the King said: "Monsieur, let us now forget all else, and attend to the great, the special business of my salvation."

"Sire, I am ready to do my best, and I hope that God will atone for my deficiencies. Do you not think that it would be a great consolation to hear Mass and receive the communion?"

"Yes, undoubtedly," said the King. "You can well believe that I should fully appreciate such a great favor; but how can you accomplish it?"

"That 's my task, Sire. I wish to prove to your Majesty that I am not wholly unworthy of the honor you have done me, in choosing me as your spiritual adviser. If the King will give me *carte blanche*, I will be responsible for the result."

"Do as you will, Monsieur," said the King; but presently he added, shaking his head: "Go, but you will not succeed."

Abbé Edgeworth bowed and went out, requesting to be shown to the Council Room, when he said to the commissioners: "He who is to die to-morrow wishes, before dying, to hear Mass and make confession."

The commissioners looked at each other in surprise. The idea had never entered their heads that anybody would make such a demand; so they said: "Where the

Devil can you find a priest and church utensils at this hour?"

"The priest is found," responded the abbé, "since I am here. As for the utensils, the nearest chapel will furnish them. It is only needful to send for them."

The officials hesitated: "What if this were a trap?" said one of them.

"What trap?" asked the priest.

"What if you should poison the King, under pretence of giving him the holy wafer?"

Abbé Edgeworth looked intently at the man who suggested this doubt.

"You understand," continued the official, "that history furnishes enough examples of this sort to make us circumspect."

"Monsieur, I was so carefully searched when I came in, that you ought to be satisfied I have no poison about me. If I have any to-morrow, I must surely receive it from you, since nothing can reach me without passing through your hands."

The absent members were sent for, and the question discussed.

The request was finally granted, on two conditions. The first was, that the abbé should prepare a request, signed by his own hand. The second was, that the ceremony should be over by seven the next morning, as at eight precisely the prisoner was to be taken to the place of execution.

The priest wrote the request, and left it on the desk. Then he was reconducted to the King, to whom he announced the good news of this concession.

It was now ten o'clock. Till midnight Abbé Edgeworth was closeted with the King.

At midnight the King said: "Monsieur Abbé, I am

tired. I need sleep, for I shall want all my strength to-morrow."

Then he twice called for Cléry, who came in and undressed the King, and wished to unroll his hair; but the master said, with a smile: "It is hardly worth the pains."

Thereupon the King went to bed; but he said, as Cléry drew the bed-curtains: "You may wake me at five o'clock."

Hardly was his head on the pillow before the prisoner was asleep, so overpowering were his physical needs.

Firmont lay down on Cléry's bed, who himself passed the night in a chair.

Cléry's slumber was full of fits and starts, so he was sure to hear the bells ring five o'clock. He at once arose, and began to make the fire. The noise woke the King, who said: "Ah, Cléry! Has five o'clock rung?"

"Sire, it has sounded from several clocks, but not yet from our tower," replied Cléry, approaching the bed.

"I have slept well," said the King. "I needed it. Yesterday was a very wearisome day. Where is Monsieur de Firmont?"

"On my bed, Sire."

"On your bed? And where have you passed the night?"

"On this chair."

"I am sorry. You should not have done so."

"Oh, Sire, could I think of myself at such a moment?"

"My poor Cléry!" said the King, and he offered him his hand, which Cléry kissed through his tears.

For the last time this faithful attendant began to dress the King. He had prepared for the purpose a brown coat, gray breeches, stockings of gray silk, and a vest pointed in the form of a waistcoat.

When he was dressed, Cléry brushed his hair. Meanwhile Louis detached from his watch a seal, which he put into his vest-pocket, while he laid the watch on the chimneypiece. Then he drew a ring from his finger, which he placed in the same pocket with the seal.

When Cléry handed him his coat, the King took from it his memorandum-book, his snuffbox, his glasses, and laid them on the shelf, along with his purse. All these preparations were made in presence of the city officials, who came into the chamber of the condemned man as soon as they saw the light.

Half-past five sounded. "Wake Monsieur de Firmont!" said the King to Cléry.

The priest was already awake and dressed. Hearing this order to Cléry, he came in. The King nodded, and asked him to enter the private room.

Then Cléry hastened to prepare the altar, — which was the chamber bureau, covered with a tablecloth. As to the sacerdotal utensils and ornaments, they had been found, as Father Edgeworth said, in the first church where the request was made. This was the Church of the Capucins du Marais, near the Hôtel Soubise.

When the altar was dressed, Cléry notified the King, who asked: "Can you serve the Mass?"

"I hope so," answered Cléry, "only I do not know the responses by heart."

Thereupon the King gave him a prayer-book, open at the *Introit*.

Father Edgeworth was already in Cléry's room, putting on his sacerdotal garments. In front of the altar the valet placed an armchair, and before the chair he laid a large cushion; but the King made him take it away, while he himself found a smaller cushion, stuffed with hair, which he ordinarily used for his prayers.

When the priest entered, the officials retired to the antechamber, doubtless fearing contamination by contact with an ecclesiastic.

It was now six o'clock. The Mass was begun. The King listened to it throughout on his knees, and in deep contemplation. After the Mass he received the eucharist; and then Father Edgeworth, leaving him alone to his devotions, went into the next room, to divest himself of his priestly attire.

The King availed himself of this opportunity to thank Cléry, and speak his last farewells. Then he went into the small room, where the abbé rejoined him, while Cléry seated himself on the bed and wept.

At seven the King came out, and Cléry ran to him. Louis led him into the recess of the window, and said: "You will give this seal to my son, and this ring to my wife. Tell them that I leave them with pain. — This packet contains locks of the hair of my whole family. You will hand this also to the Queen."

"But shall you not see her again?" asked Cléry.

The King hesitated an instant, as if his heart forsook his breast, in order to be with her; and then he said, in a decided tone: "No, no! I know I promised to see them again this morning, but I wish to spare them the grief of a situation so cruel. — Cléry, if you see them again, tell them how much it cost me to depart without receiving their last embraces."

After drying his tears he said, with a mournful accent: "Cléry, you will give them my last farewells, will you not?" Then the King returned once more to his closet and his devotions.

The city officials saw the King place these different articles in Cléry's hands, and one claimed them; but another proposed to leave them with Cléry till the

Council decided what should be done with them. The latter suggestion prevailed.

A quarter-hour later the King once more came out of his cabinet, and said to Cléry, who was still in waiting: "Cléry, ask if I can have some scissors!" Then he went back again.

"Can the King have a pair of scissors?" asked Cléry of the commissioners.

"What will he do with them?"

"I don't know. Ask him!"

One of the officials entered the cabinet, and found the King kneeling before Father Edgeworth.

"You have asked for some scissors," he said. "What for?"

"To have Cléry cut my hair."

The official went down to the Council Chamber. There was a consultation of half an hour, but at the end of the half-hour the request was refused.

The official came upstairs again, and said: "The Council refuses."

"I need not touch the scissors," said the King, "and Cléry may cut my hair in your presence. I beg you to ask once more."

The official went down again, and renewed the prisoner's request; but the Council persistently objected.

An official approached Cléry, and said to him: "I believe it's time for thee to get ready to accompany the King to the scaffold."

"My God! what for?" said Cléry, trembling with fear, lest the last hour had come for him also.

"Nonsense!" said the other. "The headsman can do all that is needed!"

Day began to break. The general roll was heard, beating through all sections of the city. The noise and the

universal stir penetrated the Tower, and froze the blood in the veins of Cléry and the priest.

Calmer than they, the King listened, and then said, without emotion: "Probably the National Guards are beginning to assemble."

A little later a detachment of cavalry rode into the courtyard of the Temple. The King and his companions could hear the officers talking and the horses neighing. Once more the King listened, and said, with the same calmness: "Apparently they are coming."

From seven to eight o'clock in the morning people frequently knocked at the cabinet door, under different pretexts, and for various purposes. Each time Father Edgeworth feared it was the last call; but each time Louis rose without emotion, went to the door, answered calmly those who interrupted him, and then returned to his seat by his confessor.

Father Edgeworth could not see the people who came, but he could catch some of their words.

He heard one of these intruders say to the prisoner: "Oh ho! All this was well enough when you were a king; but you 're a king no longer."

The King returned with an unruffled face; only he said: "You see how these fellows treat me, my father; but one must learn how to suffer all things!"

There was another rap, and again the King went to the door. This time he said: "These fellows see daggers and poison everywhere. How little they know me! Suicide would be a weakness. They would think I knew not how to die."

At last, by nine o'clock, the noise grew louder, and the doors slammed. Santerre came into the rooms, accompanied by seven or eight city officials, and by ten gendarmes, who ranged themselves in two lines.

Without waiting for the knock at the door, the King came out of his cabinet, and said: "You are after me?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I ask only for a minute." Then he went back, and closed the door.

"This time, all is over, my father," he said, throwing himself once more at the priest's knees. "Give me your final blessing, and pray God to sustain me to the end."

After the benediction was given, the King arose. Opening the door he advanced towards the city officials, who were in the middle of the bedroom. All wore their hats.

"My hat!" said the King to Cléry.

Cléry tearfully hastened to obey.

"Is there a member of the Commune among you?" asked the King. — "You are one, I believe?" he added, particularly addressing a man named Jacques Roux, — a priest who had taken the Constitutional oath, and who now asked: "What do you want of me?"

The King drew his will from his pocket, and said: "I beg you to deliver this paper to the Queen, my wife."

"We have not come here to receive thy commissions," answered Jacques, impertinently, "but to conduct thee to the scaffold."

The King received this insult with the meekness of Jesus; and with the same mildness, patterned from the divine man, he turned towards another official, named Gobeau, and said: "And you, Monsieur, will you also refuse me?"

As Gobeau seemed to hesitate, the King added: "It is only my will. You can read it. There are some things in it which I wish known to the Commune."

Gobeau took the paper.

Seeing that Cléry was not only holding the hat he had asked for, but his riding-coat also, — because the faith-

ful man feared lest his master should shiver with the cold, and this tremor be mistaken for cowardice, — the King said: "No, Cléry. Give me my hat only."

Cléry did so; and the King took advantage of the opportunity to press his faithful servant's hand for the last time.

Then he said, in such a commanding tone as he had seldom used in all his life: "Let us go, gentlemen!" and these were the last words spoken in his rooms.

On the staircase he met Mathay, the keeper of the Tower, whom the King had found seated by the fireside a night or two before, and brusquely ordered to give up the place.

"Mathay," said Louis, "I was too hasty with you day before yesterday. Do not lay it up against me."

Mathay turned his back, without answering.

The King crossed the first courtyard on foot. In doing so he turned twice or thrice, to bid adieu to his only love, his wife, to his one dear friend, his sister, and to his sole joy, his children.

At the entrance of the courtyard they found a hack, painted green. Two gendarmes were holding the door open. At the condemned man's approach one of them entered first, and placed himself on the front seat. The King followed, and made a sign for Father Edgeworth to sit beside him on the back seat. The other gendarme took his place last, and closed the door.

Two stories were afloat. The first was, that one of these two gendarmes was a disguised priest. The second was, that both had received orders to assassinate the King at the least attempt to escape. Neither of these two assertions rested upon a solid foundation.

At quarter-past nine the procession started.

One word now about the Queen, Madame Elizabeth,

and the two children, whom the King, in leaving, had saluted with a last glance.

The evening before, after that interview which was at once so sweet and so painful, the Queen was hardly strong enough to undress the Dauphin and put him to bed. She threw herself upon her own bed without undressing, and during that long winter's night Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale could hear her moaning with cold and grief.

At quarter-past six her door opened, and they searched for a prayer-book.

Then all the family made themselves ready, believing — after the King's promise the evening before — that they should presently be summoned to his rooms.

Time passed along. The Queen and the Princess, standing all the while, heard the different noises which found the King so calm, although they made his valet and confessor shudder. The family heard the noise of doors opening and shutting. They heard the cries of the populace, greeting the King's exit. They heard finally the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the boom of the cannon.

Then the Queen fell into her chair, moaning: "He has gone without bidding us farewell!" Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale knelt by her side.

One by one all their hopes had flown. At first they hoped for exile or continued imprisonment, but this hope vanished. Next they hoped for a reprieve, but this hope also vanished. Finally they hoped for some sudden blow on the final road, but this hope also was to vanish.

"My God, my God, my God!" cried the Queen. In this last despairing appeal to Deity, the poor woman expended her remaining force.

Meanwhile the hack rolled along, and entered the boulevards. The streets were almost deserted, and half the shops were closed. There was nobody at the doors, nobody at the windows.

A warrant from the Commune forbade any citizens, not forming a part of the armed escort, from traversing the streets leading from the boulevards, and from showing themselves at the windows along the route.

A misty sky lowered upon a forest of pikes, in the midst whereof glittered occasional bayonets. In front of the carriage rode the horsemen, and ahead of them was a legion of drummers.

The King wished to converse with his confessor, but could not do so, on account of the noise; so Father Firmont lent him his breviary, in which the King read.

At the Saint Denis Gate, he raised his head, believing he heard a different noise. Sure enough! Half a score of young men came rushing through the Rue Beauregard. Sword in hand they made their way through the crowd, shouting: "Help! — all who wish to save the King!" Three thousand conspirators were to respond to this appeal, made by the Baron de Batz, a scheming adventurer. He bravely gave the signal; but out of the three thousand conspirators, only a handful kept their pledges. The Baron de Batz and his eight or ten followers, crazed by their devotion to royalty, seeing that nothing was to be done, profited by the confusion caused by their outbreak, and escaped through the network of streets, in the neighborhood of the Porte Saint Denis.

This was the incident which distracted the King from his prayers, but it was so unimportant that the carriage did not even pause. When it did stop, at the end of two hours and ten minutes, it was because they had reached the end of the route.

When the King felt the motion cease, he leaned towards the priest's ear, and said: "Here we are, Monsieur, if I am not mistaken." Father Firmont was silent.

One of the three Samson Brothers, the headsmen of Paris, opened the door.

Resting his hand on the priest's knee, the King said, in an authoritative tone: "Gentlemen, I commend this gentleman to your courtesy. After my death, have a care that no harm comes to him. I charge you to guard him."

Meanwhile the other two headsmen drew near; and one of them said: "Yes, yes! Leave him to us. We 'll take care of him."

Louis dismounted. The assistants surrounded him, and wished to remove his coat; but he pushed them contemptuously away, and began to disrobe himself.

For an instant he remained alone in the circle about him, while he threw down his hat, untied his cravat, and took off his coat; but then the headsmen approached him, one of them holding a rope in his hand.

"What do you wish?" asked the King.

"To bind you," replied the headsman, holding the cord.

"To that I will never consent!" said the King. "Give up that idea! Do as you are ordered, but you shall never bind my hands, — no, never!"

The executioners raised their voices. In the public eye, a hand-to-hand struggle was likely to deprive the victim of the credit of six months' calmness, courage, and resignation; but one of the three Samsons, moved by pity, although doomed to fulfil this awful task, respectfully said to the King: "Sire, with this handkerchief —"

The King glanced at his confessor, who spoke with an effort: "Sire, there will be this additional resemblance

between your Majesty and the Divine Being who will recompense you!"

The King raised his eyes to Heaven, with an expression of supreme grief. "No *less* an example is needful to make me submit to such an affront."

Turning to the executioners he resigned his hands to them. "Do what you will. I will drink the cup to its dregs."

The steps up the scaffold were high and slippery. He went up, sustained by the priest, who for an instant, feeling the King weigh more heavily upon his arm, feared lest Louis might show some feebleness in his last moments; but when they reached the upper step, the King escaped, so to speak, from the hands of his confessor, as his soul was to escape from his body, and he walked quickly across the platform. He was very red in the face, and never appeared more thoroughly vivacious and animated.

The drums were beating, but he silenced them with a look.

Then, with a strong voice, he spoke the following words: "I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me. I forgive the contrivers of my death, and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may not be visited upon France."

"Strike the drums!" exclaimed a voice, long believed to be Santerre's, but which was that of Monsieur de Beaufranchet, Comte d'Oyat, the bastard son of Louis Fifteenth and the Courtesan Morphise, and therefore the illegitimate uncle of the condemned man.

The drummers obeyed. The King stamped his foot.

"Stop your noise!" he cried, with tremendous emphasis, "I have something else to say!" but the drums kept on.

"Do your duty!" shouted the pikemen, surrounding the scaffold, to the headsmen.

The executioners threw themselves upon the King, who was walking slowly towards the knife, glancing at the bevelled blade, for which, three years before, he himself had drawn the outline.

Then he looked back at the priest, who was kneeling in prayer, on the edge of the scaffold.

Then there was a confused movement behind the two posts of the guillotine. The hinged plank was moved down to a horizontal position. For an instant the head of the victim appeared at the sinister little window. There was a bright flash. A heavy thud was heard, and then only a huge jet of blood was to be seen.

One of the executioners picked up the head and exhibited it to the populace, thus sprinkling the boards of the scaffold with the royal blood.

At this sight the pikemen shouted for joy, and hastened to wet in this blood their pikes and sabres, — their handkerchiefs, those who had any, — while they cheered for the Republic.

For the first time this grand cry, "Long life to the Republic!" which had so often roused the popular joy, died without an echo. The Republic already bore on its forehead one of those fatal stains which can never be effaced. The Republic, as was said later by a great statesman, had committed more than a crime, — a blunder.

There was a feeling of stupefaction throughout Paris. With some this sentiment amounted to despair. A woman drowned herself in the Seine. A barber cut his throat. A bookseller lost his reason. An old officer fell dead with the shock.

At the opening of the Convention a letter was opened

by the President. This letter was from a man who asked that the body of Louis Sixteenth might be sent to him, so that he could bury it beside his father's.

Head and trunk remained separate. Let us see what became of them. We know of no recital more terrible than the official report of the burial. Here it ir, as it was made on that very day:

REPORT ON THE INTERMENT OF LOUIS CAPET.

On January 21, 1793, in the second year of the French Republic, we the undersigned, commissioners for the Department of Paris, as empowered by the General Council of this Department, in virtue of certain decrees of the Provisional Executive Council of the French Republic, went, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to the house of Citizen Ricave, the rector of Saint Madeleine.

Finding him at home, we asked him if he had provided for the execution of the orders, issued by the Executive Council and the Department the evening before, for the burial of Louis Capet. He replied that he had done, point by point, what was commanded by the Executive Council and by the Department, and that all was in readiness.

Thence — accompanied by Citizens Renard and Damoreau, both vicars in Saint Madeleine Parish, charged by the Citizen Rector to attend to the burial of Louis Capet — we went to the cemetery connected with the above-named parish, situated on the Rue Anjou Saint Honoré, where we saw that the directions had been properly carried out, which had been communicated by us, the evening before, to the Citizen Rector, in virtue of the commission we had received from the General Council of the Department.

Soon after there was deposited in the cemetery, in our presence, by a detachment of gendarmes on foot, the body of Louis Capet, which we found to be entire in all its members, the head only being separated from the trunk. We took note that the hair on the back of his head was cut, and that the corpse

was without a neckerchief, without a coat, without shoes; but it was clad in a shirt, a vest pointed like a waistcoat, breeches of gray cloth, and a pair of gray silk hose.

Thus clothed it was placed in a coffin, which was lowered into the grave and immediately covered.

All was arranged and executed in a manner conformable to the orders given by the Provisional Executive Council of the French Republic; and we sign this report, together with Citizens Ricave, Renard, and Damoreau, the Rector and Vicars of Saint Madeleine.

LEBLANC,
Administrator of the Department;

DAMOREAU,
RICAVE,
RENARD.

DUBOIS,
Administrator of the Department.

Thus was Louis Sixteenth interred, on January 21, 1793. His age was thirty-nine years, five months, and three days. He reigned eighteen years, and was a prisoner five months and eight days.

His last wish was not accomplished; for his blood brought misery, not only upon France, but upon all Europe.

CHAPTER LIX.

CAGLIOSTRO'S COUNSEL.

On the evening of this awful day, pikemen were running about the deserted but lighted streets of Paris, — rendered all the more melancholy by this illumination, — and flourishing, at the ends of their weapons, tattered handkerchiefs and shirts, stained with blood. They shouted as they ran: "The tyrant's dead! See the tyrant's blood!"

Meanwhile two men were in the main story of a house in the Rue Saint Honoré. Both were equally silent, but their attitudes were widely different.

One, plunged in profound grief and dressed in black, was seated in front of a table, his head resting between his hands.

The other, dressed like a country tradesman, was striding up and down the room. His eye was gloomy. His forehead was scarred, and his arms were folded across his breast. Every time he passed near the table, in his diagonal walk across the room, he glanced interrogatively at the absorbed man on the other side of it.

How long had these men been sitting in this way? We cannot say.

At last the man in rustic attire, with folded arms, scarred forehead, and gloomy eye, appeared to weary of his silence. Stopping in front of the other man, in the black coat, whose head was hidden in his hands, he said, looking sharply upon the man whom he addressed: "So

you call me a brigand, because I voted for the King's death, do you, Monsieur Gilbert?"

The man in black raised his eyes, shook his head sadly, and offered his hand to his companion, and said: "No, Billot, you are no more a brigand than I am an aristocrat. You voted according to your conscience, and I voted according to mine; only I voted for life, and you for death. It is a terrible thing to take from a man what no human power can restore."

"Then in your opinion," said Billot, "despotism is inviolable and liberty is rebellion; and there is no justice here below except for kings, — that is, for tyrants. What then remains for the people? The right to serve and obey! And *you* say this, Monsieur Gilbert, a pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau, a citizen of the United States of America."

"I do not say that, Billot, for it would be impiety against the race."

"See here," replied Billot, "I 'm going to talk, Monsieur Gilbert, with the brutality of my coarse common sense, and I will permit you to reply with all your mental skill. Do you admit that a nation, believing itself oppressed, has the right to abolish its church, to lower or even suppress its throne, and to fight for freedom with all its might?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"Then has it not a right to consolidate the results of its victory?"

"Yes, Billot, it has that right incontestably; but consolidation is not brought about by violence and murder. Remember what is written, 'Thou hast no right to kill thy fellow-man!'"

"But the King is not my fellow-man!" cried Billot. "He is my enemy. I remember my poor mother used to

read to me, in the Bible, about what Samuel said to the Israelites, when they wanted a king."

"I recall it also, Billot; but nevertheless Samuel consecrated Saul! He did not kill him."

"Oh, if I try to cross swords with your learning, I'm lost. Only let me ask you simply this, — Had we any right to take the Bastille?"

"Yes."

"Had we any right, when the King wished to deprive the people of the freedom of debate, to hold that meeting in the Tennis Court

"Yes."

"Had we any right, when the King wished to intimidate the Constitutional Assembly, through the banquet of the bodyguards and the assemblage of troops at Versailles, — had we any right to go to Versailles after the King, and compel him to come to Paris?"

"Yes."

"When the King tried to escape, and go into a foreign land, had we any right to arrest him at Varennes?"

"Yes."

"After he had sworn to support the Constitution of 1791, when we saw the King corresponding with the refugees and plotting with foreigners, had we any right to straighten things out, as we did on the Twentieth of June?"

"Yes."

"When he refused his sanction to laws emanating from the popular will, had we any right to get up the Tenth of August, — that is, to capture the Tuileries and proclaim the throne abolished?"

"Yes."

"When the King was confined in the Temple, but still an active conspiracy against Liberty, had we, or

had we not, a right to take him before the National Convention, and try him?"

"You had."

"Then if we had the right to judge, we had the right to condemn."

"Yes, to exile, to banishment, to perpetual imprisonment, — to everything except death."

"And why not to death?"

"Because his guilt was in the results of his action, not in his intention. *You* look at it from the people's standpoint, my dear Billot. *He* acted from his standpoint, which was the standpoint of Royalism. Was he a tyrant, as you call him? No! Was he an oppressor of the people? No! Was he an accomplice of aristocrats? No! Was he an enemy of Liberty? No!"

"Then *you* also judge him from the standpoint of Royalism, do you?" said Billot.

"No, for from the Royalist point of view, I should have absolved him altogether."

"Did you not absolve him, so far as to vote for his life?"

"Yes, but with lifelong imprisonment. Billot, believe me, when I say I had to judge him more favorably than I wished. A man of the people, — or, rather, a son of the people, — the preponderance of feeling in me leaned towards the popular side. You saw him afar off, but you did not see him as I saw him. Ill-satisfied with the royal part assigned him, he was pulled one way by the Assembly, thinking him still too powerful, and another way by an ambitious wife. He was urged one way by the uneasy and mortified Nobility, and another by the implacable Clergy. He was impelled to one course by the selfish refugees, and to another by his brothers, — who went about everywhere, stirring up enemies to the

Revolution in his name. You say he was not your fellow-citizen, but your foe. Well, your enemy was beaten, and decent men do not kill vanquished enemies. A murder in cold blood is not justice, but an immolation. You have conferred something like martyrdom upon Royalism. To Justice you have given the likeness of Vengeance. Be careful! Be careful! In doing too much, you have, at the same time, not done enough. Charles the First was beheaded, but Charles the Second became King. James the Second was banished from England, and his son also died in exile. Human nature has its pathetic side, Billot, and we have now alienated from Republicanism — for fifty, perhaps for a hundred years — that immense portion of mankind which judges revolutions solely with the heart. Ah, believe me, my friend! the Republicans should most deplore the blood of Louis Sixteenth, for that blood will be required of them, and will cost them their Republic!"

"There is some truth in what you say, Gilbert," responded a voice which came from the entry door.

The two men started, and turned simultaneously. Then they exclaimed with one voice: "Cagliostro!"

"Oh Lord, yes!" answered he. "But there is also truth in what Billot says."

"Alas!" said Gilbert, "that's just the difficulty. The cause which we discuss has two sides; and each, looking at one side only, is forced to think himself right."

"Yes, but he ought also to be willing to let it be said that he is wrong," replied Cagliostro.

"Tell us your opinion, master!" said Gilbert.

"Yes, your opinion!" said Billot.

"You have tried the accused, but I am to sit in judgment on the trial. If you had condemned the *king*, you

would have done right; but you sentenced the *man*, and there you blundered."

"I don't understand!" said Billot.

"Listen, for I now partly begin to see through it!" said Gilbert.

"The King ought to have been killed," continued Cagliostro, "while he was at Versailles or the Tuileries, a stranger to the people, behind his network of courtiers and his barrier of Swiss. He should have been killed on October 6 or August 10. On those days he was a tyrant! but after being left five months in the Temple, in communication with everybody, — eating before everybody, sleeping in the presence of everybody, the comrade of common folks, of the workman, of the shopkeeper, — he was elevated, by this false abasement, to the dignity of manhood, and so he should have been treated like a man, — that is, exiled or imprisoned."

"I did not understand *you*," said Billot to Gilbert, "but I do understand Citizen Cagliostro."

"Undoubtedly, during these five months of captivity, the King has been seen in the most touching, innocent, and worthy light. He has shown himself a good husband, a good father, a good man. What ninnies! Gilbert, I supposed they had more sense! They regenerated him. They remodelled him. As the sculptor hews the statue from the marble block by blow upon blow, so, by blow after blow on this prosaic and commonplace nature, — neither wicked, nor yet good, immersed in corporeal habits, yet straight-laced in his piety, not after the fashion of an elevated spirit, but like a parish warden, — out of such a dull nature, I say, has been moulded a statue of Courage, of Patience, of Resignation. This statue has been mounted on a pedestal of grief. This poor King has been so elevated, so broadened, so

sanctified, that it has absolutely come to pass that his wife loves him."

Cagliostro laughed and added: "My dear Gilbert, who would have believed, in October, 1789, or last August, that the Queen would ever love her husband?"

"Oh," said Billot, "if I had only thought of all this!"

"Well; what would you have done about it, Billot?" asked Gilbert.

"What would I have done? I would have killed him, either in July, or October, three years ago, or else last August. It would have been so easy!"

These words were spoken in a gloomy tone of patriotism, which Gilbert pardoned, but which Cagliostro admired.

"Yes," said the latter, after a moment's silence, "but you did n't do it! You voted for his death, Billot! You, Gilbert, voted for his life. Now will you listen to a last piece of advice? Gilbert, you only had yourself elected to the Convention, in order to fulfil a duty. You, Billot, had yourself chosen in order to achieve vengeance. Duty and vengeance having been both accomplished, you are no longer needed here. Go away!"

Both men looked at Cagliostro.

"Yes," he resumed, "neither of you is a party-man. You are men of soul and reason. Now that the King is dead, the political parties will find themselves face to face, and they will destroy each other. Which will go under first? I know not; but this I know, that both will go down, one after the other. To-morrow, Gilbert, your indulgence towards the King will be regarded as a crime; and by the next day, your severity, Billot, will in its turn be treated as criminal. Believe me, in this impending mortal struggle between hatred, fear, vengeance, and fanaticism, few will remain secure and unsullied.

Some will be smirched with mud, others with blood. — Go away, my friends, go away!"

"But France?" said Gilbert.

"Yes, France?" repeated Billot.

"Outwardly France is saved. Outside enemies are beaten. The inside enemy is dead. As dangerous as the scaffold of January 21, 1793, may be for the future, it is incontestably a great power in the present, — the power of a Revolution which cannot go backward. The death of Louis Sixteenth condemns France to the vengeance of thrones, and gives to the Republic the convulsive and desperate strength of a nation under sentence of death. Look at Athens in the classic days. Look at Holland in modern times. All indecision and all negotiations cease with to-day. The Revolution stands with the axe in one hand and the tricolored flag in the other. — Go in peace! Before the axe is laid aside, the nobles will lose their heads. Before France lays down the tricolored flag, Europe will be at her feet. — Go, my friends, go!"

"God is my witness that I shall not regret leaving France, if her future is what you prophesy; but whither shall we go?"

"Ingrate! Dost thou then forget thy foster country, America? Dost thou forget all its immense lakes, its virgin forests, its prairies as vast as the ocean? Hast thou no need of nature's repose, — thou who *canst* repose thyself, — after the terrible agitations of society?"

"Will you follow me, Billot?" said Gilbert, rising.

"Will you pardon me?" asked Billot, going towards Gilbert.

The two men threw themselves into each other's arms.

"Very well," said Gilbert, "we will go together."

"When?" asked Cagliostro.

"In — in — a week!"

Cagliostro shook his head. "You must go to-night!" he said.

"Why to-night?"

"Because I go to-morrow," said Cagliostro.

"Where do you go?"

"You will know some day, my friends."

"But how can we go?"

"The ship Franklin will set sail for America in thirty-six hours."

"But the passports?"

"They are here!"

"My son —?" asked Gilbert.

Cagliostro went to the door and opened it, saying: "Come in, Sebastien! Your father calls you."

The lad entered, and threw himself into his father's arms. At this sight Billot sighed profoundly.

"Only a postchaise is wanting," said Gilbert.

"Mine is all harnessed and at the door," replied Cagliostro.

Gilbert went to the secretary, where there were, in the common purse, a thousand louis, — nearly five thousand American dollars, — and motioned to Billot to take his share.

"Have we enough?" asked Billot.

"We have more than enough to buy a province."

Billot looked about him in an awkward way.

"What are you looking for, my friend?" asked Gilbert.

"I am looking for something which will be useless, even if I find it, since I cannot write."

Gilbert smiled, opened his desk, and said: "Dictate!"

"I wish to send a farewell to Pitou."

"I will see to it!" said Gilbert, and began to write. When he had finished writing, Billot asked: "What have you written?"

Gilbert read it aloud:

MY DEAR PITOU: We are leaving France, — Billot, Sebastien and myself, — and we all three embrace you tenderly.

As you are at the head of Billot's farm, we think you need nothing more.

Some day we shall probably write for you to come and rejoin us. Your friend,

GILBERT.

"Is that all?" asked Billot.

"There is a postscript!"

"What is it?"

Gilbert looked at the farmer, and then read the postscript:

Billot commends Catherine to your care.

Billot uttered a cry of gratitude, and again threw himself into Gilbert's arms.

Ten minutes later the postchaise was rolling along toward Havre, carrying Gilbert, Sebastien, and Billot far away from Paris.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT ANGE PITOU AND CATHERINE BILLOT DID ON FEBRUARY 15, 1794.

On one cold and beautiful morning, in the terrible winter of 1793–1794, a little more than a year after the death of the King, and the departure of Gilbert, Sebastien, and Billot for America, three or four hundred persons — that is to say, nearly a sixth part of the population of Villers Cotterets — were waiting, on the Place du Château and in the courtyard of the Mayor's office, for the exit of two lovers, whom our old acquaintance, Monsieur de Longpré, was uniting in wedlock.

These two were Ange Pitou and Catherine Billot. Alas! it had taken many grave events to lead Viscount Isidore de Charny's former mistress, and little Isidore's mother, to become Madame Ange Pitou.

People related and commented upon these events in their own way; but whichever way the occurrences were twisted, they redounded to the glory and devotion of Pitou and the wisdom of Catherine; only the more interesting the bridal couple seemed, the more the two were pitied.

Perhaps they were happier than any individual man or woman in the crowd; but a crowd is so constituted as always to either pity or envy. On this occasion the tendency was towards compassion, and the crowd pitied accordingly.

The events predicted by Cagliostro, on the evening of January 21, 1793, had marched on with rapid strides, each of which left behind it an ineffaceable footprint of blood.

On February 1, 1793, the National Convention voted to raise 800,000,000 francs by the issue of assignats, or government promises. This augmented the entire amount of assignats issued to 3,100,000,000 francs, — three billions and one hundred millions, — (equal to six hundred million dollars).

On March 28, 1793, on the motion of Treilhard, the Convention passed an edict against the Royalist refugees. This edict made their exile perpetual, declared them legally dead, and confiscated their possessions for the benefit of the Republic.

On November 7 the Convention passed a vote directing the Committee of Public Instruction to present a plan for the substitution of some rational and legal form of worship, in place of that taught and practised by the Roman Catholic Church.

We need not speak of the proscription and death of the Girondists. We need not speak of the execution of the Duke of Orleans, of the Queen, of Bailly, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and of so many others. Although these events sent their reverberations even to Villers Cotterets, they had no influence over the persons of whom it remains for us to speak.

The result of the edict of confiscation was, that Gilbert and Billot, being regarded as refugees, their estates were

confiscated, and put up for sale. It was the same with the property of Charny, who was killed on August 10, and of his Countess, slain on September 2.

Catherine was therefore put out of the farm, which was regarded as national property. Pitou wished to reclaim it in Catherine's name; but Pitou, having become a Moderate, was himself somewhat *suspected;* and wise people advised him not to oppose the national orders, either by deed or word. Catherine and Pitou therefore withdrew to Haramont.

At first Catherine had a notion of taking up her abode, as she had done twice before, in the hut of Father Clouis; but when she presented herself at the door of the Duc d'Orléans's ex-gamekeeper, he placed his finger on his lips, as a signal for silence, and shook his head, to indicate impossibility.

This impossibility arose from the fact that her old place was already occupied. The law against unsworn priests had been vigorously enforced; and one can readily understand that as the Abbé Fortier would not take the oath, he would have been banished, if he had not already banished himself.

As the times were not favorable for crossing the frontier, his exile was limited to forsaking his house at Villers Cotterets, — where he left his sister, Mademoiselle Alexandrine, to watch over his goods, — and seeking an asylum with Father Clouïs, which the old man felt constrained to bestow upon him, by virtue of the old relations of both men to the Orleans family.

The hut at Clouïse Rock, as may be remembered, was little more than a burrow excavated in the earth, where a single person was but poorly accommodated; and even with the additional *lean-to*, which Viscount Isidore had added for Catherine's convenience, before the birth of

their child, there was not room enough for the priest, Catherine, and little Isidore, besides old Clouis himself.

Then we must also recall the intolerant conduct of Father Fortier at the time of Madame Billot's death. Catherine was not enough of a Christian to pardon the priest's refusal to bury her mother; and even if she had been Christian enough to forgive him, he was too good a Catholic to pardon her. She had to relinquish, therefore, all idea of living in the Clouïse hut.

Then there were Aunt Angelica's house, on the road to Pleux, and Pitou's hired tenement at Haramont, with its two or three rooms.

Aunt Angelica's house was not to be thought of. The farther the Revolution progressed, the more cross-grained the old woman became, if such a thing were possible; and the leaner also she became, though this seemed incredible.

This moral and corporeal change in Aunt Angelica's condition arose from the fact that in Villers Cotterets, as everywhere else, the parish church was closed, waiting for some rational and legal worship to be invented by the Committee of Public Instruction.

The church being closed, the rental of chairs, which constituted Aunt Angelica's principal revenue, fell off to nothing; and it was this paralysis of her resources which rendered her thinner and more crabbed than ever.

We must add also, that having so often heard about the capture of the Bastille by Billot and Ange Pitou, and having seen her nephew or the farmer start posthaste for Paris on the eve of every great upheaval in the capital, she had little doubt that the French Revolution was conducted by Ange and Billot, and that Citizens Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and others were but secondary to these two chief managers.

We can well understand that Mademoiselle Alexandrine encouraged her in these absurd ideas, which Billot's regicidal vote raised to an extravagant pitch of fanatical hatred.

It would not then do to think of placing Catherine with Aunt Angelica. The only place left was Pitou's rooms in the little cottage at Haramont; but how could two, to say nothing of three, dwell in this little cottage, without prompting the worst sort of gossip? This was yet more impossible than for Catherine to think of living at Clouïse Rock.

Pitou then decided to demand hospitality of his friend Désiré Maniquet, — a hospitality which the worthy Haramontese at once accorded, and which Pitou repaid by industry of all sorts.

All this gave poor Catherine no proper position in the community. Pitou lavished upon her all the tenderness of a friend, all the kindness of a brother; but she felt that it was neither as a friend nor as a brother that she loved Pitou.

Little Isidore also felt this; for as the poor boy had never had the happiness of knowing his father, he loved Pitou as he would have loved the Viscount, — perhaps better; for it must be said that if Pitou was the worshipper of the mother, he was the slave of her child. This skilful strategist knew that the one means of ingress to Catherine's heart was through the pathway opened by her child.

However, we must hasten to say that this sort of calculation never tarnished honest Pitou's sentiments. Pitou remained what we knew him in the earlier chapters of this story, and of the one which bears his name, — an innocent and dutiful lad; and if there was any change in him it was this, — that, in attaining his

majority, he became more devoted and single-hearted than ever.

All these qualities moved Catherine to tears. She felt that Pitou loved her ardently, loved her to the verge of adoration and fanaticism; and she often said to herself that she could reward such great love, such complete devotion, with a sentiment more tender than friendship.

Poor Catherine felt herself, aside from Pitou and her child, entirely alone in the world. She understood that if she should die, little Isidore would have no friend in the world except Pitou. Hence it came about, little by little, that Catherine was almost ready to give Pitou the only recompense in her power, and bestow herself upon him, body and soul; though, alas! her earliest love, the budding and odorous flower of her youth, was now transplanted in Heaven.

Nearly six months passed, during which Catherine kept her decision carefully guarded in one corner of her mind, or rather at the bottom of her heart; for she could not quite accustom herself to this new thought.

During this half-year, although Pitou was greeted every morning by a pleasanter smile, although he was welcomed every evening by a tenderer pressure of the hand, he had no idea that such a reversion in his favor was taking place in Catherine's sentiments; but as Pitou's devotion and love did not arise from hope of recompense, he loved her more and more, and grew more and more devoted, though ignorant of her changed sentiments.

This might have gone on till both Pitou and Catherine were in their graves, or till Pitou was as old as Philemon, and Catherine as aged as Baucis, without producing the least alteration in the sentiments of the Captain of the

Haramont National Guards; so it fell out that Catherine had to speak first, — that is, after the feminine fashion of speaking.

One evening, instead of offering him her hand, she offered him her forehead. Pitou fancied this was an oversight on Catherine's part, and did not profit by the oversight, but recoiled a step. Catherine, instead of releasing his hand, drew him towards her, and presented not only her forehead, but her cheek. Pitou hesitated still more.

Seeing all this, little Isidore put in his word: "Papa Pitou, kiss Mamma Catherine!"

"Oh my God!" murmured Pitou, turning pale as death, as he touched Catherine's cheek with his cold and trembling lips.

Taking her child, she put him into Pitou's arms, and said: "I give you my child, Pitou. Will you not take the mother also?"

For an instant Pitou's head whirled. He shut his eyes, and while still pressing the child to his heart, he dropped into a chair, crying out, with that heart-delicacy which only another heart can appreciate: "Monsieur Isidore, my darling Monsieur Isidore, how much I love you!"

Isidore always called him Papa Pitou; but Pitou had always said Monsieur Isidore to the Viscount's son.

Pitou felt that it was chiefly because of her love for her child that Catherine was willing to love himself, and therefore he did not say outright: "How I love you, Mademoiselle Catherine!" but, "How I love you, Monsieur Isidore!"

This point being understood, that Pitou loved the child better than the mother, they talked of marriage.

Said Pitou: "I will not hurry you, Mademoiselle

Catherine. Take your own time; but if you 're willing to make me happy, don't let it be too long."

Catherine only required a month. At the end of three weeks Pitou, in full uniform, paid a respectful visit to Aunt Angelica, to ask her to take part in his approaching union with Mademoiselle Catherine Billot.

Aunt Angelica saw her prodigal nephew coming while he was yet afar off, and made haste to shut the door; but Pitou none the less kept on his way towards the inhospitable portal, at which he rapped gently.

"Who goes there?" asked Aunt Angelica, in her most rasping tones.

"Me, thy nephew, dear Aunt Angelica!"

"Go your ways, you September-man, you massacre-maker!" said the old woman.

"Aunty, I come to announce a bit of news which cannot fail to please thee, and which gives me great happiness."

"And what news is that, you Jacobin?"

"Open the door and I 'll tell thee."

"Speak through the door. I won't open it for such a scalawag."

"That 's thy last word, dear Aunt Angelica?"

"That 's my last word!"

"Well, I am to be married."

The door opened as if by magic.

"To whom?" asked Angelica.

"To Mademoiselle Catherine Billot!"

"The wretch! the rascal! the donkey! He 'll marry that light-o'-love. — Bah! Go along, and take my curse with you!" and, with a gesture full of arrogance, she put out her dry and yellow hands, to repel her nephew from her heart and hearth.

"Aunty, please understand that I am too familiar with

thy curses to mind these more than the others. Nevertheless, I owed thee this courtesy of announcing my marriage. I have announced it. That ceremony is over, so Good-bye!"

Raising his hand to his three-cornered hat, Pitou saluted Aunt Angelica, and resumed his walk to Pleux.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE EFFECT PRODUCED UPON AUNT ANGELICA BY THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HER NEPHEW'S MARRIAGE WITH CATHERINE BILLOT.

Pitou went to the house of Monsieur de Longpré, who dwelt in the Rue de l'Ormet, to notify him of his approaching marriage; and Citizen Longpré, less prejudiced than Aunt Angelica, felicitated Pitou on the good action he was about to perform.

Pitou listened, quite astonished. He could not understand that, in achieving his own happiness, he was also doing a kind deed.

As a good Republican, Pitou was now more than ever grateful to the Republic, for abolishing the publication of the bans, and all other tardy preliminaries, through the suppression of marriages in church.

It was agreed, between Citizen Longpré and Citizen Pitou, that on the Saturday following, Catherine and Ange should be united at the townhouse.

The next day, Sunday, was the time appointed by the commissioners for the sale of Billot's farm and the Château de Boursonne. The price of the farm was set at not less than 400,000 francs ($80,000), and the price of the château at 600,000 francs ($120,000); but these prices were estimated in assignats, and this paper money had begun to fall fearfully in value. The golden louis was ordinarily worth about 24 francs in specie; but the same golden louis was now worth 920 francs in paper money.

Indeed, there were no longer any genuine gold louis in circulation.

Pitou went back to tell Catherine the good news; though, as he had allowed himself to hasten the marriage by a couple of days, he feared lest the change should be displeasing to her. Catherine did not manifest any dissatisfaction, and Pitou was accordingly among the angels, — as his name warranted; but Catherine insisted that once more Pitou should visit Aunt Angelica, to announce the precise time of the marriage, and invite her to lend her countenance to the ceremony. The old lady was Pitou's sole kinswoman; and though not a very tender kinswoman, it was proper for Pitou to fulfil all social requirements.

On Thursday morning, therefore, Pitou went to Villers Cotterets, in order to pay his aunt a second visit. Nine o'clock was ringing as he came in sight of the house. This time Aunt Angelica was not at the door; and yet the door was fastened, as if she had expected Pitou.

Pitou fancied that she had gone out, and was delighted at this circumstance. He had made his visit, and a tender and respectful letter would well take the place of the speech he had dreaded.

As the lad was, above all, conscientious, he rapped at the door, fast as it was, and as nobody responded to his knocks, he began to call his aunt's name.

At this double noise of calling and rapping, a neighbor appeared.

"Ah, Mother Fagot, do you know whether my aunt has gone out?"

"Does n't she answer?" replied Mother Fagot.

"No, as you see. Probably she has gone out."

Mother Fagot shook her head, and replied: "I should have seen her go out. My door faces hers; and it 's very

seldom, when she gets up, that she does n't come into my house to get some warm ashes to put into her wooden shoes, with which she keeps herself warm all day. Is n't it so, Neighbor Farolet?"

This question was addressed to a new actor, who now opened his door, and came forward, when he heard the noise, to join in the conversation.

"What is it, Madame Fagot?"

"I am saying that Aunt Angelica can't have gone out. Have you seen her?"

"No, and I venture to say she 's still inside; for if she had been up and gone out, the shutters would certainly be open."

"That 's true!" said Pitou. "My God, can anything have happened to my poor aunt?"

"It 's possible," said Mother Fagot.

"It 's more than possible, it 's probable!" said Citizen Farolet, sententiously.

"She was n't a very affectionate aunt, 'pon my word," said Pitou. "Never mind, I should hate to have her suffer. — How can we find out?"

"Nothing difficult about it," said a third neighbor. "You only need to send for Rigolet, the locksmith."

"If it 's to open the door," said Pitou, "that delay would be useless, for I once used to open it with my knife."

"Well, open it, my boy," said Farolet. "We can bear witness that it 's done with no bad intention."

Pitou took out his knife. Then, in the presence of a dozen persons, drawn together by such an important occurrence, he began his work, with a dexterity which clearly proved that, more than once, he had employed this means of entering the home of his boyhood.

The bolt slipped from its socket. The door opened.

The obscurity in the room had been complete; but through the open door, the darksome light of a gloomy winter's morning enabled the neighbors to see Aunt Angelica lying on her bed.

Pitou twice called her by name: "Aunt Angelica! Aunt Angelica!"

The old woman remained motionless, and did not answer.

Pitou went up and took hold of her body. "Oh!" said he, "she's cold and stiff."

Somebody opened the shutters. Aunt Angelica was dead!

"What a misfortune!" said Pitou.

"Oh," said Farolet, "not so very great. She didn't love thee overmuch, my boy, this aunty of thine."

"That may be," said Pitou, "but I loved her well enough. Poor Aunt Angelica!" and, as he spoke, two great tears rolled down the good fellow's cheeks, and he fell on his knees by the bedside.

"Say, Monsieur Pitou," said Mother Fagot, "if you need any help, we're at your orders. — Goodness, we were neighbors, after all!"

"Thanks, Mother Fagot. Is your boy around?"

"Yes. — Here, Fagotin!" cried the good woman.

An urchin of fourteen years appeared on the threshold. "Here I am, Mother Fagot."

"Well," said Pitou, "ask him to run to Haramont, and tell Catherine not to be uneasy; but that I have found my aunty dead. — Poor aunt!"

He dried some fresh tears, and then added: "Tell her what is keeping me at Villers Cotterets."

"Thou hearest, Fagotin?" said Mother Fagot.

"Yes."

"Well, be off!"

"Go by way of the Rue de Soissons," said the practical Farolet, "and notify Monsieur Raynal that there 's a case of sudden death to inquire into, at Aunt Angelica's old cottage."

"Thou hearest?" said the mother.

"Yes," said the urchin; and with that he stretched his legs, and bounded off in the direction of the Soissons highway, which was indeed a continuation of the Pleux lane.

The assemblage had greatly increased. There were now a hundred persons in front of the door. Everybody had an opinion as to Angelica's death. Some said the cause was apoplexy, others that it was a rupture of the vesicles of the heart; while others thought she had died of consumption in its last stages.

Under their breath they all said, that if Pitou were not so slow he would find a treasure on the upper shelf of a cupboard, or in a butter-crock, or under a mattress, or in an old sock.

In the midst of this chatter Doctor Raynal arrived, preceded by the Receiver-General. Now it would be known of what the old lady died.

Raynal entered, approached the bed, examined the body, laid his hand on the stomach and abdomen, and then declared, to the great astonishment of Pleux society, that the ancient maiden had died simply of cold, and perhaps of starvation.

Pitou's tears thereupon redoubled. "Poor aunt! poor aunt! and I thought she was rich! I was a wretch for leaving her alone. — Ah, if I 'd only known! — It can't be possible, Monsieur Raynal! it can't be possible!"

"Look in the meal-chest, and see if there 's any bread. Look in the shed, and see if there 's any wood. I've always predicted she 'd die like this, — the old miser!"

They did look. There was not a shaving in the wood-box, not a crumb in the cupboard.

"Ah, why did n't she tell me?" cried Pitou. "I 'd have found wood in the forest to warm her. I 'd have poached, to get her some food. — It was your fault," continued the poor boy, accusing those who stood near. "Why did n't you tell me she was poor?"

"We did n't say she was poor," said Farolet, "for the very simple reason that everybody supposed her rich."

Doctor Raynal threw a cloth over Angelica's head, and went towards the door. Pitou ran after him. "You 're not going away, Monsieur Raynal?"

"And what can I do here, my lad?"

"She is surely dead?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, my God!" said Pitou. "Dead of cold and of hunger!"

Raynal beckoned to the young fellow, who came nearer. "My boy, all the same I advise thee to search high and low! — Understand?"

"But, Monsieur Raynal, when you say she died of hunger and cold — "

"There have been misers who died of cold and hunger, and yet lay on their treasures. — Mum!" he added, placing his finger on his lips, and then went out.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT ANGELICA'S ARMCHAIR.

Doubtless Pitou would have reflected more deeply on what Raynal had said to him, but just then he saw Catherine running that way, with her child in her arms.

As soon as it was known that in all probability Aunt Angelica had died of hunger and cold, the anxiety of her neighbors to render her some last service was very great.

Catherine's arrival was most timely. As Pitou's affianced wife, she declared it would be her duty to attend to those matters for his aunt; and she did so, poor girl, with the same respect which she paid to her mother's remains, thirty months before.

Meanwhile Pitou was to give orders for the interment, which could not legally take place till the next day but one; as in case of a sudden death, like Aunt Angelica's, the body must remain above ground at least two full days.

Pitou only needed to see the Mayor, the coffin-maker, and the sexton, all religious ceremonies being forbidden at funerals as well as weddings.

"My dear," said Catherine to Pitou, as he took his hat to go for Citizen Longpré, "after this misfortune, will it not be well to put off our marriage a day or two?"

"If you wish it, Mademoiselle Catherine!"

"Will it not seem queer, if we enter upon so important an affair as marriage on the very day when we carry your aunt to the graveyard?"

"An important affair indeed, since it concerns my happiness."

"Well, my dear, consult Monsieur de Longpré, and do what he thinks best."

"So be it, Mademoiselle Catherine!"

"And then, it might bring us bad luck to marry so near the open grave."

"Oh, as to that," said Pitou, "the moment I'm your husband, I defy ill-luck to get its teeth into me."

"Dear Pitou," said she, extending her hand, "wait till Monday. You see, I try to bring our wishes and the proprieties as near together as possible."

"Two days, Mademoiselle Catherine! That 's rather long!"

"That sounds well," said Catherine. "When a man has already waited five years — "

"Many things may happen in two days!" said Pitou.

"It cannot happen that I shall love thee any the less, dear Pitou; and if, as thou pretendest, that's the only thing to fear — "

"The only one! Yes, indeed, the only one, Mademoiselle Catherine!"

"Well, in that case, — here, Isidore — !"

"Yes, mamma," said the child.

"Speak to Papa Pitou. Say to him: 'Don't fear, Papa Pitou! Mamma loves thee, and will always love thee.'"

The child repeated what she said, in his soft young voice: "Don't fear, Papa Pitou. Mamma loves thee, and will always love thee."

On this assurance, Pitou interposed no further difficulty, but went after Monsieur de Longpré. When he came back, at the end of an hour, he had arranged everything, both for the burial and the wedding, paying

the bills in advance. With the rest of his money he had bought fuel and provisions enough for two days.

It was time for the wood to come; for in such a poor old house, where the wind cuts in at every crevice, one might easily die of cold. Indeed, Pitou found Catherine chilled through.

The marriage, according to her wish, had been deferred till Monday. During the two intervening nights and days, Pitou and Catherine did not quit each other or the house for an instant. Despite the enormous fire which Pitou built in the fireplace, the wind would steal in, icy and sharp, and Pitou declared that if Aunt Angelica had not died of hunger, she must certainly have died of cold.

The time came for removing the body. The journey was short, for Aunt Angelica's house almost touched the cemetery.

All the Pleux population, and many other townsfolk, followed the dead woman to her last resting-place. In the country, both women and men go to the grave. Pitou and Catherine were the chief mourners.

When the ceremony was over, Pitou thanked those present, in the dead woman's name and his own; and after a drop of holy water had been thrown on the old maid's tomb, every one passed out in front of Pitou.

Left alone with Catherine, Pitou turned to the side where he had left her. She was there no longer; for she was kneeling, with little Isidore, at a slab, over which were growing four cypresses, one at each corner. This was Mother Billot's grave. The four cypresses were some which Pitou had brought from the forest, and planted here.

He did not wish to disturb Catherine in her pious occupation: but thinking she would be awfully cold

when her prayer was finished, he ran round to the house, with the intention of starting up a big fire. Unluckily, one thing stood in the way of his good intentions. Since morning, the two days being over, his store of wood was exhausted.

Pitou scratched his ear. He had spent what money he had left in buying bread and wood. He looked about to see what old bit of furniture could be sacrificed to the needs of the moment. The wooden kneading-trough and the bedstead, though not of any great value, were still usable; but the armchair had for a long time been worthless to anybody save Aunt Angelica. In fact nobody, except the old maid, dared to sit down in it, so hopelessly dislocated were its joints.

The armchair stood condemned. Pitou proceeded after the fashion of the Revolutionary Tribunal. As soon as the sentence was passed, it was to be executed. He placed one knee on the morocco leather seat, black with age, and took hold of one post with both hands, and pulled. At the third pull the arm gave way. The armchair, as if to show its grief over this dismemberment, gave forth a strange moan. If Pitou had been superstitious, he might have believed that Aunt Angelica's soul was enclosed in the old armchair; as indeed it was!

As Pitou had but one superstition in the world, and that was Catherine, the armchair was condemned to the stake for Catherine's sake. If it had shed as much blood and sent forth as many groans as the enchanted trees in Tasso's poetic forest, that armchair would have been shivered into flinders just the same.

Pitou grasped the other post with an equally vigorous arm, and wrenched it from the carcass, now nearly in ruins.

Once more the armchair sent forth an odd metallic

sound. Pitou was still pitiless. He grabbed the mutilated piece of furniture by the leg, and in order to smash it the better, he banged it against the floor with all his might.

This time the armchair broke in twain; and to Pitou's great amazement, through the gaping wound it poured forth, not clots of blood, but jets of gold.

It will be remembered that whenever Aunt Angelica collected twenty-four francs in silver, she always exchanged those twenty-four francs for a golden louis, and hid the louis in her armchair.

Pitou was dumfounded. He trembled with incredulity and astonishment. His first thought was, to run after Catherine and little Isidore, bring them in, and show them the treasure he had discovered; but a terrible reflection held him back. If Catherine thought him rich, would she still be willing to marry him? He shook his head. "No, she would refuse me!" he thought.

A moment he remained motionless, involved in thought. Then a smile illuminated his face. Undoubtedly he had found a way out of the embarrassment which attended this unexpected fortune.

He collected the goldpieces which were on the floor. He cut open the chair-seat with his knife, searching in the remotest corners, and pulling out all the hair stuffing. Every part of the chair had been filled with louis. There was quite enough to fill that big pot, wherein Aunt Angelica cooked the famous rooster, — that bird which gave rise to a terrible scene between aunt and nephew, recounted in the story called "Ange Pitou."

Pitou counted his louis. There were 1550. Pitou was a rich man, with 1550 louis, — that is, 37,200 francs. As every golden louis was worth 920 francs in assignats, Pitou was now worth 1,426,000 francs,

almost a million and a half, — the cost of the famous Queen's Diamond Necklace.

At what a moment did this colossal treasure come to him! At a moment when, having no more money to buy wood, he was obliged to break up an old chair, in order to warm his darling Catherine.

How lucky that Pitou was so poor, the weather so cold, and the armchair so old. Who knows, except for this combination of circumstances, what might have happened to this precious inheritance?

Pitou began by stuffing his pockets with louis. Then he vigorously shook every fragment of the armchair, breaking the wood into small pieces, which he piled up in the fireplace. Then he struck the steel, partly on the flint and partly on his trembling fingers. At last he set the tinder afire, and with an unsteady hand lighted the pile of wood.

It was time. Catherine and little Isidore came back, shivering with cold. Pitou pressed the boy to his heart, kissed Catherine's cold hands, and ran away, saying: "I'm off to attend to something of vital importance. Get yourselves warm, and wait for me."

"Where's Papa Pitou going?" asked Isidore.

"I don't know," said Catherine, "but one thing is sure! When he goes so fast, he's busy, not on his own account, but on thine or mine."

Catherine might have said, "On thine *and* mine."

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT PITOU DID WITH THE GOLDEN LOUIS FOUND IN AUNT ANGELICA'S ARMCHAIR.

It must not be forgotten that on the next day was to take place the public auction of Billot's farm and the Charny Château. It will be remembered also that the lowest price of the farm had been set at the sum of 400,000 francs, while the château was valued at 600,000 francs, — in assignats.

When the day arrived, Citizen Longpré bought, for an unknown proprietor, both these estates, for the sum of 1350 louis in gold, — that is to say, — for 1,242,000 francs in assignats. He paid for the property on the spot.

This took place on Sunday, the night before Pitou and Catherine's wedding-day.

On that Sunday, early in the morning, Catherine started for Haramont, in order to make some of those little coquettish arrangements in which even the least ostentatious ladies like to indulge on the eve of wedlock. Perhaps also she did not care to remain in the village, so near the place where they were selling the beautiful farm where she had passed her childhood, where she had been so happy, where she had suffered so cruelly.

At eleven o'clock next day the crowd, assembled in front of the Mayor's office, both pitied and praised Pitou very strongly, for marrying a girl so completely ruined, — not alone by the loss of fortune, but by the

possession of a child; for this child, instead of some day being richer than herself, — as she had fondly hoped, — was now even poorer and more dependent than his mother.

While the crowd were pitying and praising outside, Citizen Longpré was saying to Pitou, according to the usage of the epoch: "Citizen Pierre Ange Pitou, do you take for your wife Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot?" and to Catherine: "Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot, do you take for your husband Citizen Pierre Ange Pitou?" and both responded in the affirmative, Pitou with a voice tremulous with emotion, and Catherine most serenely.

When the Citizen Mayor had proclaimed, in the name of the law, that the two young people were now joined in marriage, he made a sign for little Isidore to come and speak with him.

Little Isidore was placed on the Mayor's desk.

"My child," said the Mayor, "here are some papers, which thou wilt give to Mamma Catherine, after Papa Pitou takes her home."

"Yes, Monsieur," lisped the child, taking the papers in his little hand.

All was now over, except that Pitou, to the great astonishment of the onlookers, drew from his pocket five golden louis and gave them to the Mayor, saying simply: "For the poor, Citizen Mayor!"

Catherine smiled and said: "Are we rich folks, then?"

"One is rich when one is happy, Catherine," replied Pitou; "and thou hast made me the richest man on earth!"

He offered her his arm, on which she leaned tenderly. They found the crowd awaiting them at the door. The bridal couple were greeted with loud acclaim.

Pitou thanked his friends, and heartily shook their hands. Catherine also saluted her friends, bowing right and left.

Meanwhile Pitou turned towards the right. "Where art thou going, my friend?" asked Catherine.

In fact, if Pitou meant to return to Haramont, he must take the road to the left, through the park. If he meant to go back to Aunt Angelica's house, he would go to the right, as far as the Place de Château. Why then did he go towards the Place de la Fontaine? That is what Catherine wished to know.

"Come, my well-beloved Catherine!" said Pitou. "I am taking thee to a place thou 'lt be right glad to see again."

Catherine went whither he led the way; but those who saw them said: "Where can they be going?"

Pitou crossed the Place de la Fontaine without stopping, took the Rue de l'Ormet, went to the end of it, turned into the lane where, six years before, he met Catherine riding on her donkey, — the day when he was driven from home by Aunt Angelica, and knew not where to lay his head.

"We are not going to Pisseleu, I hope," said Catherine, checking her husband.

"Please keep on with me!" said Pitou.

Catherine sighed, but she went with him through the little lane, which led to the plain.

After walking ten minutes they reached the little bridge, where Pitou once found Catherine in a dead swoon, at the time of Viscount Isidore's sudden departure for Paris.

There she stopped and said: "Pitou! I can go no farther!"

"Oh, Mademoiselle Catherine, — only as far as the hollow willow-tree."

It was the willow wherein Pitou used to place Isidore's letters, and find those which were to be sent to the aristocratic young lover in return.

Catherine again sighed, and continued on her walk; but at the willow she said: "Now let us go back, pray!" but Pitou laid his hand on her arm and said: "Twenty more paces, Mademoiselle Catherine! That 's all I ask!"

"Ah Pitou!" said Catherine, in a tone so reproachful that Pitou paused in his turn, and said: "Ah Mademoiselle, — and I, — I thought I should be making thee so happy!"

"Thou thinkest to make me happy by taking me to see the farm where I was brought up, which belonged to my parents, which ought to belong to me, and which was sold yesterday, to go into the hands of some stranger, whose very name I do not know?"

"Mademoiselle Catherine, only twenty steps more. That 's all I 'll ask."

In twenty steps they turned an angle of the wall, which brought them into sight of the great gate of the farm.

Around this gate were gathered groups of laborers, wagoners, hostlers, milkmaids, with Father Clouis at their head. Each attendant held a bouquet.

"Ah, I understand!" said Catherine. "Before the new proprietor comes, it was thy wish to bring me here once again, that the old servants might bid me good-bye. Thanks, Pitou!"

Dropping her husband's arm and little Isidore's hand, she walked on in front of these good people, who surrounded her, and led her into the hallway of the farmhouse. Pitou took little Isidore in his arms, — the child still carrying the two papers given him by the Mayor, — and followed Catherine.

The young wife was seated in the middle of the great

hallway, smoothing her forehead with her hands, as if she wished to awake from a dream.

"In God's name, Pitou," she asked, "what are they saying to me?" Her eyes were wild and her voice feverish.

"My dear husband, I do not understand what they are saying to me!" she presently added.

"Perhaps the papers thy child has will help thee to understand it all better, dear Catherine!" said Pitou; and he pushed Isidore gently to his mother's side.

Catherine took the two papers from the child's little hands.

"Read, my wife, read!" said Pitou.

Catherine opened one of the two papers, and read:

This certifies that the Château de Boursonne, and the estates thereunto appertaining, were bought of me and paid for yesterday, February 14, 1794, on account of Jacques Philippe Isidore, the minor son of Citizeness Catherine Billot; and therefore it is to this minor child the aforesaid Château de Boursonne and its appertaining grounds lawfully belong.

DE LONGPRÉ,
Mayor of Villers Cotterets.

"What does this mean, Pitou?" asked Catherine. "Thou canst see I don't understand a word of all this?"

"Read the other paper!" said Pitou.

Unfolding the other paper, Catherine read as follows:

This certifies that the farm called Pisseleu, with all its dependencies, was bought of me, and paid for, yesterday, February 14, 1794, on account of Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot, and that she is therefore the sole and lawful proprietor of this farm, and all its dependencies.

DE LONGPRÉ,
Mayor of Villers Cotterets.

"In Heaven's name," said Catherine, "tell me what this signifies, or I shall go crazy!"

"It signifies," said Pitou, "that owing to the fact that I found fifteen hundred and fifty gold louis in Aunt Angelica's old armchair, — which I was breaking up to kindle a fire, against your return from the funeral, — the estate and château of Boursonnes will not pass from the Charnys nor the Pisseleu farm from the Billot family."

Then Pitou told the story, which we have already given our readers.

"Oh, Pitou!" said Catherine, "and thou hadst courage to go on and burn up that old chair, when there were louis in thy pocket wherewith to buy wood!"

"Catherine," said Pitou, "thou wert just coming home. Before there could be any fire otherwise, it would be necessary to buy the wood, and have it brought home. Meanwhile the cold would have found thee."

Catherine opened both arms. Pitou pushed forward little Isidore.

"Thee also! thee also! dear Pitou!" said Catherine.

In one embrace she clasped to her heart both son and husband.

"Oh, my God!" murmured Pitou, choking with joy, and at the same time paying the tribute of a last tear to the old maid, "to think she should have died with cold and hunger! Poor Aunt Angelica!"

"Faith," said a big wagoner to a fresh and pretty little farm-girl, pointing to Pitou and Catherine, "faith, there are two people who don't appear likely to die in any such way!"

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